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KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

SHARING fully in the general hope that better times are at hand, and, rejoicing in the general joy at the King's accession, we have thought it a duty to devote the first part of our present publication to a brief narrative of the life of his present Majesty.

William Henry, now King William the IVth, was the third son of George the Third, and was born in August 1765, three years after the birth of the late king.

As it was the intention of George the Third to make his sons serviceable to their country, the young prince was intended from an early age for the NAVY, the King justly looking upon that noble service as worthy of all honour, and, like the true patriot that he was, desiring that he should be seen by his people contributing like other fathers to the glory of his country. The young prince entered the navy towards the close of the American war, but was fortunately in time to be present in the great battle fought by Rodney against the Spanish fleet under Langara. He was at that period fourteen years old. The ship in which he was Midshipman was the Prince George of 98 guns, so named in honour of the Prince of Wales, and bearing the flag of Admiral Digby.

After the victory over the Spaniards which established Rodney's fame, retrieved the honour lost by the blunders of our military officers, and showed the English government what the English people had never doubted, that the Navy was the true bulwark of the nation, while the army was at best but a doubtful instrument of success abroad, and might be a formidable means of injury to the liberties of Britons; the prince's ship was employed in pursuing the remnants of the enemy's naval force in the West Indies. The Prince George was fortunate in meeting a French convoy escorted by a ship of the line and some smaller vessels of war. The fighting ships were captured and the convoy dispersed or taken.

His Royal Highness was still a Midshipman, for it was the especial order of the King that he should go through the gradations of service like any other officer. And this circumstance gave rise to a striking and natural remark of the Spanish admiral. Langara, at the close of the action went on board Rodney's ship, and when he expressed a desire of returning to his own, he was waited on by the little midshipman, hat-in-hand, to tell him that the boat was ready. Rodney introduced the boy, mentioning his rank: on which Langara lifted up his eyes, exclaiming, that England might well be irresistible at sea, when the Son of her King was thus content to go through the humblest ranks of her service!

The royal family were, in general, large formed and athletic figures.
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The Duke of Clarence was under their stature, but his frame was compact, and appeared to be so much fitted for the hardships of a naval life, that it was probably one of the King's inducements to select him for the sea. Various anecdotes are told of his personal hardihood and spirit, and peculiarly of his taking his full share in the common privations and rough work of the midshipman's life, without any reserve on account of his personal rank. The story of his quarrel with his fellow-midshipman, since Captain Sturt, is one of the instances. From some accident the two boys disagreed on the deck; when Sturt roundly told the Prince that "but for his being a Prince, he would give him a threshing." The Brunswick blood was up in arms at once: the boy pulled off his jacket, which had some little distinguishing ornament of lace on its collar. "You will give me a threshing?" said he, flinging the jacket from him. "There goes the Prince! now try!" The combatants fell to without delay, and fought, till some of the officers, not altogether approving of this style of affairs of honour, separated them; some blood being lost on the occasion, but no honour! and the warriors becoming, of course, greater friends than ever. During his stay in the West Indies his Royal Highness made himself popular by his good humour and absence of the pride of rank. He was learning the business of a Sailor, and no officer in the fleet went through all the points of duty or companionship in more seamanlike style. But he distinguished himself still more by an act of manly feeling for an unfortunate brother-midshipman, which was thus detailed at the time in a letter from an officer in His Majesty's Ship the *Torbay*:—

"Port Royal Harbour, April 17, 1783.

"The last time Lord Hood's fleet was here, a court-martial was held on Mr. Benjamin Lee, midshipman, for disrespect to a superior officer, at which Lord Hood sat as president. The determination of the court was fatal to the prisoner. He was condemned to death. Deeply affected as were the whole body of midshipmen at this dreadful sentence, they knew not how to obtain a remission of it, since Mr. Lee was ordered for execution; while they had not time to make their appeal to the Admiralty, and despaired of success in a petition to Admiral Rowley. However, his Royal Highness generously stepped forth, drew up a petition, to which he was the first to set his name, and solicited the rest of the midshipmen in port to follow his example. He then carried the petition himself to the admiral, and in the most pressing and urgent manner, begged the life of an unhappy brother, in which he succeeded, and Mr. Lee is reprieved. We all acknowledge our warmest thanks to our humane and worthy prince, who has so nobly exerted himself in preserving the life of a brother sailor."

With the peace the French and Spanish ports were thrown open, and his Royal Highness made the tour of some of the principal islands, where he was received with great attention by the French and Spanish officers. In the course of his visit to the Havannah, another instance was given of his active and sailor-like good-nature. Some of the English prisoners had in some way or other during the war, broken the Spanish regulations relative to prisoners, and had thereby incurred sentence of death. The sentence having been delayed, probably by the usual tardiness rather than by the humanity of Spanish law, the Spanish governor of Louisiana, Don Galvez, was applied to instantly by the prince,

and after a brief period the prisoners were sent to him. His Royal Highness immediately in the greatest exultation wrote to the governor, thanking him for a boon so valuable to his feelings as a man and a Briton.

"SIR,—I want words to express to your Excellency my just sense of your polite letter, of the delicate manner in which you caused it to be delivered, and of your generous conduct towards the unfortunate men in your power. Their pardon which you have been pleased to grant on my account, is the most agreeable present you could have offered me, and is strongly characteristic of the bravery and gallantry of the Spanish character. This instance increases, if possible, my opinion of your Excellency's humanity, which had appeared on so many occasions during the late war. Admiral Rowley is to despatch a vessel to Louisiana for the prisoners. I am convinced they will ever think of your Excellency's clemency with gratitude; and I have sent a copy of your letter to the King, my father, who will be fully sensible of your Excellency's attention to me. I request my compliments to Madame Galvez, and that you will be assured that actions so noble as that of your Excellency will ever be remembered by Your's sincerely,

"WILLIAM P."

Another letter, and a very characteristic one, is given, in which he almost predicted Nelson's eminence; at least he formed his opinion of the abilities of that first of naval heroes, at a period when Nelson was comparatively unknown, and when the great warrior of the Mediterranean was confined to the gulphs and straits of the West Indies. The Duke of Clarence, speaking of his own service on the West India station, says, in a letter to a friend:

"It was at this time that I particularly observed the greatness of Nelson's superior mind. The manner in which he enforced the spirit of the Navigation Act, first drew my attention to the commercial interests of our country. We visited the different islands together; and excepting the naval tuition which I had received on board the *Prince George*, when the present Rear Admiral Keats was lieutenant of her, and for whom we both entertained a sincere regard, my mind took its first decided naval turn from this familiar intercourse with Nelson."

The *Prince's* intercourse with Nelson arose from a circumstance which, in the beginning, seemed likely to have ruined that great officer, but which, by the odd turns that apparent disasters sometimes take, finally secured to Nelson both a wife and a friend. Nelson happening to be senior captain on the Leeward Island station, in the latter part of the war, had thought it his duty to see that British law was attended to in all points, so far as the station was concerned. The Navigation Law prohibiting all foreign ships from trading with the islands, and Nelson not being inclined to discover any reason why America, which had rendered herself a foreigner, should transgress the law, immediately on his dropping anchor, gave notice that every foreign vessel which did not quit the islands within forty-eight hours, should be seized. The Americans, proud of their success, and fond of making all the money they could in the British Islands, pretended to think the proclamation not applicable to themselves. But they were yet to know Nelson. He instantly swept the harbour of Nevis, and finding four

Yankee traders there, ordered them to show their papers; the evidence was sufficient: they were pronounced *foreigners*, to the great astonishment of Jonathan, and to his still greater astonishment, they were pronounced legal prizes. The owners made a prodigious clamour, and applied to the admiral on the station, who, not liking to involve himself in law, was on the point of giving way to the demand. But Nelson interfered, his civil boldness was no more to be terrified by the lawyers than his military spirit by the enemy. He insisted on his being in the right, and he finally secured the prizes. The transaction attracted the notice of government, who highly approved of the decisive and clear conduct of the navy on the occasion, returning its thanks, however, to the wrong quarter, the admiral. But the facts were not to be concealed, and Nelson gained, on the spot, all the credit that he had deserved.

This conduct particularly attracted the notice of Mr. Herbert, the president of Nevis, whose niece, Mrs. Nesbitt, Nelson afterwards married. Prince William was also so much struck with him, that he sought the first opportunity of being introduced, and continued to take all opportunities of being with him during his service on the station.

The prince after serving the regular time in each rank, received his flag in 1790, as rear admiral of the blue; a more rapid promotion, of course, than can be expected to fall to the lot of naval officers in general, but still not violating the regulations of the navy. He had about a year and a half earlier been made Duke of Clarence, and St. Andrew's, and Earl of Munster, thus taking a title from each quarter of the British Isles.

From this period his Royal Highness had no command, a neglect against which he very frequently and strongly remonstrated. The ground of ministerial objection was never declared; and whether it was from an unwillingness to hazard a prince, who from the determined celibacy, as it was then supposed, of the Prince of Wales; and the casualties that might threaten the life of the Duke of York, then commencing his military service; might be presumed destined to succeed to the throne, a conjecture to which the fact has given testimony: or whether the objection might arise from the fear of royal etiquette embarrassing the conduct of a fleet; or from a dread of the duke's inexperience in command on a large scale, where the loss of a battle might lay open the shores of England to the combined fleets of Europe under the revolutionary flag; his Royal Highness lived from that period in retirement.

Of his fitness as a captain of a frigate, we have high testimony. Nelson in a letter to his friend Captain Locker, from the West Indies, says—

"You must have heard, long before this reaches you, that Prince William is under my command. I shall endeavour to take care that he is not a loser by that circumstance. He has his foibles as well as private men, but they are far overbalanced by his virtues. In his professional line, he is far superior to near two-thirds, I am sure, of the list; and in attention to orders, and respect to his superior officers, I hardly know his equal. His Royal Highness keeps up strict discipline in his ship, and without paying him any compliment, she is one of the finest ordered frigates I have seen."

Of the private career of the prince, we have no desire to enter deeply into detail; the unhappy law which prohibits the marriage of the

blood royal without the sanction of the King, naturally exposes the princes to a species of connexion which offends higher laws than those of the land. On all the male branches of the royal family, charges of this obnoxious kind are commonly fastened; and as it is neither our purpose to enlarge upon topics that cannot serve any good feeling, nor to throw unsuitable offence upon the character of an individual who is now, by the laws of the land, the possessor of the crown, we turn from the discussion altogether.

The Duke made frequent applications to the ministry for employment during the French war. But some powerful competitor always appeared, and the Duke's naval ambition was disappointed. In particular, he had made strong representations to his royal father for the command of the Mediterranean fleet, from which Lord Collingwood, then in infirm health, had solicited to be removed. He was disappointed; and the disappointment, though it might not have soured a disposition which seems naturally kind and good-natured, yet produced a long retirement from public life. While his royal brothers were mixing in general society, and prominent in politics and public meetings, the Duke of Clarence seldom came from his residence at Bushy Park. He stated but a year or two ago, at the dinner of the Goldsmiths' Company, that it was the first public body which had ever presented him with its freedom. And the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund of the year before last, if we recollect rightly, gave the first instance of his presiding at a public dinner. It is no flattery to say, for it was universally felt at the time, that his Royal Highness could have been deterred from public appearance by no personal deficiency, for he is a good public speaker, very fluent, ingenious in adopting topics as they rise before him in the business of the day, and of unwearied spirit and good-humour. He was considered to have made one of the best chairmen that the theatrical dinner ever had; and those who have ever tried the task of presiding at a public dinner, know the trial of temper, quickness of conception, and readiness of speech, to be no easy one.

On the death of the Princess Charlotte, the necessity of providing for the succession, produced a recommendation from the Prince Regent to his brothers, to marry. The Duke of Clarence selected the Princess Adelaide of Saxe Meiningen, an intelligent and estimable princess, whose conduct since her arrival in this country has made her highly popular, and who may render an important service to English morality by following the example of Queen Charlotte, and excluding all females of dubious character, let their rank be what it may. Her majesty may be assured that in a measure of this kind, she would be most amply supported by the goodwill of the nation. On the occasion of this marriage it became necessary to separate from Mrs. Jordan, and she retired to Boulogne and afterwards to St. Cloud, near Paris, where she died in about a year, of some neglected constitutional disorder. It was first rumoured, of poverty. But subsequent evidence has been given, that she had sufficient means, even for luxuries, and that one of them was a diamond ring worth a hundred guineas, which she constantly wore, and which of course precluded any actual suffering from narrow circumstances.

At length the duke's desire for professional employment was about to be complied with, so far as it could be satisfied by a command in a

period of peace. He had in the Regency been appointed Admiral of the Fleet, and had in that capacity escorted the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia across the Channel, on their visit to the Prince Regent in 1815.

But on Mr. Canning's being made minister, the prospect grew still brighter for the duke, by the restoration of the old office of Lord High-Admiral, in which his Royal Highness was placed; the minister having by this manœuvre, ensured the approbation of the duke as prince, and fairly reckoning upon his remembrance of the favour if he should be king.

But Mr. Canning's death in 1827, dislocated this arrangement. The Duke of Wellington became minister, and as it is the secret policy of that noble personage to engross all patronage, he could not but look with a jealous eye upon the share of patronage and public influence which must be claimed by the Admiralty, while it had a prince, the brother of the King, at its head. The probability of his Royal Highness's speedy accession to the throne did not happen to strike the premier in so clear a light as the advantage of getting rid of an authority which might derogate so much from the supremacy of the Horse Guards. Among the very first performances of the Duke of Wellington, therefore, was the dismissal of his Royal Highness, and the restoration of the old official serving-men, who instinctively look upon every premier as endowed with sagacity supernatural. The mode of his dismissing his Royal Highness was quite *à la militaire*, and we may rely upon his not forgetting the favour, nor the mode of doing it.

The fatal indisposition of his late Majesty again drew the Duke of Clarence before the national eye. The symptoms of the King's disorder were from the beginning pronounced to be such as precluded complete recovery, and might bring on immediate dissolution. It is but justice to the duke to say, that his public conduct on this melancholy occasion was as decorous, as his private intercourse with his King and brother was affectionate. In the last week of June the symptoms of death were visible, and on the 26th, at three in the morning, his Majesty died.

In a few hours after, the Duke of Wellington made his appearance at Bushy Park, in full mourning, and did homage to His Royal Highness as King of the British empire. On the following Monday His Majesty was proclaimed, in London, by the title of King William the Fourth, amid great acclamations. The same ceremony was performed throughout the county towns, and with the strongest demonstrations of good-will and loyalty. The King has since led a life of constant activity; every day being completely occupied, from an early hour, with reviewing troops, receiving ambassadors, holding levees, and the other fatiguing and tedious, but necessary forms of royalty. Not content with this fatigue, he generally drives out with the Queen, and some of the younger branches of the royal family, after the ceremonial of the day is done, and makes a tour of the environs, without guards, or more formality than a private gentleman. A great many curious instances are told of his disregarding the inconvenient burthens of court etiquette, and following his old easy and natural habits, learned originally in a Sailor's life.—In passing down St. James's-street, unattended, as is his custom, he wanted to see a newspaper of the evening—the door of a coffee-house was open before him—he walked in, and read his newspaper at his ease.—His first military operation was the popular and amusing one of ordering all the cavalry

to be shaved, excepting the Hussars, that piece of barbarism being part of the essence of those frippery corps. Like all men of common sense, he has looked on the effeminate and foolish changes of the military dress with ridicule, and it is reported that he has ordered the whole army to adopt the old national colour—red; the British service, at this moment, being the most pyeballed on earth, and in fact, being nothing more than a copy of every absurdity in dress and colour that could be culled from the whole of the continental armies. The impolicy of this borrowing system was obvious, in the first place, as a kind of admission that Frenchmen and other foreigners were our masters in the art of war. An assumption which they are always ready enough to make, and which only increases their insolence. In the next, the more foreign, and less like Englishmen the army looked, the more it was disliked by the people, and the more it was inclined to be the tool of any individual, if such should start up, who meditated designs against the liberties of England. It had a further effect, in the actual increase of confusion and hazard in the field, when no man could know an English regiment from an enemy's one, a dozen yards off, and when, as has happened more than once, the English infantry has been charged by foreign cavalry, whom they naturally mistook for some of their own whiskered and blue-coated lancers and hussars. Lastly, and by no means the least important—by the imitation of the foreign costume, bedizened and embroidered as it was, many meritorious officers were driven out of the cavalry, through the enormous expense of the uniform; while the younger and richer coxcombs, who would at all times make better mountebanks and mummers than soldiers, were urged to a career of waste, folly, and effeminacy, that absurd and contemptible as it was, absolutely began to infect the habits of the higher ranks of society.

We hope the reign of the moustaches is over. The English soldier may be content to pass in society without looking like a Russian bear, or a French dancing-master. He could fight a dozen years ago better than any foreigner, notwithstanding the disqualification of having his visage visible; and we hope the abominable dandyism of late years will insult our national good sense no more.

But a still more valuable change may be at hand. The late King, of whom we would still speak with all respect, was unfortunately a Hussar, and his propensities were all for the army. The Navy declined miserably, and this noble object of national honour and public safety, was left to sink into total disfavour. But a Sailor is now on the Throne, and we must hope that he has the true feelings of an Englishman about him. Let him then lose no time in raising the British Navy from its impolitic, ungracious, and hazardous depression. It is of all descriptions of force, the fittest for England; its name is most connected with English glory; it is the arm which is most exclusively English, and which no foreigner has ever been able to rival. It is the arm too which is the most suitable to a people jealous of their liberties, and knowing that a military force is always hazardous to those liberties, and that if the Constitution of England should be destined to fall, it will be by an army in the hands of some favourite general. Knowing all this, we say, *Long live the Navy of England!—Long live the Liberties of the People!—and Long live the Sailor-King!*

STATE OF IRELAND.

WHAT has emancipation done for Ireland? is a question which may be put to those who were so prodigal of their golden promises, when the removal of the main pillars of the constitution of 1688 was accomplished by every method which intimidation could devise. It is a question we constantly hear urged, by both Protestants and Roman Catholics; but, though more than fifteen months have elapsed since the "healing measure" came into operation, we have not as yet been able to obtain a satisfactory solution of the query. The thorough-going, the treasury hacks, the apostate Dawsons, and the other hirelings of the Administration, have, indeed, had the effrontery to assure us, that immense benefits have been derived from their panacea. They tell us, that peace and good will are advancing, with rapid strides, among all classes of his Majesty's subjects in the sister island; and that, so obvious is the increase of prosperity therefrom, it becomes necessary to prevent, by the imposition of fresh taxes, the Quixotic Patlanders from being afflicted with an inconvenient plethora of riches, lest they should again wax wanton and wicked! Others, however, who are content to look on as common-place spectators, freely confess that they cannot discern any material alteration in the state of Ireland. They perceive the same elements of discord still in existence—the same distrust and rancour between the two conflicting parties are evinced, whenever suitable opportunity offers for their developement.

The discriminating mind, which ventures to look beyond the mere surface, sees that a momentous change has taken place in Ireland, since the safeguards of the constitution were broken down—a change, the probable consequences of which it is fearful to contemplate. While Popery has retained all its native inveterate hatred to Protestantism and England, the affections of the Irish Protestant have been so completely alienated from those who at present hold the helm of the state, that no embarrassment into which the Administration could be plunged, would be likely to elicit from him either sympathy or support. A stern neutrality is now the utmost that ministers could hope for from the very men who, not eighteen months ago, were ready to shed their heart's blood in defence of the honour and integrity of the empire. Public men have forfeited the confidence of the Irish Protestants to such an extent, that the latter know not whom to trust, and almost deem themselves, what their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen have so often designated them, mere "strangers and sojourners in the land," unattached to it or its governors by any permanent interest or security.

In brief, this much has "emancipation" done for Ireland—it has dissolved the best tie of its connexion with Great Britain, the cordial devotion of the Irish Protestants; and it has raised the hopes, and stimulated the exertions of the Roman Catholics to accomplish that without which they never will rest content—the ascendancy of the papal church; the realization of which project they regard as utterly impossible without a separation from Protestant England.

The repeal of the legislative union, and the prostration of the established church, are consequently themes on which the Roman Catholics of Ireland now dwell with delight. These themes agitation has seized upon, and will, ere long, wield with incalculable effect. In vain will the minister endeavour, by temporizing, by intimidation, or by any

other paltry expedient, to crush these exceedingly popular topics among the Irish Roman Catholics; all his efforts will only make them clasp these idols more closely. In vain will he strive to win over the papal clergy, or even the See of Rome itself, in order to avert the tornado which threatens him; every such proceeding on his part will be justly construed into a proof of his weakness, and every concession, every fresh measure of "conciliation," besides calling forth the apprehensions of Protestants, will be haughtily used as a stepping-stone, by means of which the jesuitical party may arrive at the cherished objects of its ambition. The Roman Catholics will continue, after every additional acquisition, to repeat to the expediency cabinet, the cutting retort which Mr. O'Connel, and his brethren of the agitating school, flung at those treasury sycophants, who reminded them of the gratitude they owed the Duke of Wellington—"has he not himself acknowledged," replied the agitators, "that—

"His Poverty but not his Will consented?"

Thus will the very path which the apostates have marked out for themselves, lead them into still greater difficulties. The demands of popery will be incessant; and each bonus conferred on the sworn enemy of the reformed faith, will effect (*if possible*) still greater alienation of the Protestants—or, to employ more correct phraseology, an increased anxiety for the removal of men, whose continuance in power, is regarded with no ordinary disgust and alarm.

In the interim, an object of increased curiosity, if not of commiseration, is the probable fate of the established church of Ireland. However premature the honest declarations of Dr. Drumgoole might have been deemed in December 1813, we fear that some of them, at least, cannot be treated as ludicrous in July 1830:—

"That she" (the Established Church), said the enthusiastic doctor, "stands in great need of securities, who can doubt? when she sees division in the camp, and observes the determined war that is carried on against her, *muros pugnatur intra et extra*—that her articles of association are despised by those who pretend to be governed by them; that Socinians, and men of strange faith, are amongst those in command; * * * and the columns of catholicity are collecting, who challenge the possession of the ark, and, unfurling the oriflamme, display its glorious motto—*ΕΥΡΕΤΕ ΤΗΝ ΑΡΧΗΝ*?"

Those politicians who are still disposed to regard as apocryphal the words we have quoted from Dr. Drumgoole's speech, more especially the concluding portion of the extract, let them merely reflect upon the proceedings which took place throughout Ireland, at the vestries held this year for providing for parochial affairs intimately connected with the service and discipline of the established church. They will find, that not only have parishes been illegally taxed, in several places, for the direct support of popery, but that the Roman Catholics, where they could insure a majority of votes in their favour, have actually thrown the entire of the church rates upon the episcopalian Protestants of the parish. We also beg to refer all state sceptics with regard to the danger which awaits the Irish branch of the established church, to the numerous petitions from Ireland presented against the vestry laws, against tithes and church property—in a word, against every part of the system which the constitution vainly attempted to render permanent for the support of that church, the "rights and privileges" of

which our late sovereign had solemnly sworn to preserve inviolate. In several of those petitions—the first fruits of the “Emancipation” Bill—the Roman Catholics pray for the *total* abolition of the property of the established church, and that its clergy should be entirely thrown upon the *voluntary contributions* of their own congregations.

The Roman Catholics of Ireland are now praying for the abolition of tithes. To this species of warfare their own clergy urged them, when they saw no other method of annoying their antagonists, or of deterring the Protestant clergy from exposing the rottenness of popery. Their reverences cannot now conveniently eat their words, as they would thereby considerably endanger their influence, being fully committed on this popular question. When they declared themselves unwilling to receive any other emolument than that which they obtained from their flocks, and decried tithes as an oppressive tax upon the industry of the peasant, it is very true that they did so in a paroxysm of fury and despair, and merely exemplified the fable of the fox and the grapes. But the deed cannot now be recalled. Thus, pressed forward by the Roman Catholic demagogues, secretly favoured by the necessities or avarice of the landed interests, as well as by the pressing exigencies of the state, and not opposed with any vigour by the conscientious Protestant, who often is more than half-disposed to regard it in the light of an efficient bribe in the hands of profligate ministers, rather than as a sacred fund for the support of men sincerely devoted to the propagation of true religion, the demolition of church property in Ireland may not be altogether so improbable as many persons suppose.

We have hitherto dwelt chiefly on the effects of “emancipation” with reference to the established church of Ireland. In a sense more rigidly political, the consequences of the “healing measure” are vastly more alarming to those persons who feel deeply interested in preserving the present ownership of landed property, and the present arrangement of parliamentary patronage, in that country. The attention of Roman Catholics is now turned, in a very remarkable degree, to the confiscated estates, the merits of the laws of settlement, and their general influence on the prosperity of Ireland. They freely declare it as their opinion, that the transfer of such enormous tracts of territory to the ancestors of *permanent absentees*, such as the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and a number of others similarly circumstanced, whom not even a repeal of the Union could bring to reside on their Irish estates, is a crying evil. They quote the *argument* of the *liberal* noblemen themselves, and those of their retainers in the lower house of parliament, so frequently reiterated during the multiplied debates on the popery question. These arguments they triumphantly adduce as evidence, that the Irish confiscations were “unjust in principle,” and consequently ought to be reversed. “Is it not admitted,” say the Roman Catholics, “that many of our patriotic ancestors were driven into rebellion by a diabolical and long-continued system of misrule? and that others of them were subjected to forfeiture solely on account of their *loyalty* to their king, and their affectionate attachment to the religion of their forefathers? Do not the Whigs uniformly admit this? And is it not notorious that those *unjust* confiscations are an insurmountable obstacle to the improvement of Ireland, by insuring absenteeism, preventing the accumulation of Irish capital, the encouragement of manufactures, or the patronage of the arts and sciences?”

Such an arrangement cannot, therefore, be any longer defended, either on the ground of principle, or on that of expediency; *especially now that the stigma has been taken off our religion, and it has been pronounced as SAFE a political creed as any other!* It follows that we assuredly have a right to demand that of which our worthy ancestors have been robbed, and the restoration of which the welfare of society requires. How can Protestants, with any sort of consistency, refuse us the benefit of their own express admissions?"

What is to prevent this feeling from daily growing in intensity? And how are its probable consequences to be obviated? *Pastorini* directly encourages it. In the last edition of his "*History of the Christian Church*," page 211, he says, "Who is ignorant of the cruel, persecuting laws, that were in those times enacted in most of the protestant states against the Catholic religion? Among the rest, who is not acquainted with the severe laws of England and Ireland? They are such, as to be owned by such of their own people who have a sense of humanity, to be barbarous, to be a scandal to the Christian religion, and a disgrace to civilized nations. *In consequence of these statutes, how many persons have been stript of their estates? How many individuals have been imprisoned, banished, even put to death? How many families have been reduced to beggary and ruin?*"

Again: page 223—"When people are driven to despair by excessive hardship and oppression, and even threatened with *utter extirpation*, what wonder if an insurrection follows? *Such was the case with the Irish Catholics.*"

Now the Roman Catholics of Ireland, whose "*favourite prophet*" their renowned Bishop Doyle, assures us *Pastorini* is, almost to a man coincide with the foregoing description of the merits of the Irish confiscations. With very few exceptions, they also place the most implicit confidence in *Pastorini's* predictions of the perfect overthrow of those whom their "*favourite prophet*" depicts as their oppressors. The Whigs manifestly acquiesce in *Pastorini's* assertions with regard to the *causes* of the confiscations. It remains to be proved whether "*the march of events*" will not teach them the *logical deductions* from such admissions!

As to the Protestants of Ireland, they, indeed, were once a very formidable obstacle in the way of such revolutionary projects. They were a powerful guarantee to the existing order of property. But the men whose valour and loyalty were the sword and buckler of British connexion, are now emigrating by thousands, and taking with them no inconsiderable portion of the small capital which the provincial parts of Ireland possessed. They are disposing of their interests in the farms which they had rendered productive by their superior skill and industry, turning into hard cash whatever property they can still call their own, and "*winging their way*" across the Atlantic. They do not admire the present aspect of affairs. They are disgusted at what has occurred, and alarmed at what they see in progress. They have abandoned all confidence in those men who steered the labouring vessel of the state into a sea of troubles. They think that their inflexible loyalty has been ill-requited; and that a premium has been held out to turbulence and disaffection. They have taken firm hold of the opinion, that "*even-handed justice*" has not been impartially administered to them—that their lives and properties have been rendered insecure by the leniency which has frequently been shewn to the most sanguinary of the Roman Catholic

delinquents; while Constitutionalists are almost hunted out of society, and declared unworthy of protection, if they dare to cast a retrospective glance towards the scenes which history records for their instruction. They cannot forget the manner in which they have been despised, conspired against, scoffed at, and calumniated. They cannot avoid contrasting the treatment which they have for some years past received, with the manner in which the Roman Catholic insurgent has often been patronised, his misdeeds screened from inquiry, or else very mildly dealt with, and frequently attempted to be explained away, if not justified, at the expense of every principle of morality and civilization. They point to the "Black Bridge of Chlonoe," and to the hill of Macken, and inquire "Have the characters of even-handed justice been written here? Have our murdered brethren been avenged as the law demanded? Is the example that has been made of their unprovoked assassins such as society had a right to expect, or such as will deter similar aggressions in future?" They point to their Protestant brethren in different parts of the country of Cavan, who, it is alleged, are compelled to go *armed* to their agricultural labours, and whose lives have been placed in the utmost peril, nay, sometimes sacrificed, on their attending fairs or markets.

With such feelings in their bosoms, multitudes of the most peaceable, best conducted, and most industrious of Ireland's inhabitants are bidding adieu to the land of their nativity. The emigrants to America this year from Ireland, it is thought, will exceed FORTY THOUSAND; and every subsequent year it may be expected to increase, unless some marvellous alteration take place in the prospects and sentiments of the Protestants of that unfortunate country. Those of their brethren who for the present remain behind, partly from a difficulty in arranging their affairs, or from having too great a stake in the country *as yet* to be willing to abandon it, will neither fight for the Duke of Devonshire's tithes, nor for Lord Lansdowne's estates. They will merely endeavour to take care of themselves, and to keep aloof, as much as possible, from the strong holds of Popery.

As a specimen of the political temper of the times, at a respectable parochial meeting in the city of Dublin, held on the 28th of May last, with the Protestant churchwardens presiding, for the purpose of petitioning against the new system of taxation, we extract the following resolutions, which were *unanimously* adopted:—"Resolved—That in these monstrous and incompatible assimilations we are made to taste the bitter fruits of the union, exhibiting our country bemoaning the disastrous connexion, and struggling with the odious embrace that would consign her to hopeless prostration under the weight of new and intolerable taxes. That the *vagrancy* of the *absentee nobility and gentry*, and the substitution of their agents in this country, have generated an assimilation of distress and poverty in this city, which we respectfully render to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for assimilation with the opulence, splendour, and commercial magnificence of London. That a statesman, *who takes no lesson from past events*, and is not instructed by the *obstinate follies* of his predecessors, is a blind guide, and unsafe to follow. That the *fatal results of the Stamp Act in America*, by which that country was lost, should inform our rulers that it is not always safe to calculate too confidently on the *patient endurance* of a people," &c. &c.

To find a series of such resolutions adopted, *without a dissentient voice*, by a respectable and numerous meeting, composed of various creeds and

sects, is a lesson that should not be despised! Prior to the Duke of Wellington's "*Protestant-Security Bill*," such unanimity against any ministerial measure whatever could not have been effected. The asperity of language with which the "*disastrous connexion*" is attacked, and *absenteeism* held up to public execration, should be taken to heart by those aristocrats most immediately interested in the political condition of Ireland, who, if they be not altogether blind, cannot fail to discover therein the elements of general dissatisfaction, if not disaffection, and ominous indication of future convulsion.

Certain resolutions passed at a vestry, held at Patrick's church, in the city of Waterford, on the 25th of May last, "For the purpose of examining and confirming the applotment book for the assessments made on Easter Monday and Tuesday," (the Protestant Rector of the parish in the chair) are so confirmatory of what we have advanced respecting the disposition of the Irish Roman Catholics, and such conclusive evidence of the insanity of permitting persons with such feelings to legislate in any way for the established church, that we cannot refrain from quoting them; premising, that they are by no means a solitary instance, and that it is fully understood to be intended by the Roman Catholics throughout Ireland, to follow the precedent, next year, in all cases where they muster in sufficient numbers, or create sufficient intimidation, to obtain a majority of votes:—"Resolved—That the items for providing coffins, and for the support of foundlings and deserted children, be separated from the general assessments of last Easter. That the other items named in the foregoing resolution be applotted generally on all the parishioners, according to valuation. That all other items of the several assessments be applotted upon the Church of England Protestants, and that the applotment of the Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters be reduced to one farthing on each individual for the same."

A local journalist offers the following remarks on this affectionate proceeding towards the "*Law Church*," as the Roman Catholics contemptuously style the Church of England:—"Much merriment existed, and many jokes passed, at the idea of the Protestants not only having to pay their share of the foundling tax and coffin money, *which last is almost exclusively given to Roman Catholic paupers*; but also that the vestry were enabled to tax the Protestants at the rate of seven-pence per pound on the value of houses and lands, whilst the Roman Catholics had to pay but three halfpence. Others rejoiced that it would induce one-half of the Protestants to deny their religion, whilst those who would not abjure should bear all the burden. Suffice it to say, that some do not conceal their intentions of entirely doing away with the Church Establishment of Ireland; and that, in consequence of their (the Protestants) small numbers, they will in a short time be scarcely recognised even as a sect."

The paper which offers this comment on the conciliatory deeds and "merriment" of the Waterford Roman Catholics was established, and still continues, under the patronage of the Beresford family, and advocated the policy of the "*healing measure*," in conformity with the wishes of its patrons. It is therefore good evidence in such a case, which can hardly be admitted to reflect much lustre on the wisdom or protestantism of the Wellingtonian converts.

Behold the *benefits* which "*emancipation*" has conferred upon Ireland! We request the whigs, in whose ranks the most inveterate absentees are

to be found, and the ministers likewise, to ruminate upon these results of their mis-called liberality. If both the church and state be in a most tottering condition in Ireland—if, as the Protestant journals assert, and the Roman Catholic organs confirm, there be at present scarcely a fragment of “a government party” in that distracted land—if *the influence of the Roman Catholic priests among the military be so great as to render it problematical which side many of our soldiery would take in the event of popular contention*—it is high time for our legislators to review that system of policy which has brought us to such a crisis. There is no time to be lost; the Protestants are rapidly withdrawing from the scene, despairing of either encouragement or protection. Faithful to their engagements, they will not indeed promise as high rents for tenements as the *Rockite* Roman Catholics unhesitatingly offer, but without the slightest intention of performing their contract. Protestants have not a *Captain Rock* to protect their cattle or produce from seizure, or their farms from process of ejectment: they, besides, are often exposed to the effects of a combination against them, which often compels them to dispose of their stock at a lower price than Roman Catholics obtain—the butchers and victuallers in Ireland being chiefly Papists, and giving a decided preference to those farmers who are of their own persuasion. This, we have the best authority for stating, is a positive fact.

THE SPIRITS OF THE WINDS.

A VISION.

HARK! to the Thunder-Peal! The air
Is flaming with the Lightning's Glare!
Down bursts the gale—the surges sweep,
Like gathering hosts, against the steep,
Sheeting with clouds of snowy spray,
Its granite forehead, old and grey.
With sudden shriek and cowering wing,
To the wild cliff the sea-birds spring;
Careering o'er the darkened heaven,
The clouds in warring heaps are driven;
And crested high with tawny foam,
Rushes the mighty billow home.

These are for earthly gaze; but who
Might pierce yon Lightning-blaze of blue;
Might mount yon cloudy throne of fear,
To see the tempest-rulers there?

The Thunder rolls! Through deepening gloom
Are seen a crown, a fiery plume!
What visions on the whirlwind ride!
Sons of the Morn! four shapes of pride!
Four shapes of beauty!—yet the gale
Has blanched their glorious beauty pale;
Like cloud-wreaths tost along the air,
Floats wild their hyacinthine hair;
And faintly, through the vapours dim,
Shine starry brow and splendid limb;

Each bears from his celestial bower
 A trumpet-talisman of power.
 Wake but its tone—the lightest breeze
 That ever curled the summer's seas—
 The wildest gale that sends its roar
 Through the far Indian's forest hoar—
 From mountain-top, from violet-dell,
 All hear the summons of the spell.

They pause.—Along the wave are borne
 Four echos of the golden horn;
 From the four corners of the heaven,
 At once four thunder-bursts are given;
 From the four corners of the deep,
 Towers the white surge with wilder sweep;
 For firm and strong the mandate binds,
 Sent by the "Rulers of the Winds."

Again the four broad trumps are raised;
 With keener flash the lightnings blazed,
 Then died; and yet the glance might mark
 Ev'n in that flash a gallant bark;
 A nobler never stemmed the brine
 With chivalry from Palestine.
 Again a flash! her gilded side
 Darts like a falcon through the tide.
 Sweep on! for many a heart is there
 That never shook at mortal fear.
 Sweep on! for there, on many a cheek,
 The tears, like dew on roses, break;
 And many a loved and lovely eye
 Is fixed upon that deepening sky.
 Sweep on, fair bark!—Oh, Heaven! that peal
 Had shook her strength, though ribbed with steel.
 What was it on the sight that came?
 A flash—a smoke—a burst of flame!
 She burns! up sail and shroud the blaze
 In folds, like fiery serpents, plays.
 What sound is heard?—one dying scream,
 Borne, like the murmurs of a dream.
 Alike the lovely and the brave
 See round them but a mighty grave;
 The minstrel and the harp are there,
 The spear, and wielder of the spear;
 The royal fair, the noble knight,
 To whom her eye was life and light.
 Wealth, glory, grandeur, love, and fame—
 What are ye, in that bed of flame?
 The cloud is reddened with the stain—
 Reddens, like blood, the surging main;
 Till, mastering all, in flake and spire
 Rolls o'er the wreck the sheet of fire.

She's gone! No atom floating by
 Tells of the scene of agony.
 She's gone! and with her gone the blast—
 The cloud, the thunder-peal, are past;
 The forest's hoary crown is still—
 The cloud is on the distant hill;
 Bound by the rainbow's purple zone,
 The sinking daystar's jewelled throne.

But hark! what more than mortal sound
 Breathes that still heaving main around?

Swift, simple, sweet!—a fairy tone,
 Just caught, and wondered at, and flown;
 Then on the soul returning high,
 In the full pomp of harmony!
 They come!—I see the Spirits sweep,
 Like evening glories, o'er the deep—
 But lovelier now—upon the gale
 The nectared lip no longer pale;
 No more the glance of beauty dim—
 All changed! their eyes in splendour swim;
 Buds on their cheek the angel-rose;
 The star upon their foreheads glows;
 With arms, like floating snow-wreathes twined,
 The dance of extacy they wind.
 And now they touch the Heaven's blue verge,
 Now in the wave their pinions merge;
 With melting voice, with lifted arm,
 Is wrought upon the wave the charm.
 'Tis done!—on earth and air are borne
 Four echos of the golden horn;
 At once expanded all their wings,
 Each on the cloud its beauty flings,
 Then upward sweep, till mortal gaze
 Turns feeble from the circling blaze.

'Tis Eve!—in streaks of azure dyed
 Sinks on its bed the mighty tide.
 Above, on grove and mountain-wall,
 In softened pomp the lustres fall;
 And the soft valley shadows weave
 The whole wild witchery of eve.
 But with its sounds, come mingling sounds,
 Not of that mountain's leafy bounds;
 The joyous shout, the dashing oar,
 Swift wheeling by that marble shore,
 A gallant bark, from prow to poop
 Full freighted with a noble troop,
 Is rushing in the sunset's glance;
 Flash, as it bounds, the helm and lance;
 The banners' thick-embroidered fold
 Sweeps o'er the surge a sheet of gold;
 The silken robe, the pearly braid,
 The feeble step-by lovers staid;
 The silver voices on the air,
 Tell Woman, lovely Woman, there.

The flame had done its deed—the wave
 Had quenched the ruin in the grave;
 Ten thousand fathoms, wild and dark,
 Had boomed above its burning spark;
 And ne'er to sun or gale again
 From mast or prow should spread the vane.
 But in the heart's despairing hour,
 Echoed the talisman of power;
 And not of all that bright or brave,
 Stemmed on its deck the ocean wave;
 No gallant wielder of the sword,
 No being by his soul adored,
 Shall leave the mortal eye to weep
 The fury of the faithless deep.
 So firm the gentle mandate binds,
 Breathed by the Spirits of the Winds!

THE EVE OF SAINT SIMON, IN COLOMBIA.

THE town of Achaquas, situate on the banks of the river Apure, derives some importance from the fact, that it has ever been the habitual and favourite residence of "El Gefe de los Llañeros." Here the ferocious Paez has erected a house, which, by the bare-legged natives, may be deemed a specimen of architectural magnificence, as compared with the mud-built hovels that compose the residue of the town; with the exception, however, of the church and "Caza del Cura," which entirely occupy one side of a large though irregular square. "La Grande Plaza," as it is called, was, during the revolutionary struggle, the theatre of many sanguinary scenes. Hither were the prisoners made by Paez and his followers led, and, under the scowling brow of the chief, inhumanly massacred; and though in just retaliation, perhaps, of Spanish cruelty, yet the refined barbarity with which these reprisals were conducted baffles description, and would indeed be deemed apocryphal by all save those who had the misfortune to witness them. Here, too, would Paez occasionally indulge his faithful adherents with the gratifying spectacle of a bull-fight, and the exhibition of his own wonderful prowess. On these occasions the chieftain would appear dressed in his native garb. The large white "calçonzillos," or drawers, loose at the knee, and not extending below it—a check shirt, open at the neck, and confined at the waist with a red or blue scarf, worn like our military sashes, and which supported the "cuchillo," or large knife, the never-failing appendage of a "Llañero"—the "sombbrero de pallo," or immense-rimmed straw hat, with a white feather, the party emblem—and the massive silver spurs, attached to the naked heel by thongs cut from a bullock's hide—complete this singular but picturesque costume.* Thus accoutred, and mounted on one of his best-trained horses, would Paez seek an encounter with the fiercest bull that could be procured, his surprising agility and consummate skill in horsemanship enabling him to avoid the incessant attacks of the furious animal, whom he goads into unbounded rage, by turns pursuing and pursued, till at length, tired of the sport, he seizes the beast by the tail, and, with Herculean strength, throws it upon its back; then leaping from his saddle (amid the cheering acclamations of the spectators), with his "cuchillo" puts a speedy termination to its sufferings and life together. This and cock-fighting, a sport of which Paez is an enthusiastic admirer (having an immense number of these birds in constant training), are the principal amusements, and tend to feed the blood-thirsty propensities of this lawless militia during the temporary suspension of their predatory warfare. I here apply the term "militia," such being, correctly speaking, the collective appellation, and attributes, of those more immediately under Paez's command. A body of three hundred men, half of whom have the rank of officers, and form a separate corps, bearing the denomination of "Los bravos de la guardia de honore,"† are in constant attendance on the person of the chief; and the

* On duty, or on the march, a blanket of different colours (red or blue being, however, the most prevalent), with a hole cut in the centre to admit the head, is usually worn, and forms a striking and not ungraceful upper garment.

† "El Gefe de los Llañeros," Chief of the inhabitants of the Plains.—"Caza del cura,"—Curate's house. "La Grande Plaza,"—Great square. "Calçonzillos,"—Short, loose drawers. "Cuchillo,"—Large knife. "Llañero,"—Man of the plains. "Sombbrero de pallo,"—Straw hat. "Los bravos de la guardia de honore,"—The "bravos" of the guard of honour.

gallant achievements which he has performed at their head, as also the individual feats of intrepidity displayed by this small band (however well they may be attested), would, to the generality of readers, appear incredible. In the event of any sudden emergency, an intended attack upon the enemy, or the necessity of acting upon the defensive (by the by, a rare occurrence with Paez), he could, at a very short notice, assemble three thousand men, who (from the facility which the plains afford him of procuring horses) form one of the most formidable and efficient cavalry forces ever embodied. Each man, whilst engaged even in the culture of his small plantation of Indian corn and sugar-cane, keeps his docile charger ready for instant action; and those who might neglect this precautionary measure—so astonishing is the power which the Llañero has obtained by practice in the manege—would, in the short space of an hour or two, be enabled to tame the unruly spirit of the wildest stallion, and render him fully adequate to all the purposes of guerilla service. Paez himself has a reserve of five hundred horses, which follow in the rear of all his expeditions, as a remount for himself and staff; and so jealous is he of his right of exclusive possession, that he has been known to refuse Bolivar (the then supreme chief of Venezuela) a single horse for his personal accommodation!

In addition to the amusements already described as forming the principal recreation of the motley inhabitants of the town and vicinity of Achaguas, each leisure moment was devoted to gambling; and so addicted were all classes to this vicious enjoyment, that tables were to be seen by day and night at the corners of the different streets, round which stood mixed groups of officers and privates, and even women, all engaged in sacrificing to the blind goddess amid the blasphemous curses of those whom Fortune betrayed. Paez himself, perambulating the town, would frequently mingle with one or other of these parties, and, by his presence, sanction a vice, the demoralizing effects of which eventually produced the most pernicious consequences, and which proved, indeed, the primary cause of the melancholy catastrophe which it will shortly be my painful task to record.

Ere I pursue the thread of my narration, however, it may prove agreeable to my reader to learn something of the personal appearance, character, and acquirements, of a chief whose present station, as head of the Venezuelan confederacy, and opposition to the misnamed "Washington of Colombia," renders an object of public interest.

José Antonio Paez is of robust though diminutive stature: his shoulders, of extraordinary breadth, support a short neck of unusual thickness (not unlike that of the enraged bull he delights in combating), and which probably occasions those fits which any strong excitement is sure to produce: this neck, in its turn, sustains a head of disproportionate dimensions, in which small dark eyes of uncommon brilliance light up a countenance where cunning seems the predominant expression: but cruelty lies concealed in his heart. Like the tiger crouching to spring on its prey, Paez is to be most dreaded when he evinces least anger. His features afford no intimation to the victim whose doom he meditates; and many a Spanish prisoner, lulled into fancied security by his smile, has found it but the harbinger to death. Brave even to temerity (if the savage ferocity of a wild beast may be termed courage), he dreads no foe, and will rush, unattended, into the midst of thousands, regardless of danger. At the battle of Ortez he was known, with his own hand, to

have slain thirty of the enemy; and his lance, the weapon with which he performed this feat, still wet with the vital fluid, was by himself, after the action, presented to the late General English. He is, without exception, the best guerilla chieftain that exists. With but little theoretical knowledge of the art of war, he has, from experience, become an adept in its practical duties. Correct in his judgment, decisive in his conduct, and rapid in his movements, success generally follows the execution of his plans. Were his education commensurate with his natural abilities, he might vie in talent with a Napoleon, and the southern hemisphere (according to the bias his ambition might then take) yet have to lament a scourge, or glory in a benefactor.

Having now endeavoured to give my reader some faint idea of the merits and demerits of the redoubtable Paez, I will request him to accompany me, in his "mind's eye," to the little town of Achaquas, where we shall arrive at the period of the truce agreed to by Bolivar and the Spanish general Morillo. A six months' suspension of hostilities had been just declared, and the patriot troops throughout Venezuela had taken possession of their different cantonments, where they hoped to enjoy a short respite from the toils and privations they had so long and so patiently endured. This pleasing anticipation was more particularly indulged in by the garrison of Achaquas. Here the remnant of the "British legion" that had arrived with General English two years previous was stationed, under the command of Colonel Blosset, upon whom that charge had devolved at the demise of the former. The brigade now only consisted of eight incomplete companies of infantry, and one squadron of dismounted cavalry—a melancholy and convincing proof of the insalubrity of the climate. These brave fellows had gallantly sustained the honour of the national character before Cumana and Barcelona, and, after numerous fatiguing marches and countermarches, had arrived at Achaquas some time prior to the truce, and were then regarded as the most effective and best-disciplined body at Paez's head-quarters. Strongly recommended by Bolivar to the special protection of that general (and to whose kindness their services alone should have proved a sufficient claim), they relied on the promises made them, and hoped to become sharers, at least, in the prosperity which now began to dawn upon the republic as an earnest of brighter prospect. How fallacious, alas, were these expectations!

They soon discovered that an undue preference was accorded by those in authority to the Creole troops: they beheld themselves the objects of a narrow-minded prejudice, considered as intruders in the country in whose defence they had bled, hourly insulted by the inhabitants and rival soldiery, and designated by the epithet of slaves purchased by the barter of hides and tallow! These bitter gibes and keen sarcasms were borne by the men for a long time with stoical fortitude, or, rather, with an apathy uncommon to Englishmen. Their energies had been numbed, as it were, by intense suffering; and it seemed as though the chords of their hearts had ceased to vibrate to the touch of indignity!

The bow-string, after rain, if too forcibly distended, will snap; so did our countrymen, by degrees, begin to feel the strain upon their sensibilities, though they writhed not till that strain became tightened to agony.

Bolivar had directed that half-pay should be issued monthly to the "British legion." This advantage was, however, only nominal: a base metal coin, slightly washed with silver (termed by the inhabitants "chipe a chipe") was in consequence put in circulation. The tradesmen

refused to receive it in exchange for the requisite articles of consumption until Paez threatened to shoot the recusant ; and even then the enhanced price of provisions bore no comparison with the fictitious value of this spurious coin, and the English were therefore still unable to obtain the common necessities of existence.

Meanwhile, the good money furnished from the exchequer for the express purpose of carrying Bolivar's order into effect was by Paez (with an occasional sop in the pan thrown to one or two of the superior British officers to keep them quiet) distributed amongst his tawny-coloured satellites ; nor was it an unusual sight to behold the gambling-tables before alluded to covered with *doubloons* and "*pesos duros*," and of which our famished soldiers well knew they should have been the legal possessors. A pound of bad beef had, for a considerable period, been the only diurnal ration received by our brave comrades, and many of the officers were reduced to the necessity of parting with their wearing-apparel ; the "*sambo*," or mulatto purchaser, parading his uncomely figure, arrayed in all the glitter of gold and silver embroidery, and triumphing in the spoil, in the presence even of its former owner. Splendid uniforms changed wearers with surprising rapidity ; and many a youthful "*petit-maitre*" was happy to shelter himself from the scorching rays of a tropical sun, or the furious pelting of the merciless shower, beneath the once-despised but now coveted blanket. A considerable quantity of clothing, boots, shoes, &c. had arrived from England and the United States for the use of the troops. These were surreptitiously disposed of by the "*administrador*"* to the merchant-peddlers who followed the army and preyed upon its vitals, and the produce of the sale speedily found its way to the *hazard table* ; whilst the British soldier was not only suffered to wander about destitute and bare-footed, but otherwise literally in a state of nudity ! Such, however, was the excellent discipline of the corps, that notwithstanding these just motives of disaffection to a cause which they had been induced to espouse from the most flattering anticipations, the men still continued to perform their various military avocations, if not with cheerful alacrity, at least with mechanical steadiness, until a circumstance (which I am about to relate) occurred, and roused their dormant feelings to an acute sense of the degradation they had so long laboured under.

General Paez requiring some alteration to be made in part of his dress, sent an orderly to command the immediate attendance of one of the British regimental tailors. The poor devil was in the act of masticating his hard beef when the general's mandate reached him ; and not over anxious, possibly, to work without any chance of remuneration, neglected to obey quite so promptly as Paez expected. The general, irritated by what he qualified an act of insolent insubordination, despatched an aide-de-camp to Colonel Blosset, directing him forthwith to compliment the refractory tailor with a hundred lashes ! That officer, feeling the injustice of the order, lost no time in waiting upon Paez, and respectfully stated, that by the English articles of war (under which code the "*British legion*" had been embodied, and to which, by Bolivar's sanction, they could be alone amenable) he was prohibited from inflicting corporal punishment except by the sentence of a court-martial ; but if his excellency thought proper he would immediately summon one, and

* "*Administrador*," commissary.

doubted not, according to the evidence adduced, the court would satisfy him by their verdict.

During this remonstrance, not a muscle in Paez's face betrayed his inward agitation, not a gesture interrupted the colonel's exordium. An indifferent spectator would have inferred from his manner that he had either lost all recollection of the occurrence, or deemed it too trivial to attract his further notice; a more accurate observer, however, would have detected the smile of ineffable contempt struggling for passage through his firmly closed lips. For some moments after Blosset had ceased to speak, there was a death-like pause—none dared to break the silence; those who best knew him almost dreaded to respire. All this time Paez kept his eyes intently fixed on Blosset, who (like the bird charmed by the fascinating influence of the rattle-snake) involuntarily trembled: at length he raised them, as if wholly unconscious of the sensation he had caused, and turning to an aide-de-camp who stood near, desired him to order the bugle to sound "Turn out the whole;" then approaching Blosset, with calm, unruffled voice addressed him thus:—"If, Sir, the uncompromising strictness of *your* military code prevents you from chastising insolence in a soldier, by the application of a few lashes, unless sanctioned by a court-martial, *mine* imposes no such delicate restraints upon my will, and I can *shoot* the insubordinate object of my displeasure without the aid or authority of your tribunal. Now mark me, Colonel. The troops are assembling. Return to your brigade, see my former orders carried into prompt execution, or in *ten minutes* the man will have ceased to exist!" Blosset bowed and retired. It is almost needless to say, that of *two* evils the *least* was chosen—the unlucky tailor received his hundred lashes. Paez on horseback remained on the confines of the "Grande Plaza" till he saw his victim tied up and receive the first stripe: he then rode off, accompanied by a numerous staff, to enjoy a gallop and acquire an appetite on the neighbouring plains!

The effect which this stretch of arbitrary power had upon the minds of the men may be readily surmised: non-commissioned officers and privates felt equal indignation; murmurs of disapprobation rose into expressions of loud complaint; all were alike clamorous for passports to quit the service; and there is little doubt, had an opportunity presented itself, the "British legion" to a man would have joined the standard of the enemy.

For three days following, the symptoms of discontent became so generally apparent, that Paez himself began to calculate the result. Not that he dreaded the irruption of the volcano, or could be deterred by the burning lava it might vomit forth from pursuing his course; but it did not suit his present policy to drive things to extremity; he therefore adopted conciliatory measures, and by an augmentation of rations (not forgetting an allowance of spirituous liquor), with a few necessary articles of clothing, he contrived to appease the mutinous spirit his harsh treatment had invoked. But the flame of discord was only partially smothered, and needed but a fresh grievance to rake it into a fiercer blaze. The men performed their wonted duties in sullen silence, and were still evidently brooding over the injuries they had sustained.

In this mood we will for the present leave them, as I am anxious to introduce to my reader's notice a few of the officers of the "British legion," with whom it is necessary he should have some acquaintance, in order to enable him to better understand the sequel of my narrative.

Colonel Blosset was a man of gentlemanlike manners and appearance. He had formerly held the rank of captain and brevet-major in the 28th foot, and served with that regiment in Egypt. He was considered as a brave and clever officer, but he was ill calculated for the post he attained in the republican service. Owing, probably, to the influence of climate, his mind became enervated, and he evinced a most unpardonable apathy towards the interest and comforts of those under his command. He was peculiarly accessible to flattery, and the most fulsome adulation could neither offend or disgust him. This weakness was taken advantage of by a scoundrel, who, by the meanest arts, so wormed himself into the colonel's confidence, and took such firm hold of his affections, that he became his sole adviser, and directed his every action!

The officers of the legion beheld with astonishment the sudden elevation of a man who but a short time previous was a sergeant in the corps in which he now bore the rank of captain, together with the staff-appointment of brigade-major, which his patron had bestowed upon him with a view of attaching him more immediately to his person. Conjecture was busy in unravelling the mystery of this preferment, but no correct solution of it appears to have been obtained. What seemed most singular was, that Blosset should have selected for his intimate companion an illiterate man of low and vulgar habits, and whose only redeeming qualities were a bustling activity and tolerably soldierlike appearance. Had he conducted himself with prudence in his new station, he might have secured the good-will of his former superiors; but his overbearing arrogance and insolent assumption of consequence rendered him an object of contempt and detestation to every Englishman in the garrison.

Still, however, Brigade-major Trayner (so was the colonel's minion named) set public opinion at defiance, and, heedless of the odium he incurred, continued to assert the prerogative of his place, and exercise its functions with a severity that astonished, but could not restrain, the sarcastic comments of his quondam associates, some of whom had known him in the British army. The trite proverb of "*Set a beggar on horseback*" was fully verified in his conduct. Hints respecting his former character were at first cautiously indulged in, and soon acquired a more tangible shape; till at length he was boldly accused of having (whilst serving with his corps during the occupation of France by the Allied Forces) been reduced from the rank of corporal and punished for theft!

As he took no steps to invalidate a report so stigmatizing in its nature, the officers of the legion deemed it their duty to request the commanding officer would institute an inquiry into the truth of a charge which was calculated to reflect dishonour upon the whole. Strange to say, the colonel not only professed to discredit the accusation, but discountenanced all investigation! The officers, compelled to acquiesce in this decision, determined at least to avoid the contamination of his society: save, therefore, on points of duty, they held no communication with him, and he was placed in strict "coventry." This very just manifestation of indignant feeling stung Trayner to the soul. Every baneful passion rankled in his bosom. He swore to be revenged, and too fatally did he keep his oath!—but let us not anticipate our tale. Attached as lieutenant to the light company of the "legion" was a young man of most amiable manners, gentlemanlike, and unassuming in his deportment. He was respected and idolized by his comrades, who took pleasure in predicting his advancement, which they would have witnessed without one particle of

jealousy. The son of a rich and respectable manufacturer in Yorkshire, young Risdale, with all the ardent feelings of youthful ambition, and his heart glowing with enthusiasm to become a participator in the glorious struggle of South American independence, left his father's house; exchanging the advantages of affluence for a precarious existence, the delights of a peaceful home (endeared to him by a thousand infantile recollections) for a country convulsed by civil war, the salubrity of his native air for the pestiferous vapours of a foreign clime; sacrificing, in short, every earthly blessing to a vain phantom which has lured millions to destruction!

Unfortunate and misguided youth, may the tears of the brave that have been shed o'er thy untimely fate propitiate thine honoured shade!—may the remembrance of thy virtues sooth the regrets of the friends that survive thee! The turf that covers thy humble sepulchre will lie light upon thy bosom, for it is not burthened with the curses of the widow or the orphan; whilst the marble that entombs the oppressor cannot shelter him from the execration he merits!

The reader will, I am sure, pardon my digression. I was unable to check this small tribute of respect to the manes of one endowed with every noble quality. Should a parent's eye peruse this tale, in deploring the melancholy event that bereaved him of his son, he will, I trust, derive some consolation from even my feeble efforts to do justice to the memory of my friend, and shield his character from aspersion.

How many young men, like poor Risdale, impelled by the fervour of an ardent imagination, and the spirit of chivalrous enterprise, embraced a cause which presented to their view the flattering perspective of immortal renown!—how soon, alas! were the evergreen laurels they sought changed into mournful cypress! Denied even by the soil they aided in delivering from the yoke of the despot a little earth to cover their inanimate remains, their mouldering bones, the refuse of vultures, are still left to bleach upon the arid plains of Candalaria, a sad memento of *republican* gratitude!—But to resume my narration. The company to which Risdale belonged was commanded by the son of an old British officer. Their relative situation as comrades linked them together, whilst a similarity of disposition and sentiments cemented an attachment, the natural result of this reciprocity of feeling. Captain Hodgkinson was an excellent officer, and, by his persevering exertions, the light company of the “British legion” would have done credit to the best-disciplined battalion in Europe. Respected and esteemed by his superiors, he was likewise beloved by his equals. No man knew better than himself how to draw the line of distinction betwixt hauteur and prudent reserve. He was condescending to all, familiar with none; but he regarded Risdale in the double light of friend and pupil, and took both pride and pleasure in imparting to him the fruits of his experience. Under these friendly auspices the young aspirant soon became a proficient in all military exercises, and bid fair to rival his instructor, which Hodgkinson rather gloried in than envied. Proud of his own creation, he neglected no opportunity of extolling the merits of his youthful competitor; and the affection which they mutually cherished towards each other made them inseparable companions, and caused them to be considered as the Damon and Pythias of modern friendship.

The very soul of honour himself, it is not surprising that Captain Hodgkinson should have shrunk from the polluting touch of infamy. Too

sincere to disguise his feelings at any time, he attempted not to restrain them when the routine of his professional duties brought him into contact with the degraded Trayner. His heart would have sympathized with misfortune, might have wept over the delusions of error, but never could hold communion with guilt. Trayner's barefaced impudence disgusted him, and he evinced his abhorrence on every occasion by the most sovereign contempt. Risdale of course partook of his friend's antipathy; and both rendered themselves, in consequence, more especially the objects of a villain's hatred! Too cowardly openly to evince his enmity, Trayner meditated a plan of vengeance so diabolical in its nature, and so sudden in its result, that it fell with the velocity of the thunderbolt upon its unsuspecting victims, without affording the slightest warning of its fatal approach.

Making his patron's ill-placed confidence subservient to his purposes, he secretly employed emissaries to foment the general discontent that still prevailed amongst the men of the "British legion;" and by enforcing the performance of vexatious duties, curtailing the rations, and giving harsh replies to the repeated remonstrances for a redress of grievances become almost too heavy to be borne—all which he pretended to do in the name of the colonel, although Blosset was really unconscious of this abuse of his authority—he so irritated the minds of the soldiers against their commander, that they only waited a favourable opportunity of breaking out into open revolt. Like a skilful angler, he let them nibble at the bait, in the conscious security of being able to hook his prey at any moment it might suit his convenience; and the hour drew near that was to present the garrison of Achaquas with a tragedy conceived and executed by a fiend in human shape, and teach the inhabitants of the New World this great moral lesson,—that an all-wise Providence may at times permit the triumph of powerful guilt over feeble innocence!

Most of my readers are of course well aware that in catholic countries it is the common usage to celebrate the anniversary of the canonization of each and every saint in the calendar. On these occasions the individual whose name may correspond with that belonging to any of these sanctified worthies regards it as his own particular festival, and keeps it as we protestants do our birthdays. Now it so happened, that the good lady to whom the present "*Liberator*" of Colombia owes his existence was prevailed upon by the orthodox gossips to select the venerable *Saint Simon* as her son's patron: the motive that led to this choice, or the arguments for and against its adoption, or whether it was decreed "*nemine contradicente*," the annals of the Bolivarian family sayeth not! It suffices that I acquaint my reader, who may not possess the advantages of this saintly patronage, that such was the fact, and the day rapidly advancing that was to afford to all classes of the republic an opportunity of blending with their devotion to the saint a demonstration of respectful homage to the virtues of their ruler!

Bright and glorious rose the sun upon the morn that preceded the Eve of Saint Simon, as if unconscious that his setting rays were doomed to linger on a scene of carnage!

All in the little town of Achaquas were actively engaged in making preparation for the coming festival.—Besides illuminations, it was intended to amuse the populace with the favourite spectacle of a bull-fight, and messengers were despatched to bring from the plains some of the

fiercest of these animals: it was likewise in contemplation to represent a drama, in which several of the officers were to enact parts; and the light company of the "legion" (being the first for fatigue-duty) were sent to the woods to collect materials for the erection of a temporary theatre in the "Grande Plaza:" parades were to be dispensed with throughout the garrison during the day, and all wore the face of seeming hilarity. It might have been remarked, however, that the soldiers of the "legion" more particularly confined themselves to the precincts of their barracks, which occupied an angle of the square, and from whence they appeared to be unconcerned spectators of all that passed without. Things remained in this tranquil state till the return of the light company. These poor fellows had been exposed for several hours to the heat of the sun: ardent spirits had been twice or thrice administered to them, and under the influence of the excitement it produced they became noisy and riotous. Upon this result Trayner had calculated. He had himself fired the train, and with all the feelings of gratified malice he anxiously expected the issue of the general explosion. He was to be seen in different parts of the town driving the inebriated and unarmed men before him with his naked sabre: he at last encountered Risdale, and reproached him in most unqualified terms with the state of the company, who with truth replied, that he did not hold himself responsible for their conduct, since they had not been under his orders during the period of their fatigue-services, and advised soothing measures to be employed to recall the men to their senses. This counsel Trayner imperiously rejected, adding, "You, sir, are as drunk as those whose cause you espouse!" Indignant at a charge so void of foundation, and under the impulse of the moment, Risdale gave his accuser the lie. Major Carter of the legion coming up at that instant, the expression was by Trayner represented as an act of insubordination, and Risdale ordered under an arrest, a mandate he immediately obeyed by retiring to his quarters.

Meantime the barracks presented a scene of confusion. The whole of the men were assembled, and appeared to be discussing the best mode of action. Some proposed to address a respectful remonstrance to Paez, stating their request, that Blosset might be removed from the command, and offering to serve under a Creole colonel of their own selection (and here the name of Gomez was loudly vociferated); others expressed their doubts of the efficacy of an appeal, and their determination to seek justice at the point of the bayonet: all were unanimous in declaring they would no longer submit to the neglect and tyranny of a superior who seemed to forget that he was himself an Englishman. They had scarcely arrived at this unity of decision, when one or two men who had witnessed the altercation between Trayner and Risdale burst in upon the meeting, and related the occurrence. The men's minds, already in a state of ferment, wanted but this additional stimulus to render them desperate. One of the regimental bugles sounded the shrill call to "arms;" and the next instant the whole, with fixed bayonets, rushed into the "Grande Plaza," and formed in line of battle!

The noise now became astounding; and, at intervals, cries of "Down with Blosset!" "Death to Trayner!" "A Creole commander!" "Gomez for ever!" could be distinguished amid the almost deafening din that prevailed. The greater part of the officers, roused from the "siesta" they had been indulging in, were seen hurrying half-equipped

along the different streets leading to the Great Square. Among the first to reach the scene of riot was Lieutenant-Colonel Davy, whose gallant attempt to quell the disturbance was quickly rewarded with the infliction of two or three wounds, and who only preserved his life by the prompt rescue afforded him by some of his friends who had fortunately followed his steps. The infuriate soldiers resisted all endeavours to pacify them: luckily they had no ammunition, or the result might have proved fatal to many. Trayner, with true characteristic baseness, avoided the fury of the storm he had conjured; and Blosset, who now made his appearance with wildness depicted on his countenance, would have fallen a sacrifice to his unpopularity, had not the sudden cry of "Paez! Paez!" acted like an electric shock upon the nerves of the men, and paralyzed their faculty of action. With the velocity of an eagle pouncing upon its prey, Paez distanced all his staff (who vainly endeavoured to keep pace with him), and stood calm and collected in front of the mutineers: his eye flashing indignation was the only visible indication of his ruthless ire. He beckoned to some of his native followers, and gave them private orders, which they immediately proceeded to execute. A few minutes elapsed, during which period a profound silence reigned where so lately uproar had presided. Paez soon discovered, by a glance, that part of his commands had been obeyed. The regiment of Apure drew up in position to *enfilade* the rioters, and loaded with ball-cartridge on the spot. He then called Captain Wiltheu (his English aide-de-camp), and directed him to proclaim aloud, that if any officer, non-commissioned officer, or private, had any complaint to make, he should advance to the front. Two or three minutes' pause succeeded the promulgation of this notice: at its expiration six sergeants deputed by the men to plead their cause with the general quitted the ranks, and took their station in advance, when they were instantaneously disarmed by the native officers, who began to muster in considerable numbers round their tyrannical leader.*

The wily Trayner now deemed it time to show himself, and approaching Paez, informed him that he had been engaged in augmenting the Creole guard upon the magazines, and other precautionary measures for the safety of the town, and requested his further orders. Paez soon furnished him with suitable employment, by directing him to superintend the immediate execution of the six men, whom he designated as self-convicted ringleaders of the revolt. Trayner said something in an under tone to the general, who ejaculated, "Right—certainly!—Let the light company of the 'British legion' furnish the firing-party, and its captain will command it!" What language can portray Hodgkinson's feelings when the cruel mandate met his ear? He saw at once the source from whence this malignant blow sprung, and resolved, at the risk of his life, to defeat its purpose. Stepping hastily forward, and casting his sword at the feet of Paez, he thus addressed him: "General, when I first drew that weapon, it was in the sacred cause of honour:—it shall never be sullied in the hands of its owner:—I therefore relinquish it. I came hither the soldier of liberty, and sworn enemy to oppression, and will not degrade myself by becoming the deliberate assassin of my deluded countrymen. My *fate* depends upon *your* will; my disgrace

* I suppose Paez acted upon the principle that the end justifies the means. The proclamation was a mere subterfuge, since he had not the most distant idea of listening to complaints, much less of redressing them!

or honour upon my *own*!" During this intrepid speech, Paez evinced no emotion, whilst all around betrayed more or less agitation. Pity and admiration were the predominant sensations; for few, if any, doubted but his doom was fixed! Blosset had been intimate with Hodgkinson's father, and now resolved to make an effort in favour of the son, and forestall a sentence which, once pronounced by Paez, would, like the laws of the "Medes and Persians," have been irrevocable. He hastily approached the general, and entered into conversation with him. Their language was inaudible, but from the colonel's gestures it might be surmised that he pleaded the cause of mercy. Paez's looks were still cold and relentless. The agony which every sensitive bosom felt during the few minutes that this conference lasted is not to be described: the life of a fellow-creature depended on a breath; and that breath, like the deadly siroc of the desert, could wither all who came within its fatal influence! Paez speedily put a period to the horror of suspense by directing Trayner to deprive Captain Hodgkinson of the insignia of his rank, an order which was executed by the former with all the alacrity of gratified malice, and the noble victim of unmerited indignity sent under a Creole escort to the guard-room, thus escaping a scene his less fortunate comrades were doomed to witness, and which was calculated (by the terrific impression it made upon their minds) to defy even the obliterating power of time to efface from their memory.

Twelve men of the light company were now selected as the executioners of the six unhappy beings who stood in mute despair awaiting the awful signal of their death. Hodgkinson and Risdale's absence had, however, left them without an officer. This circumstance was reported to the general, who caused proclamation to be made through an aide-de-camp, that any subaltern of the "British legion" volunteering the duty should be promoted to the rank of captain. I think I hear my reader exclaim, "Great God! is it possible that a British officer could be induced by the promise of any reward to accept such an office?" Softly, kind reader; you form too favourable an estimate of human nature: sad experience may yet convince you, as it has myself, that self-interest is too often the main spring of our actions; yet I hope and believe there are many exceptions to be met with in all classes of society, in none more so than our gallant officers of both services, *The Navy and Army of Great Britain*; in which numbers might be found to possess the magnanimity of an Hodgkinson—few, if any, that could be seduced by *bribery*, or influenced by *fear*, to follow an example which *truth* now compels me to record.

Belonging to the grenadiers of the "legion," there was a man of the name of Gill, who, from the rank of sergeant, which he held on leaving England, had for his good conduct, cleanliness of appearance, and other soldierlike qualities, been promoted to a second lieutenancy. He had formerly been a private in one of our regiments of life-guards, where I have always understood he obtained the reputation of a steady, sober, and well-conducted man. However high his character might stand on these points, yet it could not be expected, from the nature and quality of his former habits and associates, that he should possess that delicacy of feeling, that nice sense of honour, that tact of discriminating accurately between obedience and servility, which distinguishes the gentleman from the plebeian, and stamps him with that superiority over his species (by the world) denominated *polish*, and which is alone to be acquired by

education, and a constant intercourse with good society. It is not surprising, therefore, that Gill, wholly destitute of these refinements, should have acted according to his own limited comprehension of right and wrong, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of preferment which now unexpectedly presented itself. Scarcely had the sound of Paez's alluring offer died upon the air, when he advanced, and received from the hands of the general those *epaulettes* which had lately appertained to Hodgkinson; and as soon as the officious Trayner had aided in adjusting them to his shoulders, he proceeded, with the most perfect "*sang froid*," to place himself at the head of the firing-party!!!

And here I must request my reader's permission to pause for an instant to nerve myself for the horrid task I have undertaken. How shall I find words to narrate an event that beggars description? The vivid colouring of creative fancy would fail in its attempt to paint the sad reality! Some years have elapsed, and still the dreadful scene is as fresh in my recollection as at the hour I witnessed it. Too faithful memory retraces every incident. I yet behold (in imagination) the "*Grande Plaza*," the assembled troops, the stern and ruthless Paez with his drawn sword (like his prototype, the fiendish Richard), in an assumed reverie, tracing lines upon the sandy soil at his feet. I see the pallid and imploring looks of the unhappy sufferers wandering from one object to another, till they rest in all the fixidity of despair upon the platoon, which with evident reluctance is slowly preparing the murderous tube. At a little distance I perceive the infamous Trayner (like the demon o'er the fall of man) exulting in the desolation he has caused. I see dejection portrayed on the countenance of the men of the "*legion*," whilst the drooping heads and downcast eyes of the officers betray their inward emotion. A cry of agony wounds my ear. I turn, and behold a group of Creole banditti forcing the six struggling victims towards the low wall that connects the church with the "*Caza del Cura*." I see them arrive there, and constrained to kneel. The fatal platoon advances, halts. I hear the word "*Make ready*." I close my eyes in fearful anticipation of the next order: a shout causes me to reopen them. The six unhappy men, as if actuated by one simultaneous impulse, have leaped the enclosure, and are making their way through the cemetery to the woods in the rear. Vain, alas! are their hopes of safety. Mounted and dismounted Creoles are pursuing them with the speed and fury of blood-hounds. They are turned, and again driven back to the square. The foremost, panting for breath, directs his flight towards Paez (with a view, perhaps, of exciting his compassion): he has nearly reached the goal he strives to attain. Merciful Heaven! Trayner, the diabolical Trayner, intercepts his progress, and betrays his last hope! The villain's sword has passed through his palpitating bosom. I hear his shriek of anguish, I see him fall—I can behold no more—my sight grows dim—every faculty is enchained by horror—an indistinct sensation of confused sounds is the only evidence I retain of existence. How long this stupor lasts I know not: when I recover, I find myself alone in the "*Grande Plaza*;" the troops are dismissed; the last gleam of twilight has just sank into the obscurity of night; six bloody corpses, extended where they fell, are damning proofs of the recent massacre. Replete with melancholy forebodings, I take the road to my quarters. As I pass the general's house, the sound of music assails my ear. I approach an open window. The barbarian is enjoying the pleasures of the sprightly dance, whilst the mangled remains of six fellow-creatures lie

weltering in their gore only fifty yards distant from the scene of his festivity!! I hear a toast proposed: it is the health of Bolivar. The deafening "*Vivas*" that accompany the libation recall to my mind that it is the *Eve of Saint Simon!!!*

* * * * *

The last scene of this eventful drama had still to be represented, and the patron saint of the republican leader yet to be propitiated, by a further offering of human sacrifice!

The morn dawned again upon the town of Achaquas, but the sun denied to its inhabitants the cheering influence of his rays. The mutilated bodies of the six unfortunate wretches had (by the friendly aid of some of their comrades) being consigned to the peaceful grave. The heavy rain which fell during the night had washed away the purple evidence that so lately marked the scene of slaughter. The gloom of the atmosphere imparted its sombre tint to the features of the British as they mustered for the parade, to which the shrill note of the bugle had just summoned them. It was known that two privates of the legion, who had been recognized as having wounded Lieut.-Colonel Davy, were to make expiation for their crime; but the fate of these men created little or no sympathy: the justice of their doom was universally acknowledged. The hollow square was quickly formed; its fourth face supplied by the wall before described: in it stood Paez: the same look of remorseless severity sate upon his brow, but he appeared (unusual with him) to be absorbed in thought; he noticed not the objects that surrounded him; nor did he condescend to return (or perhaps heeded not) the salutation which the superior officers paid him on his arrival.

On Blosset's face (who stood at a little distance from the general) might be discerned an *undefinable* something that told the beholder all was not right within, an outward restlessness that bespoke the heart ill at ease with itself: this sensation was contagious; and as the officers of the "legion" watched the vacillating motion of his body, and the unsettled glance of his eye, they felt a "*presentiment*" of evil irresistibly steal upon their minds. In this mood, the deep and almost appalling silence that had hitherto reigned was broken by a lengthened roll of muffled drums, and immediately succeeded by a full-toned peal of martial music. It was the dead march in Saul! Every heart vibrated to the sound, every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the procession, which was now seen slowly advancing by the principal street leading to the "Grande Plaza." Twelve men (with their arms reversed) headed the line of march; next came six drummers with muffled drums; these were followed by the band of the "legion;" then came the unfortunate criminals, by whose side marched Trayner; twelve more men brought up the rear. This military pomp (an unusual display at the execution of private soldiers) appeared singular. At length the horrid truth flashed upon the mind! An officer was to die! and that *officer* could be only *Hodgkinson** or *Risdale*, perhaps both! As the procession drew nigh, the doubt was solved. The two mutineers were tied together by the arms. Immediately after them came *Risdale*, closely escorted by Trayner. They entered the

* Hodgkinson certainly owed the preservation of his life to Blosset's intercession. He was by Paez sent down to Angostura, a town on the banks of the Orinoco, and at that time the seat of Government. Reinstated in his rank by the authorities there, at the conclusion of the truce he joined the army at Barinas, Bolivar's head-quarters, just prior to the opening of the campaign that terminated so gloriously on the field of Caraboba.

square. Up to that instant, the young man had received no intimation of his doom! When those of his brother-officers who resided in the same quarters had quitted, a short time previous, to attend parade, they left him congratulating himself that his *arrest* would spare him the painful task of witnessing the death of the very men whose fate he was now unconsciously to share! Blosset now advanced and dropped the point of his sword to Paez, who, without changing his position, replied to this silent but unequivocal demand, "*Let the execution proceed!*"* The two men were now placed on their knees, with their faces towards the wall; the platoon, in double file, took their station at about ten paces' distance from the objects of their aim; then, and not till then, Trayner approached Risdale, and made a motion to dispossess him of his uniform jacket. Risdale started back as though he had trodden on a viper, and the ejaculation of, "*Am I really one of the unfortunate beings to die?*" burst from his lips. The agony of that moment, to be felt, must have been witnessed: it cannot be described! He gazed vacantly round him: who can paint the unutterable anguish which that look portrayed? A convulsive motion agitated his frame, an involuntary tribute paid to feeble nature; and when Blosset bade him bear his fate like a *man*, he answered firmly, (in the words of "*Macduff*,") "*I shall, but must likewise feel it as a man!*" Another moment restored him to self-possession. He divested himself of his uniform, and cast it with indignation at his feet: he then glanced tremulously round, till his eye rested on Captain Scott, who commanded the company on the extreme right of the square: he articulated his name. Scott, yielding to the sudden impulse, sprung towards him, but was arrested by Blosset, and compelled to resume his post. The colonel asked Risdale what he desired? and on his replying, that he merely wished his family to be informed of his doom, promised that his wish should be complied with. From this instant, never was greater courage displayed by mortal, than was evinced by Risdale. With unflinching steps he approached the fatal spot, and knelt in front of the party that was to terminate his existence! His eyes were unbandaged, and, by a refinement of barbarity (which could only have emanated from the villainous Trayner, upon whom the arrangements had devolved), the muskets were unloaded, and each succeeding word of command of the "*platoon exercise*," as it was audibly pronounced, sounded like a reiterated knell of death on the ears of the unfortunate victims, and protracted the agony of their sufferings. At the word "*Make ready*," Risdale raised his hands, and crossed them upon his bosom in token of resignation; the next moment his body lay extended a bloody and a breathless corse, and left his pure spirit to wing its flight to brighter realms with the damning record of man's injustice!

I have little more to add: it may, however, gratify my reader to learn, that the "*Eye of Providence*" winked not at oppression. Six weeks had scarcely elapsed since the dreadful scene I have related took place, when Blosset was wounded in a duel by Major Power, who had served in the same regiment with him in Egypt; and after linger-

* Blosset weakly yielding to Trayner's suggestions, had the previous night, in a conference with Paez, stated his opinion, that an example was necessary to restrain the mutinous spirit of the soldiers of the legion, and pointed out Risdale as a proper object to exercise severity upon. Had Blosset, even at the place of execution, spoken a word in the young man's behalf, I have no doubt Paez would willingly have reversed a sentence which did not originate with himself, and which he had no interest in enforcing.

ing three days, a prey to all the horrors of remorse, he died unlamented, and was interred in the aisle of the small church of Achaquas with all the pomp of *military* and *masonic* honours !

The vile and detested Trayner, scouted by his countrymen (with the rank of *lieutenant-colonel* conferred upon him by Paez in reward of his *meritorious services*), joined a native corps and accompanied it to a distant province. In an action which took place some time after, he was wounded, and with the Creole colonel ("Penango"), deserted by his men, left upon the field of battle, writhing with pain, and parched with thirst, he was found by the Spaniards, and by the order of their general, (the savage Morales), unresistingly butchered, thus affording a terrible example of Divine retribution !

Several of the personages mentioned in my tale still, I believe, exist. Years may revolve, and various be the vicissitudes of their fortune, yet memory will never cease to associate in its reminiscence, with the town of Achaquas, or the name of the Colombian "*Liberator*," a recollection of the horrors that resulted from the sanguinary festival of the *Eve of Saint Simon* !

G. B. H.

SINGULAR SMITH

Is an individual of the genus Smith, a cognomen of so multitudinous an import, so wide-embracing an universality, as would render it no easy task to point out *the* Smith intended, were it not for the distinguishing epithet, Singular. Hah ! I perceive, gentle reader, by the puzzled expression on your brows, and the effort you are making, as you run through the catalogue of five hundred and fifty persons of that name whom you know intimately well, to fix upon "one bright particular" Smith, that you do not know *my* John Smith. Give him up at once, for he is a riddle you cannot solve, a conundrum you cannot guess. If you knew him, you would be in no dolderum as to which is he ; you would have picked him out at once, as a shepherd selects a particular sheep from a flock of five hundred. The Smith I shall here illustrate stands out, from the vast majority of Smiths, a truly remarkable Smith ; and you know him not, but shall, or there is no painting by the pen.

John Smith was born in the humble walks of life, in Leather-lane, from whence the greatest geniuses have generally sprung. His father maintained a very large family of little Smiths, by bringing together unconnected pieces of thick and thin cordovan, in which the lieges of Leather-lane and its liberties contrived to amble. His mother was the "sole daughter of the house and heart" of Mrs. Selina Shred, the respectable widow of Mr. Samuel Shred, piece-broker of Hatton Wall. Mr. Samuel Shred, born, like his grandson, under the influence of Saturn, had a natural predilection for the elegiac muse, and was, if rumour is to be believed, the immortal author now no more of those true and touching lines, which have since taken root and flourish in every churchyard throughout England,—

" Afflictions sore
Long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain," &c.

It is, therefore, very reasonably to be inferred that our hero derived his tendencies and talents, as well as his birth and being, by the mother's

side; his ancestors by the father's having been remarkable for nothing remarkable. The existence of the subject of this memoir was consequently essential to the glory of the Smiths; and this desirable consummation of all their wishes was brought about in September, 1790, at three in the morning and 33, Leather-lane. The wet-and-dry and pap-and-panada period of his puppyage passed with great credit to himself and satisfaction to Smiths in general. He was pronounced, *una voce*, to be a sweet child, and a darling of the most dulcet dispositions.

His childhood exhibited no extraordinary phenomena: the germ of his genius was yet in the ground; but it shot out at last. The first manifestation of his versatile powers displayed itself in his thirteenth year, in an epitaph on a hopeful schoolfellow, untimely choked in bolting the largest half of a hot roll, which he had pirated from a smaller boy. It is touching, and worth recording:

"Here I lie dumb,
Choked by a crum,
Which wouldn't go down, and wouldn't up come."

The "needless Alexandrine" and the daring inversion "up come" did not escape the malicious eyes of the critics; but after they had deducted as much as they could from the fame which this first attempt necessarily brought him, he had still enough to live upon handsomely; and Holborn, wide as it is, became hardly wide enough for his spreading reputation. His next production was a rebus on a kit-cat portrait of the late Mr. Pitkin of immortal memory, and ran as follows:

"My first is a kitten, my second a cat,
My third is a portrait, my whole is all that."

The "all that" was not quite understood; but so young a genius could not be expected to find rhyme, reason, and a rebus too in a couplet.

About this time his wit manifested itself somewhat precociously. His venerable father was engaged at the table on a haunch of mutton. The carving-knife and fork were impending over the juicy indulgence, when an odour, not born in the sweet south, nor breathing of a bank of violets, "gave him pause." Mr. Smith, senior, laid down his trenchant blade, and pushing up his spectacles to his forehead, bent his head to the dish to confirm his suspicions; they were too true. "My dear," said Mr. S. "this mutton is not good—in short, it is bad." "And smells so, pa!" corroborated Master John Smith. The fond father, feeling all the force and aptness of the quotation from his favourite *Hamlet*, forgot his contempt for the mutton in wondering admiration at the brilliant sally of his son and heir, and embracing the young master, cut him a double share of pudding where the plums were least "like angels' visits, few and far between." The *bon mot* circulated far and wide, and Master Smith became at once

"The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

From this time the field of his genius was suffered to lie fallow, and for many years no more was heard of him as a candidate for the reward of "gods and men"—fame. Here I am forcibly reminded of a beautiful passage in a poet of some reputation,

"Full many a flower is born," &c.

which I should willingly quote at length for the benefit of readers who

have not read it; but editors are so impatient of their time and space, that space and time would both be annihilated if they had their will.

“The child is father of the man,”

sings a very praiseworthy poet; and our hero corroborated this fact to the letter: for as John Smith, junior, could never settle down to any profitable pursuit, so neither could John Smith, senior. Filled with the divine afflatus, his soul soared above this terrene earth, and business became a bore. As some one has said, his delights were dolphin-like, and played above the element he lived in. Blest with early competency, corpulency, and content, what were the toils of the working-day world to him? It was business enough for him to have nothing to do, and his own time to do it in. He passed twenty years of his term-time in this pleasant vacation, and was fully occupied; many who pass the same period more busily have less to show for it. Undoubtedly, the grand intention of Mr. Smith's existence, I may say “his being's end and aim,” is to do something which he has not yet done—not even begun; but all in good time! The world works very well in the interim, and can wait his leisure.

In his thirty-second year, the divine madness of the Muse came upon him once more; and two sonnets, one to the Moon, the other to the Nightingale (original subjects, which exhibited the wealth of his invention in an exalted light), appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Much idle conjecture as to their authorship followed, which he enjoyed with a dignified reserve; but the important secret was well known, and as well kept, by his trust-worthy friends. Again he “tuned his shepherd's reed,” and the purlieus of Holborn rang with the pastoral pipings of the Leather-lane Lycidas: meanwhile

“Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys—clean;
Brown the exciseman smiled to hear,
And Sims scored up and drank a pot of beer.”

Several years he passed in what he termed fattening his mind; during which process I am afraid it arrived at the acme of most other prized perfections—too much fat, and too little lean.

Mr. John Smith is now a bachelor, on the young side of forty. He is in the prime of *that* happy period, ere the freedom of single blessedness has deteriorated into formality, that “last infirmity of noble” bachelors. Caps have been, and are now, set at him; but he is too shy a bird to be caught in nets of muslin, or imprisoned by the fragile meshes of Mechlin lace. Widows wonder that he does not marry; wives think he should; and several disinterested maiden ladies advise him to think seriously of something of that sort; and he, always open to conviction, promises that he will do something of that kind. In fact, he has gone so far as to confess that it is melancholy, when he sneezes in the night, to have no one, night-capped and nigh, to say “God bless you!” If the roguish leer of his eye, in these moments of compunction, means anything, I am rather more than half inclined to doubt his sincerity. One argument which he urges against committing matrimony is certainly undeniable—that there are Smiths enough in the world, without his aiding and abetting their increase and multiplication: he says he shall wait till the words of Samuel, “Now there was no smith found throughout all Israel,” are almost applicable throughout all England: and then he may,

perhaps, marry. "Smiths," as he says, "are as plentiful as blackberries. Throw a cat out of every other window, from one end to the other of this metropolis, and it would fall on the head of *one* Smith. Rush suddenly round a corner, and knock down the first man you meet, he is a Smith; he prostrates a second, the second a third, the third a fourth the ninth a tenth—they are all and severally Smiths."

I am indeed afraid that he is irrecoverably a bachelor, for several reasons which I shall mention. He is, at this time, "a little, round, oily man," five feet and a half in his shoes; much given to poetry, pedestrianism, whim, whistling, cigars, and sonnets; "amorous," as the poets say, of umbrageousness in the country, and umbrellas in the town; rather bald, and addicted to Burton ale: and a lover of silence and afternoon *siestas*—indeed, he is much given to sleep, which, as he says, is but a return in kind; for sleep was given to man to refresh his body and keep his spirits in peace; indulgences these which have any thing but a marrying look: so that no unwilling Daphne has lost a willing Damon in my duodecimo friend. It is too manifest that he prefers liberty, and lodgings for a single gentleman, to the "Hail, wedded love!" of the poet of Paradise—a sort of clergyman "triumphale" to which his ear is most unorthodoxically deaf when time is called. He has even gone so far as to compare good and bad marriages with two very remarkable results in chemical experiment, by which, in one instance, charcoal is converted into diamond, and in the other, diamond is deflagrated into charcoal. The fortunate Benedict marries charcoal, which, after a patient process, proves a diamond: the unfortunate husband weds a diamond, which, tried in the fire of adversity, turns out charcoal. Yet he is not unalive to those soft impressions which betoken a sensitive nature. He has been twice in love; thrice to the dome of St. Paul's with the three sisters Simpson, and once to Richmond by water with a Miss Robinson, in May, that auspicious month, dedicated to love and lettuces. These are perhaps the only incidents in his unchequered life which approach the romantic and the sentimental; yet he has passed through the ordeal unsinged at heart, and is still a bachelor. He was, at one time, passionately partial to music and mutton-chops, muffins and melancholy, predilections much cultivated by an inherent good taste, and an ardent love of the agreeable; yet he has taken to himself no one to do his mutton and music, no one to soften his melancholy and spread his muffins. It is unaccountable; the ladies say so, and I agree with them.

I have mentioned "the things he is inclined to;" I must now specify "those he has no mind to." His antipathies are tight boots and bad ale—two of the evils of life (which is at best but of a mingled yarn) for which he has an aversion almost amounting to the impatient. His dislike to a scold is likewise most remarkable, perhaps peculiar to himself; for I do not remember to have noticed the antipathy in any one beside. A relation is, to be sure, linked to a worthy descendant of Xantippe; and this perhaps is the key to his objections to the padlock of matrimony.

It is the bounden duty of a biographer (and I consider this paper to be biographical) to give, in as few words as possible, the likeness of his hero. Two or three traits are as good as two or three thousand, where volume-making is not the prime consideration. He is eccentric, but without a shadow of turning. He is sensitive to excess; for, though no one ever has horsewhipped him, I have no doubt if either A. or B.

should, he would wince amazingly under the infliction, and be very much hurt in his feelings. Indeed, he does not merit any such notice from any one; for he has none of that provoking irascibility generally attendant on genius (for he is a genius, as I have shown, and shall presently show). He was never known to have been engaged in more than one literary altercation; then he endeavoured, but in vain, to convince his grocer, who had beaten his boy to the blueness of stone-blue for spelling sugar without an *h*, that he was assuredly not borne out in his orthography by Johnson and Walker.

To sum up the more prominent points of his character in few words. As he is a great respecter of himself, so he is a great respecter of all persons in authority: his bow to a beadle on Sundays is indeed a lesson in humility. Being a sincere lover of his country, he is also a sincere lover of himself: he prefers roast beef and plum-pudding to any of your foreign kickshaws; and drinks the Colonnade champagne when he can, to encourage the growth of English gooseberries; smokes largely, to contribute his modicum to the home-consumption; pays all government demands with a cheerfulness unusual and altogether perplexing to tax-gatherers; and subscribes to a lying-in hospital (two guineas annually—nothing more). In short, if he has not every virtue under heaven, it is no fault of Mr. Smith. The virtues, he has been heard to say, are such high-priced luxuries, that a man of moderate income cannot afford to indulge much in them.

These are Mr. John Smith's good qualities: if he has failings, they "lean to virtue's side," but do not much affect his equilibrium: he is a perpendicular man in general, and not tall enough in his own conceit to stoop when he passes under Temple Bar. If he is singular, he lays it to the accident of his birth: he was the seventh Smith of a seventh Smith. This fortuitous catenation in the links of the long chain of circumstance, which has before now bestowed on a fool the reputation of "a wise man," only rendered him, as he is free to confess, an *odd* man. His pursuits have indeed of late been numerous beyond mention, and being taken up in whimsies, ended in oddities. As I have said, he wrote verses, and they were thought by some people to be very odd and unaccountable. He lost a Miss —, who was dear to him, in trinket expenses more especially, through a point of poetical etiquette certainly very unpardonable. In some lines addressed to that amiable spinster and deep-dyed *bas bleu*, he had occasion to use the words *one* and *two*, and either from the ardour of haste, or the inconsiderateness of love, which makes the wisest of us commit ourselves, or perhaps from the narrowness of his note-paper, he penned the passage thus:—

"Nature has made us 2, but Love shall make us 1;
1 mind, 1 soul, 1 heart," &c.

This reminded the learned lady too irresistibly of a catalogue of sale—1 warming-pan, 2 stoves, 1 stewpan, 1 smokejack, &c., and she dismissed him in high dudgeon.

It was now that, to divert his attention from the too "charming agonies of love, whose miseries delight" every one but the invalid himself, he took to landscape painting. The connoisseurs, who know something, asserted that he had the oddest notions of the picturesque that ever disguised canvas. His cattle did indeed much more resemble the basket-bulls of a pantomime, than the kine of nature. His sheep had an un-

muttonly look : the lambs were like hosiers' signs ; as for the Corydons who tended them, they only wanted the usual badge with ' No. 29' on the arm to give one the beau idéal of Smithfield Arcadians. He next essayed the historical : his Marc Antony had no " mark or likelihood : " his Cæsar looked like the Czar of Muscovy ; his Brutus a thorough brute ; his Dollabella like Dollalolla ; and his Pompey the Great like Pompey the Little. Fuseli was no longer thought extravagant ; and Blake's monstrous illustrations of Blair provoked wonder no more. Tired of the pallet, he then tried experimental chemistry ; but having over-charged a retort, it retorted upon him, and discharged into thin air a tragic poet and a light comedian occupying the attics, with " all their imperfections " and half a ton of tiles " on their heads. " Mr. Smith is now engaged in a strict search after the philosophers' stone ; and as he has already discovered Whittington's, it is not impossible that he may be equally successful in his present scientific researches.

This inconstancy of pursuit is, however, an error of the head, which has been observable in men equally eminent with Mr. Smith. An ingenious man may, in this liberal age, be allowed to drive his hobby, or hobbies, single, or six abreast like Mr. Ducrow, if he keeps on his own side of the road, and refrains from riding over the hobbies of others. In more stable qualities Mr. Smith is of a more stable nature : here, indeed, his true singularity lies. But I pass this part of his character, and come, lastly, to his waggery, which is perhaps the best portion of it. His genius is nothing to his jokes. His friend Simpson, in allusion, no doubt, to the jelly-like tremulousness of his outward man when in motion, says " he is all wag. " I know not whether he who contributes to the good humour of his fellow-men, without sacrificing his own, is not as great a philanthropist in his way as Howard himself. This little world is but a large theatre, producing more successful tragedies than comedies : what there is of humour you can hardly laugh at, and what is serious in its scenes somehow contracts the heart and darkens the countenance. He, then, who can dilate the one with laughter, and brighten the other with smiles, is a friend before all friends, and a philosopher before all philosophers.

Mr. Smith is very deservedly the delight of a pretty wide circle of admirers, and keeps all in good humour about him. Where he enters, let the company be never so grave, a preparatory smile spreads round the room ; every ear, to use a Lord Castlereagh figure of speech, stands on the tiptoe of expectation ; and his first remark, though it be but " How do you do, Jones ? " or, " Hah ! Simpson, glad to see you ! " is received with roars of laughter. When he hangs his hat up, something more than putting his beaver by is perceived in the action : his umbrella is equally unctuous and irresistible ; and his introductory " hem ! " to clear his throat for conversation, is listened to with most deferential silence. All eyes follow his hand when it moves toward the candle with a cigar ; and even the first fumes of the fragrant weed are watched like the smoke of the old sacrificial altars, as if something divine and oracular breathed with every whiff. Silence sits pleased ; mouths, city mouths ! gape wide with a sort of greedy avidity to swallow, at a gulp, any mental morsel he may, in his condescension, throw down for the entertainment of his friends. If strangers are present, elbows on either side nudge the unconscious Perkinses into a proper attitude of attention : if they have never before heard of Mr. Smith, much wonder

seems to sit on the uplifted eyebrows of those who know him well ; and a due degree of information as to his attributes is instilled in a whisper. You need not use a battering-ram to beat into the head of A. that B. is a man of extraordinary genius : tell him that he is so, and he believes you, because you save him the trouble of thinking for himself, an act of ratiocination which most men prefer to have performed for them by deputy : one half the world, indeed, takes its opinion of the other half on trust, and a very wise reliance it is.

Mr. Smith deserves all the consideration he meets with. I myself have listened to him with much pleasure, particularly on one occasion, when he most ingeniously proved that rats were a dainty fit for a duchess :—" Ratisbon : *bon*, in French, is *good*, in English ; rat is bon ; rat is good ; the diet of Ratisbon ; the diet of rat is good : ergo, the rat is proper for the sustenance of man." Mr. S. was so "cheered" as to convince me that it is not impossible for a man to be acknowledged a prophet in his own country. The gist of Mr. Smith's jests is more perhaps in the manner than the matter—like the House of Commons' facetia, which are reported to create roars of laughter, but at which I could never laugh, and I have tried very hard. The other day, his "*fidus Achates*," Simpson, fell overboard from a Margate hoy : when he was recovered by a thrown-out line, and hauled on board, Smith, placing his hands on his knees, and stooping down so as almost to meet the face of his half-drowned friend, asked him, with a look full of humourous inquisitiveness, "Wet or dry, Simpson?" This question, put in his own whimsical way, convulsed his auditors, poor saturated Simpson included, who laughed, however, somewhat after the manner of a squib let off in a damp state on a rainy fifth of November.

This brief memoir of Mr. John Smith, and mention of his pursuits, will serve to illustrate the versatility of his genius and the vastness of his acquirements. And now I leave the reader to ask "*Who is this Smith ?*"

CONSTANT'S MEMOIRS OF BUONAPARTE.*

IF the statesman, the warrior, and the historian feel a higher interest in the perusal of pages devoted to the record of revolutionary commotions, sanguinary and ambitious warfare, and acts which posterity will by turns admire and execrate, a class of readers, far more numerous at the present day, will dwell with preference on the lighter episodes which unfold the domestic privacy of the mighty ones of the earth, and reduce the demigods of a stupified people to the proportions of mere mortality. The biographers whom an accidental and favourable position has enabled more closely to behold the idols of popular worship, may be compared to the high priests of the pagan divinities, who, admitted to the inmost sanctuary, enjoyed the exclusive privilege of recognizing the artifices by which the credulity of the mob was abused. There, however, the similitude ends ; the latter, from motives of vile calculation, perpetuating the holy fraud, while the revelations of the former contribute to overthrow both the altar and the god. The introductory pages of Constant promise a rich treat to such as delight to

* *Mémoires de Constant, Premier Valet de Chambre de Napoléon, sur sa Vie Privée, sa Famille, et sa Cour.* Vols. 1r. 2me. 3me. et 4me. 8vo. Paris, 1830.

contemplate a self-raised sovereign in the retirement of private life ;—to view the points of resemblance which a hero bears to his fellow-men ; whether the performance has realized the promise, remains to be seen. The author must undoubtedly be ranked amongst those who, by a rare and fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, enjoyed the advantage of observing the man amidst the gaudy splendours which surrounded the monarch : consequently, his pages, if purified from the taint of fulsome panegyric, and the enthusiasm of blind admiration, might aid in dispelling the illusions of the present, and in rectifying the judgments of the future. In the cabinet, we behold the statesman decked in his robe of office,—in the field of battle, the warrior in plume and casque ; but in the privacy of the bed-chamber, the man, how exalted soever by place or chivalrous deeds of glory, appears to his valet in complete déshabille. The Memoirs of Constant are professedly a sketch of Napoleon's domestic habits ; of Napoleon laying aside the warrior's sword, the consular purple, the diadem of empire ; of Napoleon unambitious of power, and forgetful of a world whose fate seemed to hang upon his dreams of conquest. That Constant was favoured with peculiar facilities for the execution of his self-imposed task, we do not deny : we will even give him credit, to a certain extent, for honesty of purpose, and for a strict determination to overstep not the historian's fidelity ; and when we consider the mode in which books are now-a-days manufactured, the admission on our part is ample. Notwithstanding this concession, a feeling of gratitude, commendable in itself, but fatal to the confidence which he seeks to inspire, renders the author, in our judgment, incapable of writing an accurate and impartial memoir of Napoleon, to whose bounty he was indebted for the comforts of his existence, and for whose memory he professes a respect little short of adoration. In proof of our assertion, we need only remark, that we cannot recollect a single passage in censure of Napoleon, though many of his actions are cited, which, if attributed to a mere ordinary potentate, would no doubt have excited the honest valet-de-chambre's unsparing indignation. All is panegyric. Constant admits that Napoleon shared the physical wants and infirmities of his species, but he seems to deny him the slightest participation in their moral defects ; or, at the worst,

“ E'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.”

The author should recollect that, in modelling a hero, the skilful statuary rejects the unwieldy dimensions of a colossus, as well as the diminutive proportions of a dwarf, and fashions his work after the just and harmonious symmetry of natural life.

The publisher of Constant's Memoirs insists strongly upon their authenticity. On this point we ourselves entertain not the slightest doubt : the work is evidently written by a valet-de-chambre ; its slip-slop style, and, in many instances, its triviality of detail, are precisely such as might be expected from an aspiring knight of the shoulder-knot, ambitious of literary fame. In addition to the style, which, as Buffon says, is the man, these memoirs are marked by other distinguishing characteristics, that sufficiently prove their origin. M. Constant professes unbounded veneration for the infallibility of the great : he views their actions through a most convenient prism, transforming their vices into virtues, and magnifying their virtues into the perfection of super-human excellence. Albeit that his modesty would fain eclipse the

lustre of his qualities, he seems to have been a most useful appendage to his imperial master. Napoleon was not remarkable for his attention to the softer sex,—a sufficient proof, were any wanting, that he was not a legitimate sovereign; but, to save appearances, we presume, he occasionally indulged in flirtation, and now and then, an *amourette*. At such moments, our biographer acquitted himself, with infinite grace, of certain services to which we shall not at present more particularly allude. The respectful gravity, however, with which the valet-de-chambre ventures on the subject of the Lavallières and Montespan of the imperial régime, reminds us of the French fable, in which the fox courteously observes to the lion,—

“ Vous leur fites, seigneur,
En les croquant, beaucoup d'honneur.”

Notwithstanding these and many other traces of the valet-de-chambre, the Memoirs of Constant contain some information. The reader who can reconcile himself to the author's fawning subserviency for the great, and wade through some scores of pages filled with details on the important subject of the valet-de-chambre's family affairs, may occasionally discover an interesting fragment, thrust, as it were, into most uncouth fellowship, and apparently amazed at the singularity of the association.

We select a few passages. Our first extract relates to the early career of the Viceroy of Italy:—

“ On the 16th of October 1799, Eugene de Beauharnais returned to Paris from the expedition of Egypt. At that epoch he was scarcely twenty-one years of age, and I was then made acquainted with certain particulars of his life, not generally known, and which had occurred prior to his mother's marriage with Buonaparte. The circumstances attending his father's death are but too notorious. The Marquis de Beauharnais having perished on the revolutionary scaffold, his widow, whose property had been confiscated, found herself on the verge of total destitution, and fearing that her son, though scarcely emerged from childhood, might be persecuted on account of his noble origin, she apprenticed him to a carpenter in the Rue de l'Echelle. A lady of my acquaintance, who lived in that street, has frequently seen him passing and repassing, with a plank on his shoulders. An individual in Eugene's then humble condition, was apparently at an immense distance from the command of a regiment of the Consular guard, and still further removed from the viceroyalty of Italy. I heard from his own lips an account of the singular circumstance which led to the first interview between his mother and father-in-law. Eugene, who was then but fourteen or fifteen years old, having been informed that the sword of the late ill-fated Marquis de Beauharnais had fallen into Buonaparte's possession, boldly hazarded a step which was crowned with complete success. He introduced himself to the general, who received him politely, and coming at once to the point, young Beauharnais requested that his father's sword might be restored to him. His countenance, the frankness of his bearing, and his whole appearance, made an irresistible impression upon Buonaparte, who immediately complied with his demand. No sooner had Eugene been put in possession of the long lost sword, than he shed a torrent of tears, and covered it with kisses. Buonaparte could not avoid being singularly struck with his unaffected emotion. Madame de Beauharnais, on being acquainted with the reception her son had met with from the General, considered it her duty to return the favour by a complimentary visit of thanks. At the very first interview, Buonaparte was captivated with Josephine, and lost no time in returning her visit. The parties were mutually pleased with each other's society, and the march of events which subsequently placed Josephine on the throne of France, is

sufficiently known to the reader. As to Eugene, I have had convincing proofs that Buonaparte never ceased to regard him with the tenderness of a father."

Napoleon, who had been elevated to the throne principally by the devotion of his army, felt the necessity of encouraging amongst their ranks a spirit of enthusiastic attachment to his person. It was his policy to conciliate the affections, not only of his officers, but even of the humblest of his soldiers, by well-timed acts of indulgence, and by expressions of approbation often amounting to a degree of familiarity which will doubtless astonish the Lord Johns and Thomases composing the *élite* of our British disciplinarians. We quote an instance:—

"This mention of the kind feeling entertained by the first consul towards the humblest soldiers in the ranks, reminds me of the following occurrence which took place at Malmaison. Early one morning Buonaparte strolled from the chateau in the direction of Marly. He was dressed, as usual, in a grey riding-coat, and accompanied by General Duroc. As they walked and chatted together, they observed a labouring man guiding his plough as he approached them. 'Hark you, good man,' said the first consul, suddenly stopping, 'your plough is not straight; you seem to be ignorant of your trade.'—'It would puzzle you to teach it me,' said the countryman, eying the well-dressed strangers from head to foot. 'Not in the least.'—'Aye, aye, well, try,' replied Hodge, giving his place to the first consul, who, seizing the handle of the plough, and driving on the horses, commenced his lesson. So awkward, however, was the experimental agriculturist, that the furrow soon swerved most unconscionably from a right line. 'Come, come,' said the peasant, roughly seizing the first consul by the arm, and resuming his place, 'your work is not worth a button: every man his trade; stick to yours.' Buonaparte continued his walk, having first remunerated the peasant for his moral lesson by putting two or three louis into his hand, as a compensation for the loss of his time. The labourer, astonished at the amount of the donation, hastily quitted his plough, and related his adventure to a farmer's wife whom he met on his road. The latter having obtained a description of the stranger's costume, guessed that the generous donor was the first consul, and communicated her discovery to her simple companion. The honest rustic was at first stupified with amazement; but the next morning, arming himself with resolution, and attired in his best, he made his appearance at Malmaison, and demanded to speak with Napoleon, to thank him, as he said, for his handsome present.

"On my acquainting the first consul with the arrival of his visitor, he ordered him to be immediately introduced to his presence. While I went forward to announce him, the peasant, to use his own expression, *had taken his courage in both hands*, to prepare himself for the important interview. On my return, I found him standing in the middle of the anti-chamber, (he had not dared to sit upon the benches, which, though of the most ordinary description, were in his eyes magnificent,) and cogitating in what form of words he might best express his gratitude to the first consul. As I led the way, he followed me on tiptoe with the utmost precaution, and with a look of anxiety directed every now and then towards the carpet: and when I at length opened the door of the cabinet, he requested me, with a profusion of bows and scrapes, to go in first. When Buonaparte had no particular reason for secrecy, he seldom closed the door of his private cabinet. On this occasion, he made me a sign to leave it open, so that I could distinctly see and hear every thing that took place.

"On his entrance, the peasant began by making a profound obeisance to M. de Bourrienne, who, seated at a writing-table placed in the recess of one of the windows, had his back turned towards the door. The courtesy, therefore, was unfortunately thrown away. The first consul, leaning backwards

in his easy chair, and *operating*, according to his old custom, on one of the arms with his penknife, for some minutes observed his awkward guest in silence. At length, however, he opened the following dialogue.

“ ‘Well, my fine fellow,’ (the peasant, recognizing the sound of his voice, turned round, and made another scrape:) ‘well,’ pursued the first consul, ‘has the harvest been good this year?’—‘Why, saving your presence, Citizen General, not bad.’

“ ‘The earth to be productive, must be well ploughed, eh?’ demanded the first consul: ‘Your fine gentlemen are not fit for that work?’—‘Why, without offence, General, it requires a good iron fist to hold a plough.’

“ ‘True,’ replied Buonaparte with a smile; ‘but a hale hearty fellow, like you, must in his day have handled something better than a plough. Methinks you could do justice to a firelock or a broadsword.’

“ The peasant, upon this, stood square to his front, and held up his head with a martial air. ‘General,’ said he, ‘I have done like the rest. I had been married five or six years, when the beggarly Prussians, saving your presence, General, cut us out work. Then came the conscription. A musquet was placed in my hand, and a knapsack on my back: march, was the word. Ah! we were not equipped like those strapping lads I saw in the court-yard.’

“ ‘Why did you quit the service?’ asked the first consul, who seemed to take considerable interest in the conversation.—‘General, every one his turn: it rained sabre-cuts, and I had my share;’ (here the peasant stooped, and separating his hair, displayed a large scar on his head;) ‘after a few weeks at the hospital, I was discharged, and returned to my wife and my plough.’

“ ‘Have you any children?’—‘Three, General; two boys, and a girl.’

“ ‘You must make a soldier of your eldest boy; if he behaves well, I’ll take care of him. Adieu, my brave fellow; when you want me, come and see me again.’ The first consul then demanded some louis from M. de Bourrienne, and gave them to the peasant, of whom I was desired to take charge. We had scarcely reached the anti-chamber, when the visitor was called back.

“ ‘Were you at Fleurus?’ said Napoleon.—‘Yes, General.’

“ ‘Can you tell me the name of your general-in-chief?’—‘To be sure I can; General Jourdan.’

“ ‘Right—good by;’ and I was forthwith followed by the veteran soldier of the republic, overjoyed at his reception.”

In the following, we have an instance of a gratifying compliment paid by Napoleon, at the expense of his brother Jerome, to an officer distinguished solely by his gallantry and services:—

“ I may here be permitted to mention a circumstance in proof of the estimation in which the first consul held the officers and soldiers of his army, and which he manifested towards them on all occasions. I was one morning in Napoleon’s bed-chamber, at the hour usually devoted to his toilette. Besides those in attendance, there was no one in the apartment except the brave and modest Colonel Gérard Lacuée, one of the first consul’s aides-de-camp. M. Jerome Buonaparte, who had then scarcely attained his seventeenth year, and whose irregularities had already afforded frequent subjects of complaint to his family, was shortly afterwards introduced. His brother Napoleon, who was in the habit of reprimanding and lecturing him, as a father might his son, was the only person of whom Jerome seemed to stand in awe. The first consul was anxious that his brother should enter the navy, not so much from a wish that he should adopt that profession, as that he might be withdrawn from the temptations to which the rising fortunes of his family continually exposed so young a man, and which Jerome was far from even desiring to withstand. The latter’s chagrin was excessive: he accordingly seized every opportunity of declaring his unfitness for the naval service: it is even said that at an examination by the inspectors, he allowed himself to be refused as not qualified, though with the slightest application on his part he might have easily passed.

Notwithstanding all these manœuvres, Jerome found it impossible to evade the will and pleasure of the first consul, and was reluctantly compelled to embark. On the morning to which I have already alluded, after some conversation and remonstrance, as usual on the subject of the navy, Jerome at length observed to his brother:—"Instead of sending me to sea, where I shall infallibly die of the horrors, you ought to make me one of your aides-de-camp?"—"You! *Blanc-bec*!" replied the first consul, sharply; "wait till a few bullets have furrowed your beardless face, and then we shall see;" at the same time pointing to Colonel Lacuée, who blushed crimson deep, and hung down his head. That the reader may duly appreciate the force of the compliment conveyed to the gallant aide-de-camp in the first consul's answer, it is necessary to observe that the colonel's face was marked with a deep scar. The loss of this brave officer, who was killed in 1805, was long and severely felt by Napoleon."

We have an account of a tolerably ludicrous interview between the conqueror of Italy and his quondam writing-master, shortly after the former's return from Lyons, whither he had proceeded to meet the deputies of the Cisalpine Republic, assembled for the election of a president:—

"Soon after the first consul's return to Malmaison, an individual in most unpretending attire solicited a private audience. He was instantly ushered into the cabinet of Napoleon, who demanded his name. 'General,' replied the solicitor, somewhat intimidated by his presence, 'I had formerly the honor of giving you lessons in writing at the college of Brienne.'—"And a respectable penman you have made of me," exclaimed the first consul, interrupting him sharply;—"your pupil's progress does you infinite credit!" Then laughing at his own hastiness, he addressed the good man in a kinder tone, to make amends for his first sally, the abruptness of which had considerably augmented the timidity of the calligraphic professor. In a few days the writing-master received from unquestionably the worst of all his former pupils at Brienne, (Napoleon's scarcely legible hand writing was proverbial,) a pension sufficient for his humble wants."

Buonaparte's notions on the subject of religion are generally known; he considered it merely as an engine of government, and, if Constant's as well as Bourrienne's statements be correct, made little scruple of proclaiming his opinion. For true religion and unaffected piety, we profess the most unfeigned respect; but we confess we infinitely prefer the ex-emperor's candid exposition of his religious, or, if it so please the reader, irreligious creed, to the odious hypocritical cant with which the saints—we mean the saints terrestrial—so ingeniously and so conveniently conciliate the service of "God and Mammon." Every friend to order must admit that Buonaparte essentially promoted the interests of true religion by opposing his inflexible authority to the desolating atheistical principles of the Revolution, and by re-establishing the ancient calendar, and the ancient form of divine worship. Constant's statement on this point differs not a jot in substance from that of M. Bourrienne, whom, by the way, the valet-de-chambre takes every opportunity of palavering in most antichamber-like phrase:—

"On the day of the proclamation issued by the first consul with regard to the law on divine worship, he rose early, and during the operation of his toilette, Joseph Buonaparte, and the second consul, Cambacérès, entered his chamber. 'Well,' observed the first consul to his colleague, 'we are going to witness the celebration of mass; what do the good Parisians think on that subject?'

“ ‘Many of them,’ replied Cambacères, ‘intend to be present at the first representation of the new piece, and to hiss it most unmercifully should it fail to amuse them.’”

“ ‘Should any citizen act so indecorously, he shall on the instant be shewn to the other side of the door by the grenadiers of my consular guard.’

“ ‘But suppose the grenadiers hiss too?’

“ ‘I am not afraid of that: my brave lads will march to Notre Dame in the same spirit as at Cairo they went to the mosque. They will watch my countenance, and observing the decent gravity of their general, they will take their cue from me with ‘Comrades, eyes right!’

“ ‘I fear,’ observed Joseph, ‘that the general officers will be less accommodating. I have just quitted Augereau, who is furious against what he calls your capucin gambadoes. It will be no easy task to entice him, and some others that I could name, to the bosom of holy mother church.’

“ ‘Pshaw! that’s Augereau’s way. He is a loud-tongued, empty babbler, who, if he had some twentieth country cousin to provide for, would send him to-morrow to a monastery, that I might afterwards appoint him my chaplain. By the way,’ said the first consul, turning to his colleague, ‘when does your brother take possession of his see of Rouen? Do you know that he has the finest archbishopric in all France? He will be cardinal before the expiration of a twelvemonth. The matter is already arranged.’ Cambacères answered with a respectful inclination of the head, and from that moment, his demeanour in regard to the first consul resembled the fawning assiduity of a courtier, rather than the frank independence of a coadjutor in office.

“ ‘The first renewed celebration of divine worship at Notre Dame afforded a singular exhibition. The church was crowded with spectators, frivolously assembled, as for a theatrical representation: the military in particular seemed to consider the service in the light of a burlesque mummery, not of a religious solemnity. They who during the revolution had contributed to the overthrow of the rites now re-established by the first consul, could with difficulty conceal their indignation and chagrin. In the solemn chaunt of the *Te Deum*, the lower orders of the people could discern merely an additional aliment offered for the gratification of their idle curiosity. The middle classes, however, contained a number of pious individuals, who, having deeply regretted the suppression of the devotional practices in the observance of which they had been educated, were overjoyed at the unexpected restoration of ancient customs. Besides, the return to a better order of things had been effected without the slightest manifestation of superstition or of rigour, calculated to alarm even the most uncompromising advocates of toleration. The clergy were moderate in their demands, anathematized none, and the representative of the holy father, the cardinal legate, was universally beloved, except by a few bigoted old priests, for the liberality of his opinions, the suavity of his manners, and his sterling good sense. The first consul was ever on excellent terms with this prelate, who had completely captivated him by the charms of his conversation.

“ ‘Independently of religious considerations, it cannot be denied that the populace welcomed with joy the repose and the solemnity of the long-forgotten sabbath day. The divisions of the republican calendar had been arranged with more theoretical skill, than attention to the comforts of the people, and at the epoch of its first introduction, I well recollect the expression of a celebrated wit; ‘these innovators,’ said he, ‘have to deal with a couple of enemies that will never yield an inch of ground,—beard, and clean shirt;’—in allusion to the discontent of the lower orders, who, as the interval from one *décadi* to another was rather long, were thus curtailed of the customary exhibition of their Sunday finery, and holiday persons, ‘neat, trimly dress’d.’

We select some passages from the lengthy details on the subject of Napoleon’s personal appearance and private habits. Our readers will readily excuse the omission of certain particulars which to the valet-de-

chambre, however, appear of the highest importance, if we may judge by the minuteness with which they have been enumerated. We must pass over in absolute silence a list of the consular and imperial tooth-brushes, sponges, &c., merely remarking, *en passant*, that the ex-emperor made a liberal use of *Eau de Cologne*. The latter observation we are induced to offer for the benefit of the *crack* commanders, to whom we have already, in the course of this article, taken the liberty to allude, and who will doubtless feel no less gratified than amazed at the point of resemblance which we are the first to discover and publish in their favour:—

“ On his return from Egypt, Napoleon was thin; his complexion of a yellow copperish tinge, and his eyes sunken; his person was well formed. A portrait of the first consul, by Horace Vernet, in his celebrated picture of *a review on the place du Carrousel*, bears a striking resemblance to Napoleon, as he then was. His forehead was high and open, his hair of a chesnut colour, and very thin, especially on the temples, but soft and silky. His eyes were blue, and at times depicted with unerring fidelity, the emotions of his soul. His mouth was handsome, but when under the influence of ill humour, he had a habit of contracting his lips together. His teeth, though not even, were extremely white. His nose was of a perfect Grecian form, and his sense of smelling excessively quick. Notwithstanding that the *tout ensemble* of his countenance was handsome, the lankness of his features destroyed the effect that might otherwise have been produced by their regularity. His head was large, being twenty-two inches in circumference, and being rather lengthy, was consequently flat near the temples. His height was five feet, two inches, and three lines.

“ During his moments, or rather his hours of business and study, the emperor was subject to a *tic*, which resembled a nervous affection, and from which he was never wholly free. This singular infirmity frequently occasioned him to raise his right shoulder involuntarily and with rapidity,—a gesture which those unacquainted with his habits construed into an expression of dissatisfaction. It may be mentioned as another peculiarity, that the emperor never felt the pulsation of his heart. He himself often made the remark to M. Corvisart, as well as to me, and more than once desired us to place our hands on his bosom, in order to convince ourselves of the fact. We did so, and I am thus enabled, from personal knowledge of the circumstance, to make mention of this singular exception to the laws of nature.

“ The emperor eat with extreme rapidity, remaining scarcely twelve minutes at table. When he had himself dined, it was his custom to pass into another apartment. Josephine, however, usually remained, and desired her guests to do the same. One day, as Prince Eugene quitted the dining-room, immediately after the emperor, the latter, turning round, accosted him with—‘Eugene, you have eat nothing.’—‘Excuse me, Sire,’ answered the Prince, ‘I had dined before I sat down to table.’ It is not improbable that some of the guests, finding the precaution not altogether useless, profited by the hint on subsequent occasions.

“ Napoleon drank no other wine than Chambertin, and generally mixed with water. He was not fond of wine, of which he was but an indifferent judge. I recollect that when the troops were encamped at Boulogne, he one day invited a number of general officers to dinner. The emperor, with a self-satisfied air, turning to Marshal Augereau, demanded his opinion of the wine. The marshal tasted it, and smacking his tongue against his palate,—‘I have drunk better,’ said the blunt veteran, in a tone more adapted for camps than courts. The emperor, though prepared for a different answer, could not avoid a hearty laugh, in which he was joined by his guests.

“ The emperor was not a graceful rider: his seat on horseback was by no means firm, but the care with which his horses were broke rendered his deficiency in this respect of less consequence. The horses destined for Napo-

leon's personal use were forced to undergo a rough noviciate before they were suffered to enjoy the distinction of carrying their imperial master. They were trained to remain perfectly steady under tortures of every description; to receive blows about the head; drums were beat, pistols and crackers fired in their ears;—flags were waved before their eyes;—clumsy packages, and sometimes even sheep and pigs, were thrown between their legs. None of the animals were deemed sufficiently trained, till the emperor could, without the least difficulty, pull them up short at full gallop, which was his favorite pace.

"So constant was Napoleon to his old habits, that the shoemaker who furnished him when emperor was the same that had been employed by him when a student at the military college of Brienne. For a considerable time his boots and shoes were made according to the measure originally taken: this being at last found too small, I was one day ordered to summon the worthy tradesman to take fresh measure of his imperial customer. On arriving at his shop, I found that Napoleon's protégé had been dead some time, and that a booby of a son had succeeded him in his business. The son, though he had worked for the emperor, had never seen him, and was thunderstruck at the summons to appear before his majesty. To encourage him, I gave him my advice as to the mode in which he was to present himself; the costume which he was to adopt, and other equally important particulars. At length, bedizened in a full suit of black, sword, hat, &c., he made his appearance at the Tuileries. On entering the emperor's apartment, he made a low bow, and stopped short in a state of ludicrous embarrassment. 'What's this?' said the emperor,—'you were not my shoemaker at the Military College?'—'No, please your Majesty, Emperor, and King; my father had that honor.'—'And why is he not here now?'—'Sire, Emperor, and King, because he is dead.'—'How much do you charge for your shoes?'—'Please your Majesty, Emperor, and King, your Majesty pays eighteen francs a pair.'—'Tis rather dear.'—'Sire, Emperor, and King, your Majesty, if you please, may pay them even dearer.'—'Napoleon laughed heartily at his confusion, and ordered the worthy professor of the last to take his measure, which he accordingly did, but not till an unlucky salaam had somewhat deranged the adjustment of his sword, which became entangled between his legs, and threw him on his knees and hands.

"Napoleon was fond of quick replies: he could bear contradiction, but invariably turned away from those who addressed him with hesitation or embarrassment. The following anecdote will sufficiently prove that a ready and well-timed answer was an infallible passport to his favour.

"At a grand review, which, on a particular occasion took place on the square of the Carrousel, the emperor's horse suddenly reared, and during his exertions to keep the animal steady, the rider parted company with his hat. A lieutenant, having picked it up, advanced in front of the line, and presented it to Napoleon.—'Thank you, *captain*,' said the emperor, still occupied in patting the neck of his steed.—'In what regiment, Sire?' immediately demanded the officer. The emperor, considering his features attentively, and perceiving his own mistake, replied with a smile, 'The question is a propos;—in the guards.' In a few days the newly-appointed captain received an official notification of the promotion for which he was indebted solely to his presence of mind, but which his bravery and long services had merited.

"When Napoleon was with the army, I always slept in his tent, on a small carpet, or on a bearskin, in which he was accustomed to wrap himself up in his carriage. When these objects were not to be had, I endeavoured to procure a little straw. I recollect having once rendered an important service to the King of Naples, by dividing with him a bundle of straw destined for my bed. In the morning, breakfast was usually prepared in the emperor's tent, served in the space of five minutes, and removed at the expiration of a quarter of an hour. Berthier breakfasted and dined every day with Napoleon: the dinner never lasted longer than eight, or ten minutes. 'To horse,' the em-

peror would then cry, and quit the tent, accompanied by the Prince de Neufchatel, one or two aides-de-camp, and Roustan, who was always provided with a silver flask filled with brandy, but which the emperor seldom tasted. He then inspected the different regiments, addressed the officers, the soldiers, questioned them, and saw every thing with his own eyes. In the event of an engagement, the dinner was forgotten, and the emperor eat nothing till his return. If the action was prolonged, some one in attendance, without receiving any orders, brought him a crust of bread, and a little wine. At the termination of the bloody scene, Napoleon never failed to visit the field of battle, and to distribute assistance to the wounded.

"It is worthy of remark, then whenever an unexpected incident compelled an aide-de-camp to rouse the emperor from sleep, he was as clear, and as apt for business, as he could have been in the morning, or during the middle of the day: nor was the slightest movement of ill humour perceptible, how unseasonable soever the hour at which he was awakened. The aide-de-camp's report terminated, Napoleon immediately lay down again, and in a moment slept as soundly as if his repose had not been interrupted.

"During the three or four days that preceded an engagement, Napoleon passed the greatest part of his time in pricking large cards with pins headed with sealing-wax of different colours."

Having quoted these details on the subject of Napoleon, we beg leave, by way of *pendant*, to lay before our readers the following brief sketch of Josephine and her habits, during the fleeting epoch of her imperial fortunes:—

"The Empress Josephine was of the middle stature, but gracefully formed. The lightness and elasticity of her movements, without excluding the idea of majesty, might have reminded the poet of the sylph-like creations of his fancy. Her countenance, though ever marked by its natural expression of softness, yet varied with her feelings. In pleasure, as in grief, she was beautiful to look at; the beholder smiled, when she smiled, wept, when she wept. Never did woman, in her own person, more fully justify the proverbial expression—'the eyes are the mirror of the soul.' Her's were of deep blue, and were generally half-closed by her long eyelids slightly arched, and terminating in eye-lashes of no ordinary beauty: with their expression, though not wanting in dignity, severity was almost incompatible. Her long auburn tresses, were admirably in unison with the freshness and delicacy of her complexion.

"The ravishing tone of her voice contributed not a little to enhance the power of Josephine's charms. How frequently have I, as well as others, suddenly stopped, solely for the pleasure of hearing her delightful accents! It would be absurd to say with her flatterers, that the empress was the finest woman in France, but her features, characterized by the expression of genuine feeling, and the angelic grace diffused over her whole person, rendered her, perhaps, the most attractive.

"When the empress was at Saint Cloud, she generally rose at nine o'clock, and arranged her morning toilette, which lasted till ten: she then passed into an apartment where were assembled such as had solicited and obtained the favour of a private audience. At eleven o'clock, when the emperor was absent, Josephine breakfasted with her first lady of honour and other ladies. Madame de la Rochefoucault, first lady of honour to the empress, was hunch-backed, and of such diminutive size, that, before she sat down to table, it was necessary to elevate her chair by the addition of a second thick cushion. These physical deformities were redeemed by the lady's brilliant, though rather caustic wit, and by her exquisite *ton*, and courtly manners.

"After breakfast, the empress sometimes played at billiards, or, when the weather was fine, took a walk in the gardens, or in the park, which on those occasions was closed to the public. Her walks were never long, and when

she returned to her apartments, she sat down to her embroidering-frame, or chatted with the ladies of her society, who occupied themselves with needle-work. When not disturbed by formal visitors, Josephine, between two and three o'clock, took an airing in an open Calèche. On her return, commenced the business of the grand toilette.

"At six o'clock dinner was announced, but more frequently the emperor's preoccupation, caused that meal to be indefinitely adjourned. I have known more than one instance of a dinner retarded in this manner till nine or ten o'clock at night. The imperial couple dined together, sometimes in the company of the princes of their family, sometimes of their ministers. The hour of midnight was invariably the signal for the guests to retire.

"Josephine was gifted with a prodigious memory, a natural advantage of which the emperor took care to reap the full benefit. She was an excellent musician, played the harp in perfection, and sang with taste. Her temper was mild, equable, obliging to her friends, and even to her enemies, and never failed to restore harmony to the scene which discord had envenomed. When the emperor was irritated with his brothers, or other individuals—a circumstance which frequently happened—Josephine spoke a few words, and all was tranquillity. Napoleon seldom turned a deaf ear to her supplications in behalf of an offender, how grave soever the offence; I might cite a thousand instances of pardons thus solicited and granted.

"The empress always treated the persons composing her household with marked politeness: a reproach or angry word seldom escaped her lips. Whenever one of the ladies of her suite gave her cause of discontent, the only punishment inflicted was an obstinate silence on Josephine's part, which lasted one, two, three, sometimes eight days, more or less, in proportion to the gravity of the offence."

On the occasion of Napoleon's visit to the Chateau de Brienne, "the schoolboy spot" where he had passed his early days, he meets with the following adventure:—

"The emperor had, the evening before, made several inquiries after old Mother Margaret: such was the appellation given to a good-wife who occupied a cottage in the midst of the forest, to which the pupils of the military school had, in days of yore, made frequent excursions. Napoleon had not forgotten the name, and he learned with no less pleasure than surprise, that the good old dame was still in existence. Continuing his morning ride, he struck into the forest, galloped to the well-known spot, and having dismounted, unceremoniously entered the cottage. Age had somewhat impaired the old woman's sight, and the emperor's person was much changed:—'Good morning, Mother Margaret,' said Napoleon, saluting his hostess: 'it seems you have no curiosity to see the emperor?'—'Yes, but I have; I should like of all things to see him, and I intend to take that basket of fresh eggs to Madame de Brienne, that I may be invited to remain at the chateau, and so catch a glimpse of the emperor. Ah! I shall not see him so well to-day as formerly, when he used to accompany his comrades to old Mother Margaret's and call for a bowl of new milk. To be sure, he was not emperor then, but no matter; the rest marched before him. He always made them pay me for my milk, eggs, brown bread, and broken crockery—and commenced by paying his own share of the reckoning.'—'Then,' replied Napoleon, with a smile, 'you have not forgotten Buonaparte?'—'Forgotten him! Do you think one could forget such a steady, serious, melancholy-like, young gentleman, so considerate too for the poor? I am a weak old woman, but I always foretold that the lad would turn out well.'—'Why, yes; he has made his way.'

"At the commencement of this short dialogue, the emperor had turned his back to the door, and consequently to the light; the narrow entrance thus blocked up, the interior of the cottage was left in darkness. By degrees, however, he approached the old woman, and the light again penetrated from without. The emperor, upon this, rubbing his hands together, and assuming

the tone and manners of his early youth—'Come, Mother Margaret,' said he, 'bestir yourself—some milk and fresh eggs; I am half dead with hunger.' Margaret stared at her visitor, and seemed as though endeavouring to recal her buried recollections. 'Ha! ha!' said the emperor, laughing; 'how positive you were just now that you had not forgotten Buonaparte! we are old acquaintances, dame;' meanwhile old Margaret had fallen at the emperor's feet. Raising her with unaffected kindness—'Have you nothing to give me, Mother Margaret,' said he, 'I am hungry—as hungry as a student.' The poor woman, beside herself with joy, hastily laid before her guest some fresh eggs and new milk. His repast finished, Napoleon forced his purse into the hands of his hostess, at the same time observing, 'You recollect, Margaret, I used to make every one pay his reckoning. Adieu; I shall not forget you;' and as he again mounted his horse and rode away, the old dame, weeping with excess of delight, and straining her eyes to catch a last look, could only recompense him with her prayers."

On the subject of recognitions, there is also an anecdote of Junot, who, as Constant informs us, was rather partial to a *lark*, or, as we have it in French, a *tour d'écolier* :—

"Junot, on his return from Egypt, happening to pass through Montbard, where he had spent his years of boyhood, took especial pains to discover his old schoolfellows and playmates, with whom he chatted gaily on the theme of his youthful pranks. His next step was to visit the respective localities in company with his quondam associates in mischief. In the public square, Junot perceived a grave-looking old gentleman, walking magisterially along, an ivory-headed cane supporting his steps. Without further ceremony, the General ran up to him, threw himself upon his neck, and embraced him with a vehemence of cordiality nearly sufficient to stifle him. The Professor, disengaging himself with difficulty from the close hug, and ignorant of the motive of such warmth, contemplated the General with every symptom of stupefaction. 'What!' cried the latter, 'do you not know me?'—'Citizen General, pray excuse me, but I have no recollection——'—'Zounds! Doctor, have you forgotten the most idle, good-for-nothing, untractable dog that ever tried the patience of pedagogue?'—'I beg a thousand pardons, but have I the honour of addressing M. Junot?'—'You have,' said the General, renewing his overwhelming endearments, and bursting into a loud laugh (in which his friends joined), at the singular signs and tokens by which the man of learning had so easily recognized his graceless pupil."

Constant relates many pathetic stories of Buonaparte's generosity, though coupled with extreme parsimony in the concerns of his *ménage*, or, if we may apply Othello's phrase, "the house affairs." Anecdotes of liberality, when recorded of those born to higher station, or who have "achieved greatness," never fail to call forth the eloquence of biographers, whose poetic amplifications impart an air of splendid fiction to the whole. In such cases, the narrator tells his tale as if he were utterly amazed that a great man should occasionally indulge in "the luxury of doing good." This excessive admiration of the benevolence of those who are kind with little cost to themselves, is in reality a keen satire; they who are inclined to cavil might infer from it that elevation of sentiment rarely accompanies exalted rank. To check such immoral notions, we now select one of the literary valet-de-chambre's shortest narratives, as evidence of the fact that a great man is at times visited with the weakness of humanity :—

"The emperor, walking one morning in the environs of Milan, met with a poor woman whose cottage was hard by, and to whom he addressed a number of questions. 'Sir,' replied she, not being acquainted with the emperor's

person, 'I am extremely poor. I have three children that I can with difficulty bring up, as my husband is not always fortunate enough to find work.'—'What sum of money,' said Napoleon, 'would make you perfectly happy?'—'Ah! Sir, the sum would be immense.'—'Well, but how much?'—'Ah! Sir, if we could put together twenty louis, we might hold up our heads; but how improbable that we shall ever possess such a sum!' The emperor immediately sent for three thousand francs in gold, and ordered me to undo the *rouleaux*, and throw the whole into the good woman's apron. At sight of the money, the poor creature turned pale, tottered, and had nearly fainted away. 'Ah! Sir, 'tis too much; 'tis too much!' exclaimed she, 'and yet, you cannot mean to sport with a poor woman like me.' To encourage her, the emperor repeated his assurance that the money was really for her, and would serve to purchase a little farm, with the produce of which she might bring up her children. He then retired, without making himself known; for Napoleon loved to do good in secret. I could mention many similar traits, equally characteristic of the emperor's generosity, but which historians have passed over in total silence."

Shortly before the battle of Jena, Napoleon had well nigh fallen a victim to one of those accidents which may be considered as reinforcements to the legitimate hazards encountered in the glorious "trade of war."—

"At Weimar, the emperor disposed his forces in order of battle, and bivouacked in the centre of his guard. He had ordered a passage for his artillery to be hollowed in the rock, and towards two o'clock in the morning set out on foot to ascertain how the work was proceeding. Having remained an hour on the spot, he resolved to make a rapid inspection of the nearest outposts, before returning to his bivouack. This solitary excursion nearly cost the emperor his life. The night was so dark that the sentries were unable to see the slightest object at the distance of ten paces. One of them, hearing footsteps, challenged, and immediately presented his piece. The emperor, who was prevented from hearing the *qui vive*, by one of his fits of absence, made no answer, and was speedily aroused from his reverie by a ball whizzing past his ear. Instantly aware of his danger, he threw himself flat on the ground. No sooner had he adopted this precaution, than a shower of bullets passed over his head; the first sentry's fire having been repeated through the whole line. The momentary danger past, the emperor rose and walked straight to the nearest outpost, where he was immediately recognized. In a few minutes, the sentry who had first challenged and fired was relieved from his post, and brought before Napoleon; the soldier was a young grenadier in one of the regiments of the line. 'You young rascal!' said the emperor, familiarly pinching his cheek, 'it seems you took me for a Prussian: the dog does not waste his powder; nothing less than an emperor serves him for a mark.' The poor soldier, in the utmost consternation at the idea that he might have killed 'the little corporal,' whom he idolized not less than the rest of the army, could only stammer out a few broken sentences:—'Pardon, Sire, but I had orders to fire;—if you will not answer, I am not to blame;—another time, you must put in the orders, that you don't choose to answer.' The emperor laughed, and, to reconcile the poor fellow with himself, said as he withdrew,—'My brave lad, it was not your fault: for a random-shot in the dark, your's was not amiss: it will soon be daylight; take better aim, and I'll provide for you.'"

In the third volume, Constant acquaints us with the emperor's mode of recompensing the gallantry of one of his field marshals. The anecdote tells favorably for Napoleon's generosity, and also for his *gaieté de cœur*. Having summoned to his presence the gallant officer in question,

(Marshal Lefebvre,) and being informed that he waited to know his pleasure:—

"Tell the *Duke de Dantzig*," said the emperor to the officer on duty, 'that I have sent for him thus early, in order to invite him to breakfast.' The officer, imagining that the emperor in a moment of absence had substituted another name, took upon him to remark the circumstance. Napoleon, with a smile, observed—'Il parait, Monsieur, que vous me croyez plus capable de faire un *conte* qu'un duc.' [The reader will readily accept this reply in the original, as a translation would destroy the force of the *équivoque*.] 'Inform the duke,' continued the emperor, 'that I expect him in a quarter of an hour.' The officer delivered the message to the marshal, who, as it so happened, at that moment paid no attention to the new title by which he had been addressed. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, he was apprized that Napoleon was at table: he accordingly hastened to offer his respects to his imperial master, who greeted him most kindly, laying particular emphasis on the title of duke, with which, in the course of conversation, he repeatedly accosted his guest. To add to the marshal's astonishment, 'Duke,' said Napoleon, 'are you fond of chocolate?'—'Why—yes, Sire.'—'Well, we have none for breakfast this morning, but I intend to make you a present of some, genuine, from Dantzig: it is but just that you should reap the fruits of your conquest.' The emperor, upon this, rose from table, and opening a little chest, took from it a packet, which he presented to the marshal with these words—'Duke de Dantzig, I beg your acceptance of this chocolate; such little presents serve to keep friendship alive.' The marshal, with many acknowledgments, put the chocolate in his pocket, and resumed his seat with the emperor and Berthier. In the centre of the table was a pie, representing the city of Dantzig. 'Duke,' said Napoleon, 'that conquest belongs of right to you—commence the attack.' The marshal obeyed, and the pie was pronounced excellent. On quitting the emperor's presence, the newly created duke, rightly guessing that his packet of chocolate contained some hidden virtues, opened it without further delay, and discovered in the inside the sum of 300,000 francs in bank notes. Ever after this circumstance, Dantzig chocolate was the military slang term for money. When a soldier intended to give a *benefit* to a comrade whose purse was better lined than his own, 'Come,' he would say familiarly, 'try if you can't find some Dantzig chocolate at the bottom of your wallet.'

Constant has already informed us that Napoleon was an ungraceful rider:—it appears that he was a worse dancer. To the valet de chambre, a Frenchman, too,—the emperor's deficiency on this point must have appeared of no small moment. We are consequently not surprised that the mention of the circumstance finds a place in the second series of the memoirs. We are told that the Princess of Baden, having questioned him as to his proficiency in the waltz, Napoleon frankly admitted that his talent lay not in "the light fantastic toe." The princess undertook to give him a lesson,—an infliction to which the emperor submitted with tolerable grace. The patience of the instructress, however, was more easily exhausted. After a few rounds of the mazy dance,—“Enough, Sire,” suddenly exclaimed the princess,—“I fear me you will make but an indifferent pupil. Your majesty is born to give lessons, not to receive them.”

The greater portion of the third volume is avowedly due to the pen of a lady formerly belonging to Josephine's household—a certain baroness de V——, whose kind condescension enables us frequently to pass to the imperial saloon from the antichamber, where the valet de chambre, in pursuance of old habits, would fain leave us too long to dance

attendance. The lady's narrative, which may be considered as forming in itself a separate memoir, contains many passages relative to distinguished emigrants, the principal personages of the republic, the directory, and the restoration. The fragment which follows bears reference to matter of less serious import. On the occasion of a fête given by Madame Récamier—

“ ‘A remarkable guest,’ says Madame de V——, ‘was expected—no less than the famous savage from Aveyron. On his arrival, he was accompanied by his preceptor, physician, and friend, M. Yzard. The lovely hostess seated him by her side, presuming, no doubt, that the charms which captivated civilized beings would operate with equal potency on the child of nature, who appeared about fifteen years of age. Wholly occupied, however, in satisfying his voracious appetite, the young savage took no notice of the bright eyes which were attentively fixed on his unpolished person. When the desert was served, he adroitly pocketed all the dainties that came within his reach, and made his escape from table in the midst of a discussion between La Harpe and the celebrated astronomer Lalande, on the subject of the latter's atheistical opinions, and singular predilection for spiders. A search, in which all of us joined, was immediately made after the fugitive, whom we at length perceived running upon the green-sward with incredible swiftness. He had stripped himself to his shirt, which, on reaching the principal avenue of the park, he tore in two: and climbing the nearest tree, with the agility of a squirrel, he seated himself among the branches. At this breach of decorum, the ladies retreated in dismay. In vain M. Yzard exerted his powers of persuasion to recover possession of his uncouth pupil's person. Inexorable to intreaty, or dreading chastisement, the young savage skipped from branch to branch, and from tree to tree. The gardener at length having tempted his appetite by the exhibition of a basket of peaches, the truant came down from the tree where he had taken refuge, and was instantly captured. He was then huddled into a petticoat belonging to the gardener's niece, packed into a carriage, and conducted home.’ ”

This work is to be prolonged to the extent of six volumes. We shall therefore bear in mind its promised termination, which, should it contain matter of sufficient importance, may form the subject of a future article.

ROYAL INTRIGUE ; OR, SECRETS OF THE COURT OF CHARLES
THE FOURTH OF SPAIN.

It was at the close of a fine autumnal evening in the year 179—, that the signal of a “ *Man-of-War in the Offing!* ” was made from the lofty look-out tower of Cadiz ; and in another hour, his Catholic Majesty's ship Antorcha dropped her anchor in the Bay, after an absence of upwards of three years, during which period that vessel had been employed on the South American station.

The families residing in that great commercial city, as well as in the towns contiguous to its bay, (in which that grand naval dépôt, Las Carraccas, had been for ages established), had annually contributed a portion of their junior members, both as officers and seamen, for the service of the Royal Fleet. An arrival, therefore, of a king's ship from a foreign station, was an event which could not fail to attract crowds of anxious inquirers of all ranks to the port, eager to embrace some beloved friend or relative.

Early on the following morning the deck of the Antorcha was beset

with visitors. Here, while one of the gentle sex fondly rushed into the arms of the long-absent husband, another tendered the soft and yielding hand to the betrothed of her heart, who now returned to claim the valued prize. Brothers pressed to their bosom the affectionate sister, whose well-remembered budding beauties had now ripened into the full luxuriance of female loveliness ; and brilliant eyes and lovely lips welcomed the wandering sailor to his native shore, banishing the remembrance of past care and peril.

While the crowded deck presented a scene of unbounded joy and festivity, a solitary individual paced in melancholy mood up and down the vessel's poop, listless of all that passed beneath him. The being thus estranged and separated from the joyous group, was a youth apparently about nineteen years of age—a child of other climes—whose dark expressive countenance, shaded by clustering locks of the raven's hue, bore the stamp of his transatlantic nativity. Haughty in his deportment, he took his lonely round in silent meditation ; often throwing towards the blue arch of Heaven his flashing brilliant eye, half in supplication—half in reproach—at his cruel destiny. The centinel by whom he was guarded preserved a respectful distance, bestowing on his charge a look of pity, while he seemed to detest his own ungracious office ! Once or twice the bursts of mirthful joy which broke from the happy beings beneath, seemed to recal him from his abstraction ; and as he turned his eyes downwards, the lovely faces which met his gaze, the soft Andalusian lisp which “like sweet music,” stole on his ravished ear, caused a momentary smile to play over his melancholy face, which found its way to every heart—the Elders cried “poor child !” whilst the younger invoked Heaven's pity for the handsome American !

“Who is he ? What is his crime ?” were now the universal questions ; the sole answer to which was “*The Prisoner !—inquire no more !*” The profound secrecy with which the unfortunate youth had been placed on board the *Antorcha* by the Grand Inquisitor at Callao ; the severe injunctions delivered for his safe keeping, accompanied by the most minute directions to treat him with every degree of tenderness and attention consistent with his personal security ; and, above all, the interdiction against his holding communication with any person on board, either by speech, or letter, involved his case in the deepest mystery ; while his sweet and engaging manners, when accepting the mute courtesies which all on board were anxious to bestow, during the tedious voyage, won for him the pity and respect of the whole crew.

The Captain alone seemed to be in possession of the secret of his crime ; but that it could not be one of an atrocious nature, might be inferred from the perceptible pleasure he appeared to take in every act of kindness, whether from himself or his subordinates, which could possibly render the prisoner's situation less irksome. What, then, was his crime ? Time must disclose it !

A strange and general feeling of curiosity was excited by the exaggerated reports brought on shore ; and nought was talked of for the ensuing two days but the “*mysterious prisoner !*” the “*handsome American !*” The ship was visited by those who had, and those who had not relatives on board ; but disappointment followed this universal excitement : the interesting captive had suddenly disappeared ; he was removed in the dead hour of night, and (strictly guarded) pursued an unknown route with the same mystery and silence that attended his

embarkation. Days, and months, and years elapsed, before his name, his crime, his country, the cause of his disappearance, and his eventual elevation to royal favour, became known to the people of Cadiz.

In the year 180— the whole of the province of Andalusia was thrown into a pleasing ferment by the joyful intelligence of the intended visit of their monarch, Charles the IVth, his meretricious consort, and her paramour Godoy, the Prince of Peace (then High-Admiral of Spain), attended by the whole of their gay and guilty court, to the port of Cadiz, to take a first, and, as it proved, a last look, at the united fleet of France and Spain, then collected in splendid array in the bay; that fleet which a few short months saw annihilated by the British thunder, wielded by our own immortal Nelson!

The citizens of Cadiz, wantoning in the wealth acquired by their monopoly of the commerce of the New World, and prodigal in their display of it, vied with each other in the liberality of their contributions for giving *éclat* to the royal visit by the most splendid reception. Magnificent triumphal arches were erected, through which the royal *cortége* was to pass, and every house was decorated. Amongst the other amusements with which it was intended to treat the royal guests, a grand *Fiesta de Toros* was projected. Hundreds of artificers were employed by day and night fitting up the Plaza for a grand display of that great national festival.

The Andalusians had always laid claim to the superiority of their province in the exhibition of this barbarous relic of ancient chivalry; and no expense was spared on this occasion to present it with imposing pomp and splendour; the animals selected for torture were drawn from the wildest recesses of the Utrerean mountains. All the most celebrated heroes of the *corrida*, or bull-ring, were engaged; and not less than one hundred thousand dollars were, in the course of a few days, expended in rendering this grand amphitheatre capable of accommodating, with ease and safety, upwards of twenty thousand spectators.

To form a just idea of the Plaza de Toros, the reader must take into his mind's eye a circus of sixty yards diameter, enclosed on all sides by a wooden partition of ponderous strength, of about seven feet in height; at regular distances of from fifty to sixty feet, there are secondary partitions, equally strong, but which do not extend to a greater length than from four to five yards, forming slips; the entrances to which at either end, and the two apertures in front, are just of sufficient breadth to admit into this sanctuary the body of a man. To these bays (as they are termed) the persons whose duty it is to combat the bull on foot, or assist the mounted picador (when too closely pressed by his powerful antagonist, fly for security; or in which the unhorsed, or disabled picador, seeks a temporary refuge), being painted and decorated, *en suite*, with the grand circular partition, these safeguards, at first sight, scarcely appear as projections; and as they seldom exceed one foot in depth, they do not destroy that beautiful uniformity which such an extensive area presents.

The grand partition (as has been stated) is generally about seven feet in height; but besides this security against the intrusion of the enraged animal by a sudden spring, a double tier of strong ropes passed through iron stanchions to the height of three feet more, surmount the whole of the partition; thus combining the most perfect safety with an uninterrupted view to the occupants of the lower rows of the amphitheatre, of the interesting combats in the arena. The places just mentioned are

invariably occupied by men only, amateurs of the sport, who risk large sums on the result of the combat ; their bets generally running upon the length of time the bull continues to face and attack his tormentors, on horse and foot ; on the number of horses slain by the animal before it sinks under the various modes of attack, by which it is worried, worn out in strength and spirit, and ultimately slain ! and also on the *game* which the devoted brute evinces to the last ! these amateurs are of that class of persons which in this country would be termed *friends of the fancy* ; and, on the occasion of these festivals, appear in the *majo* dress, *Montero* cap, and colored silk mantle, more or less rich and expensive, according to the taste and circumstances of the wearer.

The next three or four rows of the circle are indiscriminately occupied by men and women of the middling orders ; but from the eighth to the twelfth rows, where the seats are partitioned off into boxes, elegantly, and in some cases most expensively adorned, is the region of rank and fashion, and bear a price equal on such an occasion as the royal visit, from twelve to twenty dollars per seat, per day : beyond and above this galaxy of splendour, rising to the majestic height of eighty feet above the level of the arena, are about ten more rows of seats, the value of which decrease according to the ascent ; those on the upper tier being accessible by tickets, varying in price from one to half a dollar each ; they are generally occupied by a certain order of courtezans, and the female friends of the inferior combatants of the ring—they nevertheless exhibit a dazzling display of white mantillas and spangled dresses, which on nearer view would appear all tinsel tawdry, but at such a height and distance (glittering in the sunbeam) they strike on the eye with splendid effect.

The royal box is placed in front of the grand entrance, and immediately over the portcullis through which the bulls are enlarged to meet their enemy. Previously to the commencement of the sports the circus is thronged with pedestrians of superior condition in life, who during their promenade exhibit themselves to their female friends and parties in the splendid circle ; the time for the termination of this indulgence having arrived, a roll of the drum is heard, and a body of troops (dressed as on gala days) are marched into the circus by platoons, and immediately commence a series of ingenious movements, contriving at each evolution to circumscribe the circle, and hem in the loungers, leaving only an occasional opening for escape ; thus without force, or even the indelicacy of an order for retreat, the crowd is gradually reduced to an adventurous few, who endeavour to sustain a footing in the circus, until the final tap of the drum brings the whole body of the military into a close and triple line, extending the entire diameter of the arena ; the whole then wheels on their centre, when the civilians escape through the portcullis, amidst the smiles of the soldiers, and the joyous shouts and cheers of the thousands, who enjoyed their various artifices to maintain their ground ; this is not an unpleasing prelude to the entertainments of the day, nor altogether uninteresting, as it frequently happens that many of the pedestrians thus tempted to shew their ingenuity, are military men of no mean rank and experience, dressed as civilians ; and as no rudeness on the part of the soldier is ever attempted, it is a game of *ruse contre ruse*, kept up for a quarter of an hour with spirit, but with the most perfect good humour on both sides.

The course being cleared, by the retirement of the troops, who are

distributed in various parts of the vast amphitheatre, and at its hundred entrances, for the preservation of good order, the first trumpet sounds! the grand entrance gate is thrown open, when the director or manager of the sports enters on horseback gorgeously attired, followed by three mounted picadors in "*rank entire*," with their lances in *rest*! These persons wear a low-crowned white hat, of great breadth of brim, loosely fitting the head, but secured from falling off, by a broad band passing under the chin; the shade of the brim protects the eyes of the combatant from the dazzling effect of the sun's rays, while the slightest motion flings it back on the head at the option of its wearer, whose black and bushy hair is confined in a silk bandeau. Their jacket is generally of tissue, or satin, almost covered with gold or silver tassels; while the sleeves boast of several hundred small tinsel buttons placed in rows; the vest, equally rich and gaudy, is usually of a colour presenting a pleasing contrast to that of the jacket—the picador also wears a sash of coloured silk richly fringed; but here ends the finery; the lower parts of the body are enveloped in strong leathers profusely stuffed, and wadded; and his legs are lodged in jack-boots of the same description, (but infinitely less preposterous in point of size) as those worn by the French postilion, thus affording his limbs protection against the horns of the enraged bull.

The party advance towards the royal box; the manager passes to the Governor, by his adjutants, who are placed in order to receive the programme of the entertainment. The box of the governor is situated directly under that of their majesties; and a communication beneath enables him to enter the royal presence from time to time to receive the king's commands.

His majesty's permission being granted for the sports to commence, the director makes his obeisance; the picadors throwing back their hats off their heads, advance, with the lances pointed to the ground—this homage they perform three times, each time approaching closer to the royal view, when they file off, and give way to the *banderalleros*, who advance towards the royal box to the amount of twelve (sometimes more), with their darts in hand, and their silk mantle hung on the left shoulder. The dresses of these persons (who are generally young butchers, aspiring to the honours of the bull-ring), are always beautiful, often superb; (many are known to be dressed at the expense of women of rank!) and frequently their wages for the year is expended on their equipment for the festival; they bow, and retire to the bays, so as to be ready to spring from their cover in aid of the picador, when too hardly pressed by the bull; and whose rescue they effect, by distracting the attention of the enraged animal from the immediate object of his wrath, to his new assailants, who, waving their silken scarfs before his eyes, flit about like gilded butterflies. Next, and lastly, of the train of combatants, comes the solemn *matador*, or slayer, whose duty is considered the most dangerous. He moves towards the royal box alone, holding in his right hand a short double edged sword, and in his left his *Montero* cap and *bandera*, or small square flag, the handle of which does not exceed one yard in length; he kneels before the box, lays his sword on the ground, and making the sign of the cross on his forehead, on the signal of the governor resumes his sword and rises, then retires to the place allotted for him.

The tame ox is next introduced, to the docility of which the drivers are indebted for bringing on the wild bulls—this animal is the decoy, and so long as it leads, the untamed herd follow his steps in perfect quiet. The horns of the beast are decorated with garlands ; and bunches of various coloured ribbons are interwoven in the tufts of his neck, shoulder, and croup ; it makes its obeisance by repeated genuflections to the gratified spectators, and being stationed in the centre of the circus, on a signal given, the entrance gates are again thrown back on their massive hinges, and the herd of wild bulls selected for the day's sport, rush forward in wild disorder, followed by the *paysanos* who were their herdsmen on their native hills, and to whose voice and whip they seem to pay a sulky obedience. On espying the leading ox, they quickly cluster around, and tamely follow his steps through the portcullis, which leads to a row of separate cells, into which the animals are one by one caged and confined, until required in the circus. All these arrangements are perfect ; and so accurately performed that accidents are of rare occurrence ; indeed the most important business of the state could not be conducted with more pomp and ceremony, or a more rigid attention to the minutiae of forms.

The Governor standing, receives the royal nod to commence ; the trumpet (which is stationed in his box) sounds a charge, and one or more of the picadors take their dangerous post—they draw up as close as possible to the partition, (their horses' eyes bandaged), where with couched lance they await the bull's attack. The portcullis rises, the bull rushes into the arena with furious roar, and flies at the first object which catches his fiery eye. The utmost coolness and courage is requisite on the part of the picador. As the bull plunges towards his horse with head bent almost to earth, the wary horseman meets the attack by burying the sharp pointed lance to its utmost depth (only three quarters of an inch) into the shoulder of the animal, which generally causes it to retreat ; if fierce and daring, the bull will return again and again to the charge, and even change his point of attack—then all the skill of the picador is called into action, while the address and activity of the footmen are of the first importance to his safety. A picador seldom has less than three horses killed under him in the course of his tour of combat. As often as he is placed '*hors de combat*,' another comes to his relief, while he accomplishes his remount. When the bull seems to have lost half his native strength under the arm of the picador, the trumpet sounds for the retreat of the horsemen ; and the unfortunate animal is left to the *banderalleros*, who with great skill and bravery execute the hazardous feat of placing their darts in his flesh, on the neck and shoulders ; this requires the greatest activity of foot, quickness of eye, and firmness of nerve. When a bull is torpid the horrible trial of fire is resorted to. Hollow darts, in the tube of which portfire is lodged, ignite on pressure, and communicate with a train of fire-works attached : these being stuck into various parts of the animal's body, the noise of their explosion, added to the smart of his many bleeding wounds, and that of the falling fire-sparks, drive the distracted beast for a time to a state of ungovernable madness, which exhausted nature cannot long sustain, and it is succeeded by stupor.

At this juncture the trumpet once more sounds—the matador enters—he places his cap, with a most profound bow, on the floor of the arena, kisses the handle of the sword (which is formed like a cross), and

proceeds to his awful task. This is the most serious part of the fête, yet from being so, loses much of the interest which the former bustling, battling scenes excited.

The matador cautiously approaches the bull, waving his little red flag across his eyes; feeble, and exhausted as the animal has become from its former exertions, its native courage appears to revive, and it makes a desperate struggle to meet this last enemy—with closed eyes and lowered snout, it rushes on the swordsman, who, dexterously avoids the shock by substituting the flag for his person, baffling the bull's rage by the trick; again and again this manœuvre is practised, the matador so contriving his movements as to keep the bull to a constantly rotatory motion for a few minutes, then watching the precise moment of his delirium, he presents the fatal point directly to the vital part, and once more exciting the bull's attention by the rustling flag before his dim and fading vision, the animal makes his final plunge, the keen blade is sheathed in his spine, and down he sinks in death.

Having thus rather tediously detailed the whole ceremony of the *Fiesta de Toros*, from the first assembling of the company to the catastrophe of the scene, the reader will the better understand the perilous part borne in one of those barbarous encounters, by a Personage for whose history curiosity had been some years before so strongly excited.

Amongst the crowd of rank and title attendant on the royal pair at this grand festival, one individual who, unnobled and untitled, bore no other name than *Don Manoel* (or, as he was familiarly termed by his royal mistress and her obsequious satellites *Manoelito**), evidently basked in the sunshine of royal favour; he stood rather at the left side, than behind the chair of her majesty Maria Louisa, with the white wand of office, and richly embroidered dress of one of the chamberlains of the palace; on his coat-sleeves he bore the two distinguished bars of a lieutenant-colonel, which military rank he was evidently proud to display, the profession of arms being considered in itself noble, and entitling its members to aspire to the hand of the child of the first grandee in the land; an honour to which the opulent merchant, or rich but entitled landowner, would in vain seek by the influence of wealth and independence.

This Cavalier was above the middle height, graceful and dignified in person, a countenance in which were combined all the manlier beauties, with the most seducing sweetness of expression, his luxuriant hair floated in short natural ringlets, bright as polished jet, over his fine expressive brow, as he bent the head in fond, but respectful attention to the remarks which his royal mistress from time to time deigned to direct to his peculiar ear.

Between the chairs of the royal pair, and about a pace out of the line, stood the proud Godoy; his even then fine face, and majestic figure, set off by the most splendid attire, called forth marks of reluctant praise; various were the surmises of the provincials as to the name and quality of the new favourite; and while every glass was directed to the royal box, admiration of the stranger fell from every tongue. At length the audible whisper—"El Prisquero!"—"El Hermoso Americana de la

* The endearing diminutive of Manoel.

Antorcha!"*—was buzzed from box to box. The cavalier blushed as he saw himself the object of such general attention, yet secretly exulted in the triumph ; while his still more gratified mistress bestowed new marks of freedom on her minion.

That tender intimacy which had for years subsisted between Godoy and the Queen, had long since yielded to other feelings : jealous control on his side over her conduct, and an impatient dependence on his power (the parent of hatred) on that of her majesty. It has often been insinuated, but, perhaps, on no just foundation, that he held her majesty's life in his hands, by the possession of some documents which she would have given worlds to recal ; be that as it may, he knew her majesty's temperament too well to look with too scrupulous an eye on the minions of her depravity ; so long as they were his obsequious slaves, every new favourite added an additional link to the chain in which he held his royal victim. Charles IV., himself a man of coarse and violent animal passions, was little observant of those domestic decorums, which alone could entitle him to the right of complaint, or the sympathy of his subjects ; never were the king and queen of any country more universally unpopular out of that vicious circle by which they surrounded themselves.

Don Manoel had now been seven years in Spain, and nearly five at the court of Madrid ; he arrived with the sentence of the Inquisition hanging over his head, which doomed him to a cruel and ignominious death ; yet was his very crime the means of his salvation ! and instead of being burned at the stake, (the death so mercifully assigned to him by the holy office,) the first week after his arrival he found himself not only pardoned, but under the fond, especial favour of the Queen of the Two Worlds ! It is time, however, to indulge the reader's curiosity.

Don Manoel Maldonado, the only son of the chief secretary to the viceroy of Peru, was born at Lima in the year 1778 ; his mother was a European. The youth was intended for the service of the church, but from his earliest years betrayed such a spirit of gallantry, and attachment to the gaieties of life, as destroyed the hopes of his bigotted parents of ever binding him down to the rigours of monastic discipline. At the age of fourteen he was placed under the charge of his uncle the Patriarch of Peru, and grand prior of the convent of the Iglesia Alto,† also at Lima ; for nearly two years the wild impatient boy was doomed to rigid seclusion from all the pleasures of youth ; on the Easter and Christmas visitations of his ecclesiastical superior and relative to the various convents of nuns, the young Manoel was one of his attendants, and marched in procession, swinging the incense vase, and chaunting with the choir ; on one of these occasions, a dart from Cupid's bow (shot from the dark eye of a lovely Limaña, as it peeped through the close grating which adjoins the elevated altar) banished for ever from his amorous heart the thoughts of monkish life. Having found means to communicate, first by signs and then by billet, with the object of his half-defined attachment, he formed the desperate scheme of eloping from his sacred prison, and effecting an entrance into that which held the nun in equally-detested bondage. He was then scarcely sixteen,

* "The Prisoner!"—"The handsome American of the *Antorcha!*"

† High-Church.

slight in make, delicate and feminine in face and appearance, flexible and active as the insidious snake. All depended on the management of his first attempt, but he boldly embarked on his dangerous adventure, determined on success or death! During the distribution of the daily dole to the poor at the outer gate, at day-break, he fled from his convent unobserved, and instantly repaired to that of his (almost unknown) beloved one, into which he found means to insinuate himself, by a feat which not one in a million could attempt with any hope of success.

His enamorata, as he was apprized, was one of the two nuns on duty that morning, in the pious work of alms-giving. These (consisting of provisions, clothes, &c.) are placed on a kind of boxed turnstile which, revolving on its pivot, is turned outwards liberally stored, and returned back with the emptied vessels. Into this machine young Manoel contrived to screw* himself, and on his arrival inside, was released with silent demonstrations of joy by his beloved, assisted by a saintly sister. Having provided a suit of their own costume, they equipped the panting boy, and instantly hurried him off to their cell. Such a prize to the community, could not long be kept a secret, and the ingenuity of the whole sisterhood was, for upwards of two months, successfully exerted to conceal their general treasure: but, alas! a dreadful discovery dispelled this dream of transient felicity; natural proofs of the intrusion of an unhallowed visitor, struck the eye, while it wrung the heart, of the holy mother abbess! The Patriarch was apprized of the horrid scandal; the nuns were locked up in separate cells; the familiars of the holy office entered on their task, with blood-thirsty zeal; and the luckless Manoel, dragged forth from his hiding place, soon found a living tomb in the deepest dungeon of the Inquisition!

Had he only murdered his parents, fired the city, or blown up the arsenal, some claim to mercy might have been advanced on the score of youthful levity; but to violate the sanctity of a nunnery! was an offence, for the punishment of which even the most cruel, lingering, and horrid death was deemed inadequate!

Arraigned before the dread and secret tribunal, the unfortunate Manoel found his ghostly uncle the most inflexible of his persecutors: an appeal to the mercy of his judges he saw was useless; so the youth resigned himself to a fate which appeared inevitable, nor deigned to beg a life which he no longer thought worth the possession. His parents, however, whose influence in the state was powerful, obtained a suspension of the execution of his sentence, until it had been confirmed by the grand inquisition in the mother country, pending which, a strong appeal was made by his distracted mother to the mercy of the queen. Two years passed before the horrid monotony of his unvaried life of woe was broken. Days and nights rolled on, to him equally undistinguished; the cheerful light of heaven never having penetrated the gloom of his deep and dreary cell since the first hour of his entombment! when, at length, (after a period, according to his reckoning of countless years, but in reality only two) his dungeon door was opened,

* The same feat was said to be performed by a British officer in Portugal; but as the French officers had previously dissolved the charm which bound in chains the portress of the gates, the gay and gallant guardsman (Dan M'K——) might have walked quietly in at the great door: he was an *artiste* in gymnastics, however, and the feat gave him something to boast of.

and he was led forth, but whether to life or death, he knew not. The balmy breeze from his native mountains once more breathed on his faded cheeks; his feet once more pressed the light and springing soil; the love of life revived within his sunken heart! He was hurried on board ship, and heard the orders given to sail that very hour.

Once out of sight of the land of his birth, "a change came o'er the spirit" of his captivity; his fetters were removed; clothes, linen, books, and his guitar, were furnished to him; a ready obedience was shewn to attend to all his wishes; but the commander impressed on him the necessity of *silence* (beyond the mere expression of his wants);—chains and close confinement were threatened as the inevitable penalty of disobedience to that order! It was in this state of miserable exclusion from all social converse, as a criminal, under sentence of death, the reader first beheld the interesting Manoel on board the Antorcha in the Bay of Cadiz!

On the third night after his arrival in the old world, he was removed on shore (with the same mystery which attended his entrance on board the vessel), accompanied by the commander, who, having placed him in a close carriage with two persons (armed), he bade him a kind adieu!

The journey lasted eight days, during which he was never left a moment to himself; his companions were equally silent and uncommunicative as those he had so lately left; and it was not until a week after his arrival at the capital, that the first bright glimpse of the joys of life, of hope, and love, cheered his almost broken spirit! He had been elegantly lodged; indulged with every luxury his taste suggested: one irksome restraint alone existed;—he was still a prisoner! On the seventh evening, the deep silence of his apartment was broken by the sudden, yet cautious entrance into it by a secret door of a lady whose dress and deportment marked her as being a person of superior distinction. Having for some moments surveyed the captive with looks of pity (mingled with such strong emotions of a warmer passion, as caused a crimson tide to dye the clear olive cheek of the unsophisticated youth), she occupied the chair which he, with peculiar grace had placed for her on her entrance, standing, himself, in distant and respectful admiration. The lady asked with an evident degree of inquietude—"Dost thou know me, youth?"—"No, Madam!" answered the blushing Manoel: "but it would not become the humble slave of an unhappy destiny, the poor criminal Manoel, to sit in such a presence!—had my fortune been cast in a happier lot, here could I pay the homage of my duty, and, as your faithful servant, devote my poor life to your commands!" The lady, astonished at the fervency of his language, asked herself the question—Can I have been betrayed?—reason answered No!—for up to the very moment of executing her purpose, the intended visit was known but to herself alone: "Take courage, my son," (said the lady) "you are no longer a criminal!—No longer a prisoner! To-morrow's light shall see your pardon sealed! The Queen, my gracious mistress!—has heard your story: she pities!—she forgives you: as a mother, she has granted a fond mother's petition! Nay, your future fame, your fortune, your life, depend on your discretion; let not one word of this visit ever escape your lips—farewell!" She held out her hand, which the youth on bended knee seized, and, while bathing it with tears of joy and gratitude, almost devoured it with kisses! The lady lingered; she raised him from his humble posture—and in another

moment he felt himself locked in the embrace of his unknown benefactress!

The lady, whose kindness renewed life's charter to the grateful Manoel, although considerably above forty, bore a prepossessing appearance, but in his eyes she appeared an angel; it should, however, be recollected, that she was the first of her sex with whom the warm, impassioned boy had conversed, since his expulsion from the paradise of the convent, his raptures therefore were natural enough at his period of life.

The following morning's first light saw Don Manoel on his road to the Escorial, attended by two servants, who appeared ready to anticipate his wants and wishes. Arrived within the gloomy gates of that little world of masonry and window, the thoughts of the church, the shaven crown, and sable robe, once more cast a gloom over his handsome countenance; but it was as the fleeting cloud passing over the brilliant sun; for the lively remarks of his attendants soon convinced him that his mode of life was to be any thing but one of monastic seclusion. He was conducted into a suite of comfortable apartments, amongst the several thousands which this vast pile contains; and informed that horses for exercise were at all times at his command—that he had but to name his wishes for ought he might require, whether for improvement or for pleasure, and they should be complied with. Such a change in his fate would have turned the brain of the delighted youth, did not the horrors of his two years' solitary confinement perpetually flit before his memory with dreadful recollections, and act as a rebuking monitor to his vanity and his passions. Two years passed away in this state of uninterrupted pleasure; his tutelar divinity visited him at intervals; but he could not fail to observe that immediately before her arrivals and departure, means were taken by his attendants to confine him to the remote corner of the quadrangle in which apartments had been assigned to him. He became perfect in the accomplishments of riding, fencing, and dancing, nor was he inattentive to the pleasures to be derived from reading: he had long since shaken off the cumbrous rust of his early education, and indulged in the full range of history and modern literature. At length, at the end of these two years of probation, it was announced to him that he had been honoured with the appointment of one of the Chamberlains of the Palace through the intercession of his patroness, and his immediate appearance at the court of Madrid became necessary. He was accordingly conducted with secrecy to the capital, and re-lodged in his former apartments, which, to his amazement, he discovered were a portion of the Royal Palace; he found his splendid uniform already prepared. On the appointed day, the handsome Manoel, with palpitating heart, attended on the nobleman who was to honour him with an introduction to the Prince of Peace—he trembled with an indefinable feeling of terror as that all-powerful minister scanned with piercing eye his whole person and appearance: his fears, however, vanished, as the prince, with that appearance of warm kindness, which he could so well assume, presented him with the massy golden key, and ivory wand, those badges of his courtly office, and directed him to follow in his train to the grand saloon, to kneel before his sovereign and the queen. While endeavouring to collect his agitated senses for the new and dazzling scene in which he had to perform a part, one of the

pages of the Duchess of A——a, the name assumed by his patroness, stole beside him, and pressed into his hand a scrap of paper, on which he read—

**"Prove yourself deserving a QUEEN'S affections,
"BE FIRM OR PERISH!"**

concealing the paper in his bosom, he almost blindly followed in the Prince's cortège, bewildered in conjectures; and when at last led into the royal presence, his heart almost burst its mortal bounds when he beheld in the person of the queen, his loved, his honoured, his adored protector! The words "*Be firm, or perish!*" recalled that undaunted courage, of which no man possessed more; and with respectful dignity, and self-possession, he knelt before his Majesty to kiss his extended hand. But when he turned towards the Queen, the exquisite grace and deep-blushing humility with which he pressed his lips upon her snowy fingers;* and the unequalled elegance with which he made his retiring obeisance, raised a murmur of approbation throughout the crowded and gorgeous apartment.

His future discretion was equal to his good fortune; he never lost a particle of the royal favour by any act of levity; while his policy (must it be added servility?) towards the haughty Godoy, gained his powerful friendship, and he was considered as one of the most devoted creatures of his patronage. It was not until the occasion of the grand bull feast at Cadiz that the jealousy of the prince was roused; not as regarded any remains of passion which the queen might be supposed still to entertain or to inspire, but from the growing favour of the king.

On the third and last day of the festival an event occurred which accelerated Don Manoel's fall, although for the moment it placed him on a dazzling elevation.

Towards the close of the sports, a bull, whose fierceness and activity had spread terror in the arena, had for some time reigned undisputed monarch of the circus! The daring Pepe de Xeres, commonly called "*El Coxo*" (from his lameness), one of the most desperate of picadors, had been borne insensible from the ring, having been overthrown, and only saved by the skilful manœuvres of the footmen; the next in succession for the attack, the veteran Pedro Ortiz, of equal boldness and celebrity, shared a similar fate! But one picador remained to sustain the honour of the circus, the undaunted Jose Colchado, the boast of the mañolos of Madrid; after performing prodigies of valour, an unlucky elip of his horse threw him on the body of the bull, but providentially so close to the partition as to enable the anxious spectators of his peril, on the front rows, to grasp him in their arms, but not without serious injury, having had several of his ribs broken, and his coarse but manly face disfigured by the loss of the whole of his front teeth.

The furious animal now trampled about the circus unopposed, bel-
lowing a horrid defiance: it was yet too vigorous to allow of the attack of the banderalleros. The manager was in despair—the spectators impatient—that peculiar clap of the hand, which is the signal of disapprobation, thundered round the vast circle; at this instant the Cavalier who stood on the left of the queen was seen to stoop to his royal mistress's ear, whose nod appeared to give assent to his request. He suddenly

* The hand and arm of the Queen Maria Louisa were of such exquisite beauty and symmetry, that she constantly kept one or other arm uncovered to display it.

disappeared from the royal box, and in a few minutes, the gates of the circus flying open, revealed to the gaze of the astonished multitude the handsome chamberlain in his rich costume, mounted on one of the horses of the guards, his wand of office exchanged for the ponderous lance. He entered the arena with looks of confidence; his fine formed limbs had no protection whatever, he was thus placed at fearful odds with his dread antagonist; cries of "*Hay! qui lastima! una sacrificio!*"* were heard from the females, while the cheering shouts of "*Valiente cavellero!*"† burst from the admiring host of male spectators. Don Manoel had just time to take up his position, when the raging animal rushed on him with all his collected fury. An almost universal shriek followed; but the undismayed cavalier met his fierce assailant with such dreadful precision on his lance's point, as to bury it in an already gaping wound, and send the monster reeling on his haunches, trembling with pain and rage! He however quickly returned to the attack; but his approach was now slow and cautious: at length he made his bound; and at that critical moment, the bandage slipping from the eyes of the cavalier's horse, the affrighted beast wheeling suddenly, fled from his grim assailant; he was already at the verge of the circus, with the horns of the bull in his vitals. Another moment would have been fatal to horse and rider, when the cavalier whirling his spear in the air, brought round its point, and resigning the reins for the instant, wheeling round in his saddle, aimed a deadly thrust at the bull. A lucky chance awaited this desperate effort, the lance's point fixed itself in the nape of the animal's neck, and inflicted a new and horrid wound, which once more forced it to retire. The acclamations were astounding, and shouts of "*Basta, basta! no mas, no mas!*"‡ resounded from all quarters; but the cavalier, who seemed to have set his life upon the cast, quickly adjusted the bandage over his almost expiring horse's eyes, and adopted the dangerous step of advancing towards the maddened animal, into the very center of the arena. His horse already tottered; his own silken-bound limbs were steeped in the poor animal's gore; but still untouched in person, firm and undaunted in purpose, he bore himself like a hero! The momentary prayers of thousands were put up for his safety! the panting bull, instead of facing his bold adversary, kept retiring with low and hollow bellowings, pawing the earth, as if collecting his remaining strength. Meanwhile the fixed and darkling eye of the cavalier was never for a moment removed from the lance's point. An awful pause of a few seconds gave a deeper interest to the scene, when on rushed the bull in furious desperation, burying his horns in the chest of the horse! he was, however, at the same moment himself fixed on the unerring lance of the bold cavalier! Neither yielded; the bull, exerting all its strength, absolutely raised the horse from the ground, when his rider throwing forward his entire weight, and giving the full force of his arm to his lance, hurled the bull to earth, bleeding and subdued! In this last and crowning effort his lance was shattered; and as he waved its fragments over his victorious head, the foundation of the vast building shook with the thunder of applause. He was led in triumph to the gates, where his horse, no longer able to sustain him, resigned his life in the circus. The conquered bull lay gasping on the

* Ah! what a pity! a sacrifice! † Brave cavalier!

‡ Enough, enough! no more, no more!

earth, never more to rise ; the matador, scorning to stain his sword with a fallen foe, waved it over his bleeding front, and retired, leaving the dying animal to end his sufferings under the stiletto of one of the attendants of the ring. Thus concluded the *Royal Fiesto de Toros of Cadiz in 180—!*

At the drawing-room held that night Don Manoel received from the hands of the King the small cross of Charles the Third, and the rank of colonel, as the reward of his bravery ! His royal mistress in secret presented him with some valuable tokens of her increased admiration ; even Godoy affected to rejoice in this sudden tide of prosperity, and his conduct every day led the generous, unsuspecting Don Manoel to reject the advice which those who really loved and respected him suggested.

One evening, in the month of November following the above events, while sitting in his apartment alone, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fortune," occasionally striking the chords of his guitar, the door which led into his apartment (and which *one person* alone had ever entered) silently turned on its hinges ; but instead of *that* being, who to him at least was all gentleness and love, appeared four men, masked and cloaked, with stiletto in hand, who suddenly sprung upon him and thrust a handkerchief into his mouth, proceeded to bind his arms, then placing a bandage over his eyes, they hurried him away, whither he was quite unconscious.

Placed in a roomy carriage with his four conductors, two of whom he felt sat before, and one on each side of him, after half an hour's travelling, the spokesman of the party gave orders for the removal of the bandages from his mouth and eyes, and also the binding of his arms to be relaxed, adding—" *Silence or Death !*" A little before dawn the coach arrived at its place of destination, which he found was an ancient building situated at the foot of the Guadarama mountains. Here he was ushered into an apartment with only one aperture for light or air, strongly secured by iron gratings : a bedstead, a table, and one chair, was all the furniture it boasted. Here he was for a time left to his reflections : that they were such as almost to overwhelm his reason may be inferred. What a melancholy reverse in his fortune ! In a few hours a strange person entered, in whom he saw his jailer ; and who placed before him a good breakfast of chocolate, and furnished his bedstead with mattress and clothes, then retired ; towards evening his jailer returned, and found his prisoner locked in sleep, so deep and so profound, that he did not disturb him, but removing his untasted breakfast, placed a bell with a lighted lamp upon the table, and quietly withdrew. Delicious dreams had cheated the imagination of the unfortunate captive : and the dread reality seemed itself a dream, when, as starting from his bed, he saw the light of his solitary lamp barely breaking the gloom of his wretched prison !—

"Reflection came, with all her busy train,
Swell'd at his heart, and turn'd the past to pain."

Night afforded him no repose ; the strength of tired nature had been restored by his refreshing day-sleep ; and the long and silent hours were spent in unavailing lamentations ! Two days thus passed, without the infliction of personal injury or insult, but, on the contrary, the most respectful, though silent attention on the part of his jailer, Don Manoel ventured to cherish a hope of better fortune. On the third day

his guard entered and presented a letter, in a well-known hand, on reading which, he pressed it to his lips, and while the big round tear rolled down his manly cheek, he fell on his knees, exclaiming, "Bless her! bless her!" His jailer motioned him to follow—need it be told how quickly he obeyed the hint?—in a quarter of an hour he was on the road, and that night at eleven, he found himself re-established in his apartments! At midnight he received a visit from one too loving—too much beloved! who unfolded to his astonished ear a tale of treachery—Godoy, the false Godoy, had doomed him to ruin! Banishment from Spain, was the only condition on which his royal mistress could obtain a promise of his life; a few brief hours would sever them for ever! even the moments of this her parting visit were numbered! she hung round his neck her own picture, richly set with large brilliants, and bestowing one long, long and tender embrace, while her falling tears bedewed his face, she tore herself away from the only being she ever loved!*

At an early hour in the morning, Don Manoel received an order to attend the levee of Godoy; on his entrance he was received by that prince of hypocrites with every demonstration of the warmest regard, and complimented by his Highness and by his circle of sycophants on his appointment to a command in one of the most remote colonies, with the rank of Brigadier-General. The officers of his staff were announced to be in waiting, and it was intimated that his departure for the port of Cadiz must be immediate! His majesty and the queen had left Madrid for Aranjuez, the ceremony of leave-taking was therefore dispensed with.

Don Manoel seeing it in vain to struggle against his adverse fortune, submitted with the best grace his agonized heart would admit, and with dissembled gratitude and respect bent before his stern oppressor, while his daring soul burned to avenge his wrongs! * * *

St. G.

MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, AND MR. EDWARD CLARKSON.

THE recent publication of a most extraordinary pamphlet, entitled "Robert Montgomery and his Reviewers," by an individual who rejoices in the name of Edward Clarkson, has revived a question which we thought the Edinburgh Review had effectually disposed of. This question is—Is Mr. Robert Montgomery the first poet of his age? The Edinburgh Review says, No. Mr. E. Clarkson says, Yes. The former authority assures us that the author of *Satan* is an immeasurably over-rated writer, the cherished offspring of bombast, self-conceit, and quackery: the latter, that he is "the new Star in the East to harbinger the hoped-for epoch of religious philosophy"—that his "didactic poetry forms a new era"—that he "breathes the ether of loftier sentiments than suit the marsh miasma of certain literary coteries"—that the "mountain air to which the broad sail-vans of his eagle wings ascend, is such an atmosphere as the measured and measuring materialism of Utilitarian literature cannot breathe in and live"!!!!—that he is the "first

* The old Duchess of O——, who had for years enjoyed the queen's confidence, declared to the writer (many years after these events) that if the heart of her majesty ever entertained the sentiment of love, unmixed with grosser passions, Don Manoel alone could claim the merit of exciting it.

heliacal emersion of a new poetical star from the lower belt of the vulgar horizon"!!!!—that he ranks in the same class with Campbell and Rogers, with this trifling difference in his favour, that he is sublime, while they are merely polished and beautiful!!!!—and, above all, that his *Satan* is a "deeply-reasoned abstraction, logically and metaphysically consistent;" while Milton's hero is "too elevated in his pride, and too godlike in his sublimity;" Marlowe's Mephistophiles, "coarse, vulgar, and harmless;" Goëthe's, "a devilish sceptic;" and Lord Byron's, "a spirit dephlogisticated of his vulgar elementary flames and innocent of bad intentions"!!!!!!

On reading all this trash, which is meant, we suppose, as a sample of fine writing, the first question that naturally suggests itself is—Who is Mr. Clarkson? We will "elucidate," as *Charles Surface* says. Mr. Clarkson (*vide* his title-page) is the author of Lectures on the Pyramids and Hieroglyphical Language, delivered in Scott's Hall, in 1811, and published in the *Classical Journal*; of an Essay on the Portland Vase, subject Pluto—[hence, we suppose, arises his predilection for Satan]—and of a novel entitled "*Herwald de Wake*," which we once remember to have seen priced on a book-stall at nine-pence—a sum not more than three-pence probably above its real value. Thus variously accomplished, but at the same time not content with the snug, quiet, domestic fame he must already have secured by his lucubrations, Mr. Clarkson has thought proper still further to increase that fame by coming forward in the present pamphlet, and running a tilt against all who may be hardy enough to question the poetic supremacy of the new "heliacal emersion." His courage is more to be commended than his modesty—with which latter qualification, indeed, if we may judge from the profuse quotations he makes from his own writings, he must have but a distant acquaintance—and will have this bad effect on Mr. R. Montgomery's reputation, that it will mix it up with strange associations of the burlesque, and induce his reviewers to distrust more than ever that genius which has so bewildered the reasoning faculties of the Lecturer on the Hieroglyphic Language.

There is nothing so embarrassing to an author, who would wish to rank as the Milton of his age, as a critic of Mr. Clarkson's way of thinking. The bombastic eulogiums of such a man are loads that "would sink a navy." Mr. R. Montgomery and Mr. E. Clarkson! Singular but unavoidable association of names! The one henceforth will as naturally suggest the other, as that high-flown gent. Bottom the weaver suggests the recollection of the ass's head! Had the Lecturer on the Pyramids never published his present pamphlet, we should never have published our present remarks. We should have left the subject of them to sink or swim, as the case might happen, in the full conviction that his genius would soon find its level. But the pamphlet before us has wholly altered our intentions. Disgusted with its nauseous tone of flattery—with its pedantry, its conceit, its ignorance, its more than Milesian effrontery—with its habit of every where mistaking rant, fustian, and extravagance for vigour of mind, and grandeur of expression, we are reluctantly forced into the arena of controversy. If, therefore, our remarks on his various productions give pain to Mr. Montgomery, we cannot help it: it is not our fault, it is his critic who is solely to blame—and this to a serious extent—in having thrust him before the public as the first poet of his age, and thereby compelled us

to break a silence which, God knows! we would most willingly have preserved.

The first poems which Mr. Montgomery published, and the memory of which his critic has most unwisely revived, were two satires, entitled *The Age Reviewed*, and *The Puffiad*. The former, Mr. Clarkson compares in "its fierce vituperation to Juvenal, and in its style to Young;" the latter he asserts may be likened to some of "the lighter censures of Horace in its playful range, and in its mock heroism to the *Dunciad*." He adds, that "it is pointed and epigrammatic; the wit is sharp, and the thought is weighty, but, like Young, it plays chiefly on the surface of action." The idea of weighty thought playing on the surface of action, reminds us of a leaden bullet playing on the surface of the water! "The verse," he goes on to say, "is terse, and the imagery and metaphors are appropriately adapted to the subject." Of the *Age Reviewed*, the same discriminating critic assures us, that in "the denouncing intensity and fiery energy of the sentiments which gild its somewhat dislocated fragments, and in the *eloquium canorum* of its full-toned and flowing versification, it bears away the palm from Lord Byron's English Bards." This is high praise; let us see how it is borne out. The following extracts, taken indiscriminately from the *Age Reviewed* and the *Puffiad*, will enable the reader to judge for himself. They are put forth by Mr. Clarkson himself, in justification of the above opinions. Alluding to foreigners, Mr. Montgomery says,—

" 'Woe,' cries Britannia, sovereign of the sea,
 'How sinecures and Germans plunder me;
 Wet-nurse for aliens and their *toading* trains,
 I waste my mint and desolate my plains;
 While *beastly* eunuchs, if they twirl and squall,
 Pipe on the stage, or *straddle* at a ball.' "

Of politicians, he observes,—

"Yes, every blockhead born to clean the mews,
 To patch our breeches, and to mend our shoes,
 Cocks his *pert* eye, uplifts his pompous brow,
 And dubs himself a politician now.
 Go, dip your *nasty* quills in Grub Street mire,
 Traduce for malice, and lampoon for hire,
 Cling to the cursed columns that ye scrawl,
 Like bloated beetles on a slime-licked wall."

The expressions "beastly eunuchs"—"cocks his eye"—"patch our breeches"—"straddle at a ball"—are certainly uncommonly like Young and Horace, the former especially!

Of a country gentleman in the House of Commons, Mr. Montgomery gives a singularly Byronian portrait, to say nothing of its elegance:

"Hark, how his leathern lungs, like bellows pant,
 Heave the big speech, and puff it out in cant;
 See how he licks his tooth and screws his eye,
 And twists and twirls his thumb—he can't tell why.
 Like *Pythia* perched upon a *Delphic* stool,
 He writhes and wriggles—till his mouth is full,
 And then unloads a heap of stubborn stuff,
 Till coughs proclaim the House has had enough;
 Then down he sits with aching sides and bones,
 Just like a hog convulsed with grunts and groans."

Gentle reader, pray admire, we conjure you, the exquisitely classical and graceful manner in which our satirist has here compared a fat country gentleman, who licks his teeth and screws his eye, to the female priestess of Apollo, under the influence of poetic and oracular inspiration! Observe, also, the refined taste which likens the same gentleman at the same period of time to a hog! A hog and a priestess! Happy association of ideas! No wonder, Mr. Clarkson was smitten with their "denouncing intensity!"

Describing a dandy, Mr. Montgomery tells us,—

"A porkish whiteness pales his plastic skin,
And muslin halters hold the pimpled chin;
A goatish thing, he lives on ogling eyes,
On scented handkerchiefs, and maiden sighs."

This, we suppose, is what Mr. Clarkson means by the "*eloquium canorum*, the full-toned flowing versification," which bears away the palm from Byron. Its ease—its melody—its eloquence are indeed superlative! The idea of a dandy living, by way of poetic food, on a pocket-handkerchief, is matchless! Then, too, the "porkish whiteness!" Mr. Clarkson, no doubt, thinks this quite Juvenalian. He is mistaken. It is the description—not of a satirist, but a butcher.

Of the Opera, we are informed that—

"Bedaubed with paint, here jewelled heads compose
Their pustuled persons in the steamy rows;
Pile luscious fancies on transparent limbs,
Move with each form, and languish as it swims."

The above extracts, we must repeat, are not our own, but Mr. Clarkson's selections. They are quoted by that gentleman himself as samples of the "*eloquium canorum*" and "denouncing intensity" of Mr. Montgomery's satire. By this time, however, the reader is of a different opinion. Instead of vigour of thought and energy of expression, he has doubtless seen nothing but beastliness—absurdity—down-right blackguardism—vapid imitations of Churchill in his vulgarest and most drunken moments—the spirit of Zoilus poured forth in the dialect of Thersites. Compare such a scribbler with Horace, Juvenal, or Byron, indeed! The bare idea is revolting, and nothing but the inordinate length of Mr. Clarkson's ears can excuse it. Vigour of thought is far—very far removed from beastliness of expression. It is not an acquaintance with slang dictionaries alone that perfects the satirist. Strength of mind—loftiness of idea—pungency of wit—power of expression, that power which shews itself not in ranting and exaggerated language, but in a calm, easy, unforced, and natural style—these, combined with a just appreciation of what is due to man, his weakness and his worth—these, Mr. Clarkson, are what form the perfect satirist. These, Sir, are what we respect in Juvenal, and love in Horace. Compare the scribbler of the *Age Reviewed* and *Puffiad* with these great and matured intellects! Fie, fie, Mr. Clarkson, the very devil who carried you your proof sheets could have corrected you, had you taken advantage of his superior sagacity!

We proceed to the *Omnipresence of the Deity*. This poem, which was the first that rendered Mr. Montgomery notorious, was published a few months subsequently to his *Age Reviewed* and *Puffiad*. Having failed to eclipse Juvenal, he imagined probably that he might have better success

with Milton. Encouraged accordingly by the success of Pollock's *Course of Time* (which unostentatiously, and without puffing, has reached a ninth edition), he resolved to take the Deity under his protection, in the same way as, in order to strike a balance between the two powers, he has since taken the Devil. His previous poetical efforts, as the reader cannot fail to have observed, admirably qualified him for this new task. The difference between a coarse, vulgar satire upon opera-dancers, dandies, and so forth, and a poem on so overwhelming a subject as the "Omnipresence of the Deity," is so trifling; the intellect requisite to ensure success in both cases is so similar in its kind, that no wonder Mr. Montgomery, who had shone in the one, fancied himself equally well qualified to shine in the other! On the appearance of this new poem, every engine was put in motion that might possibly lift it above its level. One reviewer asserted that it entitled its author to a tomb in Westminster Abbey; another that it was replete with Miltonic sublimity; a third, that it was the finest production that had appeared in England since—the Lord knows when. In consequence of such sickening adulation, the poem rose rapidly into notice, or to adopt Mr. Clarkson's phraseology, soared like the "heliacal emersion of a new star from the lower belt of the vulgar horizon." Its author's age—a fact which was artfully trumpeted about—induced the public to overlook its defects, nay, even to discover hidden beauties beneath them. All that was unintelligible was pronounced sublime: all that was extravagant, picturesque. Insanity was styled imagination, and stark-staring nonsense a profound spirit of holiness. The saints, in particular, were in extasies. A new Shiloh, they exclaimed, had arisen among them; and more than one soft, fat, elderly spinster was heard to speak in raptures of "the miraculous Mr. Montgomery." Yet what, after all—viewed in an impartial spirit—are the real intrinsic merits of the "Omnipresence?" Our readers shall judge for themselves. The poem opens with the following lines:—

"Thou Uncreate, Unseen, and Undefined!
Source of all life, and Fountain of the mind!
Pervading Spirit! whom no eye can trace;
Felt through all time, and working in all space;
Imagination cannot paint that spot,
Around—above—beneath—where thou art not."

The two last lines are clearly superfluous. If the Spirit of the Deity works in all space, what occasion is there to tell us, in the very next couplet, that imagination cannot paint the spot where it is not? The lines are mere sound: nothing more.

"But all was silent as a world of dead,
Till the great deep her living swarms outspread;
Forth from her teeming bosom sudden came
Immingled monsters, mighty, without name;
Then *plumy* tribes winged into being *there*—"

Where?—upon the great deep, we presume—

"And played their gleamy pinions on the air;
Till thick as dews upon a twilight green,
Earth's living creatures rose upon the *scene*."

The meaning of this passage—if it possess a meaning—is, that the world was silent till the great deep outspread her swarms; when, sud-

denly, *plummy* tribes (fish, of course) winged into being there (upon the deep), till earth's creatures—donkies, to wit—geese, foxes, bull-dogs, eagles, lions, &c. &c.—rose thick as dews upon a twilight green. Very like dews, indeed!—

“ And thus thou wert, and art, the fountain-soul,
And countless worlds around thee live and roll;
In sun and shade, in ocean and in air,
Diffused, though never lessened, *every where*.”

All this has been told us twice already in the very first six lines.

“ Lord of all being! where can fancy fly,
To what far realms unmeasured by thine eye,
Where dwell'st thou not?—the boundless-viewless one.”

A fourth repetition, slightly varied, of the first six lines.

“ How did thy Presence *smite* all Israel's eye,
Flashed backward by the gleams of Deity!”

To *smite* a nation's eye, is an expression that even the utmost licence of poetry can scarcely allow. It is very like giving Israel a black eye. No wonder that it instantly flashed backward.

“ For Thee, whose hidden but supreme control
Moves through the world, a universal soul.”—

A fifth repetition of the first six lines!

“ The mercy-fountains of divinity
Now stream through all with vigour, full and free,
As if unloosened from their living source,
To carry with them spring's creative force.”

Here is a sonorous farrago of words! The mercy-fountains of divinity stream through all (through all what?)—as if to carry with them spring's creative force. Where—to whom—or to what are they to carry this creative force? What is the new “*heliacal emersion*” talking about? Can any one of his admirers tell? Can he tell himself?

“ The boughs hang glittering in their locks of green,
The meadow-minstrels carol to the scene.”

By “*meadow-minstrels*,” Mr. Montgomery of course means birds. Yet what have birds to do with meadows, any more than with mountains, glens, woods, moors, or vallies? The epithet, is lax, and incomplete.

“ Ye mountain-piles, *earth's monuments to heaven*!—”

Sheer nonsense! Earth did not rear these monuments to heaven; it was heaven, rather, that reared them—

“ Around whose tops the giddy storms are driven,
When like an ermine-pall the black cloud broods
In misty swell upon your solitudes;
E'er since your giant brows have dared the sky,
Almighty Majesty has lingered by!”

Really, this is wondrous information! Then for its elevation of thought, who would imagine that a passage with such a grandiloquent opening

as "Ye mountain-piles, earth's monuments to heaven," would end with so tame and trite a truism as is contained in the closing couplet?

"Where haughty eagles roll their eyes of fire,
Ere the rent clouds behind their sweep retire."

The sweep of the eagle is, *ad libitum*, over indefinite space. How then are the clouds to retire behind it?

"Stupendous God, how shrinks our bounded sense,
To track the sway of thine omnipotence!"

Mr. Montgomery has here shewn gross ignorance of the English language. The word "stupendous"—*vide* Johnson—implies something of whose size we have a distinct and definite notion. Thus we say of a mountain, it is stupendous; so also of a temple, a ship of war, a palace, a pillar, and so forth. How then can it be applied to the Deity?

"Blest with thy brightest smile, dare we confine
An omnipresence so supreme as thine?
True, on our queenly spot, the sea-throned land,
Thou pour'st thy favours with diffusive hand;
Here cool and calm luxuriant breezes blow,
And stream-fed vallies with their fruitage glow;
Still other climes, though touched with sterner hue,
Are set before thine all-embracing view."

Assuredly, this is valuable intelligence, and the nineteenth century will doubtless appreciate it as it deserves.

"While skies in tempest agonies *outgroan*,
And the mad elements seem left alone."

Pray when do the elements look as if they were left alone? What, moreover, is the meaning of skies outgroaning in tempest agonies? They must outgroan some thing or body. Who or what is it?

"The keel-ploughed waters rustle as they pass,
Like *crumpled* blades of *matin-moistened* grass.
But lo! the marsh'ling clouds again unite,
Like thick battalions halted for the fight;
The sun sinks back, and ramping winds fast sweep
Their *bristled* pinions on the darkened deep,
Till the rolled billows, *piling* in a train,
Rear their white heads and volley on the main.
Now from their caverns rush the maniac blasts,
Tear the loose sails, and split the creaking masts,
Like steeds to battle, on the waves advance,
While on their glossy backs the *bubbles dance*;
So fast her billows whiten in their ire,
All Ocean seems to boil upon a bed of fire."

We request our reader's particular attention to the above notable passage. Darwin has nothing so turgid; Blackmore nothing so vague and so absurd. In the first place, Mr. Montgomery talks of "*matin-moistened grass*"—meaning thereby grass moistened with *matin*! Secondly, he tells us of winds sweeping over the deep with *bristled* pinions! (pray, did he ever see their bristles?). Thirdly, of the same winds rushing from their

caves, after they have already been fast sweeping over the sea ; and, fourthly, of *bubbles* dancing on the glossy back of an ocean which seems to boil upon a bed of fire ! And this is sublimity ! This is the grandeur of thought and expression that is to entitle its author to a tomb in Westminster Abbey ! Well might Byron exclaim, " The present is the age of cant."

" Borne like a sun-beam on the writhing waves,
One mariner alone the tempest braves ;
Home, love, and life, and near imagined death,
Nerve the stout limb, and lengthen out his breath."

From these four lines, we learn just two things. First, that a wrecked sailor looks like a sun-beam ; secondly, that a man who thinks he is going to die, always lives the longer for thinking so.

" Aghast and quaking, see the murderer stand,
Shrink from himself, and clench his crimson hand ;
Unearthly terror *gripes* his coward frame,
While conscience writhes upon the rack of shame."

The word "gripe" is introduced with consummate classical dignity. Imagine terror griping a murderer ! A dose of calomel could do no more !

" Not so comes darkness to the good man's breast,
When night brings on the holy hour of rest ;
Tired of the day, *a pillow laps his head*,
While heavenly vigils watch around the bed."

" A pillow laps his head !" This forcibly aids the description, and what is better still, helps out the rhyme. What a pity that, with his usual attention to particulars, Mr. Montgomery did not also describe the good man's bolster, counterpane, and bed-clothes. They would at least have been as dignified as the pillow.

" Now hapless—hopeless—from the city dome
She hies remorseless to her village home,
And wildly turns her deeply-pensive glance,
As down the hawthorn lane her steps advance,
Where from the distant hill *the taper spire*
Points to the past, and fans her brain on fire."

A spire that possesses the ability to fan a woman's brain, must be a spire of uncommon genius !—almost as much so as the poet himself and his long-eared critic.

" There on the turfy heap, with trembling knees,
Her lips convulsed, *her ringlets in the breeze.*"

" Her ringlets in the breeze !" From the clumsy, loose way in which this is described, a fastidious critic would be apt to surmise that the lady wore a wig, and that the wind blew it off !

" Thou unimagined God ! though every hour,
And every day, speak thy tremendous power,
Upon the seventh creation's work was crowned,
When the full universe careered around."

Mr. Montgomery here informs us, with a gravity worthy of the occasion, that God rested on the seventh day ! Can we be otherwise than grateful for such *very* original intelligence ?

“ Then like the sun slow-wheeling to the wave.”

An evident but unacknowledged plagiarism from a similar line in the *Pleasures of Hope*—viz. “ To hail the sun slow-wheeling to the deep.”

“ And on with helm and plume the warriors come,
And the glad hills repeat the stormy drum.”

Mr. Campbell, in the poem to which we have just alluded, speaks with no less truth than vigour of “ the stormy music of the drum.” Mr. R. Montgomery, like most imitators, has disfigured this image, in order to make it pass current for his own. Instead of the music, he makes the drum itself stormy—by way, we presume, of adding boldness to the metaphor.

“ Pulseless and pale, beneath the taper’s glow
Lies her loved parent now—a *clayey show*.”

The attic elegance of the expression, “ *clayey show*,” is the chief commendation of the above charming couplet.

“ To see the fiery eye-ball fiercely roll,
As if it wrestled with the parting soul ;
Or hear the last clod crumble on the bed,
And sound the hollow mansion of the dead—
This—this is woe ; but deeper far that gloom
That haunts us when we pace the dreary room,
And shadow forth an image of our love,
Rapt to Elysian realms of light above.”

The sentiment of this passage, to say nothing of its poetry, is curious and deserves attention. It is a dreadful thing, it seems, to watch the last agonies of a dying man, but infinitely more dreadful to reflect that he has gone to heaven. Certainly, if heaven be such a place as Mr. Montgomery has described it in his “ *Vision*,”—that is to say, a sort of Vauxhall on a large scale,—we can imagine that a staid domestic gentleman would not be over-rejoiced to hear of his friend’s safe arrival there.

“ Who hung yon planet in its airy shrine ?
And dashed the sun-beam from its burning mine ?
Who bade the ocean-mountains swell and leap,
And thunders rattle from the skiey deep ?
One great Enchanter *helmed* th’ harmonious whole—
Creator, God, the grand primæval Soul !”—

The tenth time, at least, that we have been assured of this important fact.

“ And dare men dream that dismal Chance has framed
All that the ear perceives, or tongue has named—
The spacious world, and all its wonders born,
Designless—self-created—and forlorn,” &c.

This is an arrant plagiarism from a similar passage in the *Pleasures of Hope*, beginning with,—

"Oh, lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance?" &c.

If, barren in his own resources, Mr. Montgomery must needs steal from his betters, let him at least have the honesty to confess the theft.

"Ages has awful Time been travelling on,
And all his children to one tomb have gone;
The varied wonders of the peopled earth
In equal turn have gloried in their birth:
We live and toil, we triumph and decay—
Thus age on age rolls unperceived away:
And thus 'twill be, till Heaven's last thunders roar,
And Time and Nature shall exist no more."

Indeed! This is really most surprising intelligence. See what it is to be a philosopher as well as a poet! "Ages has awful Time been travelling on!"—What a discovery! "And all his children to one tomb have gone!"—How astonishing! "We live and toil, we triumph and decay!"—You don't say so! "Age on age rolls unperceived away!"—Miraculous young man!

"And lo! the sea—along her ruined shore
The white waves gallop with delirious roar,
Till Ocean, in her agonizing throes,
Bounds, swells, and sinks, like leaping hills of snow;
While downward tumbling crags and torrents sweep,
And wildly mingle with the blaze-lit deep.
Imagination, furl thy wings of fire,
And on eternity's dread brink expire;
The last, the fiery chaos hath begun;
Quenched is the moon, and blackened is the sun.
The stars have bounded 'mid the airy roar,
Crushed lie the rocks, and mountains are no more.
And lo, the teeming harvest of the earth,
Reaped from the grave to share a second birth;
Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,
Gaze upward through the burning realms of air,
While shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly features gleam,
Like lurid snow-flakes in the moonlight beam."

The above description of the last day has been prodigiously admired. It has been pronounced sublime—original—Miltonic! According to Mr. Clarkson, it is superior to any thing in the Pleasures of Hope or Memory, "in grand simplicity of design, and massy sublimity of effect." To the former especially, inasmuch as it is "less evirated by a fastidious timidity in overpolishing." To us it appears, not so much a description, as a catalogue. Item: so many stars bounding. Item: so many rocks tumbling down. Item: so many eyes staring up. Item: a quenched moon, a blackened sun, and—there's the Day of Judgment! "There's Percy for you!" Now in what respect does all this differ from the last scene of a melodrama? The wolf's glen in *Der Freischütz* is equally sublime. There, too, we have stars bounding, moons quenched, suns blackened, &c. Mr. Montgomery wanted only a fox-hunt in the air to have made the parallel complete. In how different a style does Mr. Pollock treat the same subject! A few magic words—a few mysterious hints—complete a picture that no one who has read the

Course of Time ever forgets. Let the reader compare the two descriptions. Montgomery's we have already given. Here is Mr. Pollock's:—

"The cattle looked with meaning face on man—
And there were sights that none had seen before,
And hollow, strange, unprecedented sounds
And earnest whisperings, ran along the hills
At dead of night; and long, deep, endless sighs
Came from the dreary vale, and from the waste
Came horrid shrieks, and fierce unearthly groans
And shapes—*strange shapes in winding-sheets were seen*
Gliding through night, and singing funeral songs,
And imitating sad sepulchral rites;
And voices talked among the clouds, and still
The words that men could catch were spoken of them.

Night comes—last night; the long, dark dying night
That has no morn beyond it, and no star.
No eye of man hath seen a night like this;
Heaven's trampled justice girds itself for fight;
Earth, to thy knees, and cry for mercy—cry
With earnest heart."

What an awful, shadowy spirit of sublimity breathes through this noble passage! But few images, yet each one a picture! Who can read, without a shudder, of the strange shapes "gliding through night, and singing funeral songs?" The image is replete with power, yet neither too particular nor too elaborate. Had Mr. Montgomery attempted to work out an idea of this sort, he would have forgotten the "funeral songs," in his haste to describe the length, breadth, dresses and decorations of the shapes—in the same way as, when manufacturing a death-bed scene, the thing that most struck his fancy was that poetic article of furniture, the pillow. We return to the *Course of Time*. "And earnest whisperings ran along the hills." The word "earnest" has amazing significance; yet is perfectly natural. It is Shaksperian, in the best sense of the term; in its expressiveness, not less than in its brevity. Mr. Montgomery would have diluted it into some such lines as these:—

Strange whisperings wooed the hills with strong caress,
Full of a grand tremendous earnestness!

But we are forgetting poor Pollock. What can be fuller of that awful mystery which is the soul of effect, than the "voices heard talking among the clouds?" What more intense in its feeling of humanity, than the idea of man partially overhearing the announcement of his destiny? The personification of earth, in the simple but expressive phrase, "Earth, to thy knees," is another hint full of lofty meaning, embodying a comprehensive spirit of humanity, and differing from Milton inasmuch only as it combines excessive feeling with equal boldness of conception. In addition to this graphic energy, the reader will not fail to admire, throughout Mr. Pollock's description, the ease, the force, the almost colloquial simplicity of the language. The words seem to drop into their proper places unconsciously and without effort. The thought is grand, the style natural and unaffected. With Mr. Montgomery's catalogue or inventory, the case is diametrically the reverse.

The thought there is vulgar—common-place—mechanical; the language frigid and grandiloquent. It is like a chimney-sweep tricked out in a court-dress.

It may be said, perhaps, that in the foregoing strictures, we have been too severe on Mr. Clarkson's new "heliacal emersion;" that we have not shewn sufficient consideration for his youth. We know not what particular claims he has on us on this score. He is considerably older than Shelley when he composed his imaginative *Queen Mab*; considerably older than Keates when he published his magnificent fragment *Endymion*; older than Chatterton when he immortalized the *Bristowe Tragedy*; older than Pope when he wrote *Windsor Forest*; as old as Akenside when he sang the *Pleasures of Imagination*; as old as Campbell when he lent brilliancy to those of *Hope*; as old as Byron when he replied to his Reviewers in the *English Bards*; and as old as Milton when he hymned the *Masque of Comus*. What right then has he, in particular, to claim exemption from criticism on the score of youth? The plea was disallowed in poor Keates's case; it was disallowed also in that of Shelley's. Why, then, should Mr. Montgomery—or his officious critics for him—challenge a different verdict? Is he not satisfied with the applause he has already secured? When was youthful poet more unwisely—more extravagantly puffed? Has he not been promised a tomb in Westminster Abbey—we think it but right that the gentleman who promised this tomb should pay the expences of its erection—and been styled alternately the Juvenal and Milton of his age? Above all, has not Mr. Clarkson written a pamphlet in his favour?

Dismissing then as untenable the plea of youth—for why should not the *Omnipresence* stand the test of criticism as well as the *Pleasures of Hope* or *Imagination*?—Mr. Montgomery may possibly object to the frivolousness—the verbal captiousness—the fastidious severity of our objections. He may say, we have unwarrantably depreciated him. We reply, we have merely pulled him off his stilts, and set him fairly on his feet. But granted even that we have harshly condemned him, others have as extravagantly over-rated him. Surely, then, the balance is equal! As regards the verbal captiousness of our criticism, our justification is, that in the publicly-proclaimed Milton of his age, we have a right to look, if not for fancy or feeling, at least for common-sense and grammar. With a far greater shew of justice, may Mr. Montgomery complain that our strictures on the *Omnipresence* are drawn from an early edition. We give him the full benefit of this complaint; but may add, by way of answer, that it was this very edition—thus faulty—thus inflated—thus crammed with absurdities in their rankest exuberance—which first procured him the appellation of the "modern Milton" from one of his reviewers; the promise of a tomb in Westminster Abbey from another; and the most fulsome adulation from the majority.

Of the *Universal Prayer*, &c.—Mr. Montgomery's next production—we shall make short work. It is a pompous thanksgiving—vague—indefinite in imagery—elaborate in language—superficial in thought; and made up for the most part of such sing-song common-places as, a storm, a shipwreck, a sun-set, a moon-rise, a day-break, a consumptive young woman, an innocent boy, and two raree-shows, one of heaven, the other of hell; the former of which, Mr. Clarkson assures

us, "resembles the gorgeous orientalisms and splendid horrors of *Katheks*," while the latter "is coloured by a Swedenborgian hue of religious Platonism!" One specimen of the description of heaven will, we suspect, abundantly satisfy our readers. It is styled "an empyrean infinitely vast and iridescent." No wonder that the Lecturer on the Pyramids and Pluto is enamoured of this description! The word "iridescent" must be peculiarly acceptable to a critic who talks of "impotentializing a joke," "evirating a poem," and "dephlogisticating vulgar flames!"

"We come now to "*Satan*." This is the poem which, not a few of his admirers say, entitles Mr. Montgomery to rank beside the author of *Paradise Lost*. We shall see. Milton's sacred epic is one of those rare productions of intellect which cannot even be contemplated without awe. In thought it is sublime beyond conception—indeed language seems actually to bend and break down under its overwhelming grandeur;—in imagery copious and stately, but natural and characteristic; in description lavish and picturesque; in sentiment high-toned and austere. Its very perusal is an act of devotion. The world, with its countless interests—its joys—its sorrows—its idle but seducing day-dreams, fades off our minds; we breathe a loftier atmosphere of thought; the spirit of the poet sustains us as we roam with him through other worlds; and puts a power into our vision to enable us to appreciate the transcendent loveliness of his Eden. His *Satan* is the personification of a lawless, ambitious intellect, conscious of its powers, but limited in their exercise, and hence perpetually maddened with the idea of its comparative insignificance. Envy, however, is the true touch-stone of *Satan's* character. He sees but through the medium of this blinding passion, which throws an added gloom over hell itself. Such is a slight sketch of *Satan* as drawn by Milton. What is he as defined by Mr. Montgomery? A prosing, shallow, methodist parson, who, perched upon a mountain, like a bilious cockney on Primrose-Hill, looks round him over the four quarters of the globe for the sole purpose of telling us that some parts have been famous in their day, but are now ruined and all but forgotten; that Jerusalem—Egypt—Persia—Rome—Venice—Greece—Spain, &c. are nothing to what they have been; that Buonaparte and Lord Byron, though very clever, were both very wicked men; that the powers of human nature are great and various, but too often perverted; that the public press* is a vile, degraded instrument of oppression; that a theatre is the haunt of debauchery, "a fine prospect for demoniac view;" and a ball-room, pretty nearly, if not quite as bad; that in short, the whole world, and more especially England, is in a desperately bad state. And this, Mr. Montgomery calls giving a new version of the character of *Satan*! He makes him a field preacher, and cries out "Eureka!" He makes him a strange compound of Boatswain Smith and Parson Grahame—"sepulchral Grahame," as Byron aptly calls him—and triumphantly exclaims, "Thou art the man!" There is nothing on record in the annals of literature to equal this presumption. It stands alone in its superhuman audacity. Our only notions of *Satan* are drawn from Scripture or from Milton. They are the sole

* In a note intended to qualify his general abuse of the public press, Mr. Montgomery says, "of course there are some honourable exceptions." By the "honourable exceptions" he means, we presume, those newspapers who have been good-natured enough to praise his various poems.

authorities we recognise on the subject. They have made the fiend in some degree an historical character; and for an author (and that author Mr. Robert Montgomery!) to think of coming forward at this time of day and changing the established impression of ages, is as arrant a piece of impertinence as if he were to attempt to fashion a new nature for Cæsar, Cromwell, or any other great man on whom the world has already passed its decision.

The true touch-stone of Milton's *Satan* is, as we observed before, envy. Hence arises his gloom—his despair—his hatred. He looks on Paradise; it's loveliness blasts him, and he turns away writhing as if stung by scorpions. He fixes his gaze on the manly form of Adam and the more delicate beauty of Eve; a curse escapes him at the sight; the passions of his soul blaze fiercely out in his face, and, despite the necessity of concealment, he betrays himself at once to Uriel. He looks up towards the shining heavens, and his jealous and envious hatred of the Omnipotent torture his soul to madness. In a far different spirit does Mr. Montgomery's *Satan* gaze round him on the wonders of creation. Of man and woman, he discourses like a would-be Socrates, in a strain of benevolence which (strange enough) he seems to think is contemptuous; and of external nature with an equal absence of bad feeling. With a sunset, in particular, he is delighted; with a moonlight enraptured; the sight of a rich sylvan landscape throws him into perfect extacies.

"Heaven-favoured land! of grandeur and of gloom;
Of mountain pomp, and majesty of hills,
Though other climates boast, in thee supreme
A beauty and a gentleness abound:
Here all that can soft worship claim, or tone
The sweet sobriety of tender thought,
Is thine: the sky of blue intensity,
Or charmed by sunshine into picture-clouds;
The dingle grey, and wooded copse, with hut
And hamlet nestling in the bosky vale,
And spires brown peeping o'er the ancient elms,
With all that bird and meadow, brook and gale,
Impart—are mingled for admiring eyes,
That love to banquet on thy blissful scene."

This is a sweet, we will even say, a beautiful pastoral description; but who would suppose that it came from the mouth of Satan? Who would imagine that the Arch-fiend would condescend to imitate Thompson, Grahame, or Bloomfield?—Again:

"But lo! the day declines, and to his throne
The sun is wheeling. What a world of pomp
The heavens put on in homage of his power!
Romance hath never hung a richer sky—
The air is fragrant with the soul of flowers,
The breeze comes panting like a child at play,
And calm as clouds the sunken billows sleep;
The dimness of a dream o'er nature steals,
Yet hallows it; a hushed enchantment reigns;
The mountains to a mass of mellowing shade
Are turned, and stand like temples of the night;
While field and forest fading into gloom,
Depart, and rivers whisper sounds of fear—

A dying pause, as if th' Almighty moved
In shadow o'er his works, hath solemnized
The world."

We have no fault to find with this passage but its utter want of propriety. It is the description not of a lofty mind diseased, an ambitious spirit fallen; but of a happy and religious pensive nature, with no cares to vex, no undying reflections to divert its attention from the beauties of creation. Lord Byron, adopting the received ideas of Satan, says of him, "where'er he gazed a gloom pervaded space." This is finely characteristic of a fallen spirit. Mr. Montgomery, however, seems to think otherwise, and determined to be original in his conceptions, makes his demon gaze round him not for the purpose of deepening nature's gloom, but of drawing forth her beauties and painting their *minutiae* in water-colours. And this he terms giving a new reading to *Satan*! As if the Prince of Hell's archangels; the dauntless Fiend who drew after him the third of heaven's seraphim; who stood boldly face to face with the Son of the Godhead, and defied the Omnipotent himself to arms—as if such a spirit, so sublime in daring, so matchless in iniquity; so absorbed in the recollection of his past glory, and the consciousness of his present degradation; so towering in his ambition, so inexhaustible in his conception; so scheming, subtle, malignant, and comprehensive,—as if such a magnificent spirit could find leisure or inclination to divert the channel of his mighty thoughts, in order to describe the details of a small sylvan landscape in the puny dialect of a pastoral poet!

But not in one portion only, in every particular of his character, no matter how slight or unimportant, Mr. Montgomery has mistaken *Satan*. He has made him speak of Napoleon and Lord Byron in the language of the conventicle; lament the sins of the press in the spirit of a Whig attorney-general, and anathematize the theatre and the ball-room with a fanatic heartiness that Mr. Irving himself must despair to equal. As a metaphysician, *Satan* is equally ridiculous. He talks of "learning" as as a "shallow excellence," as if he were altogether unacquainted with the difference between learning and pedantry. In the minor defects of language and description, the poem abounds to profusion. There is scarcely one page in a volume consisting of 386, that does not contain some absurd metaphor—some tawdry epithet, some new-coined phrase, or some palpable grammatical blunder. Poor Priscian is sadly treated throughout: not a bone in his skull is left unbroken. We have continually for instance such ungrammatical expressions as,

"Is the earth
Appalled, or *agonizing* in the wrack
Of elements?"—

"And oh! ye soft-lipped dealers in applause,
Resound the dews of mercy as they fall,
To crown him famous, Charity's own child;
And why? *she* pays a penalty for sin,
And bribes the conscience, while *it* gilds a name"—

"What fancy-shipwreck overwhelms the soul?
What billows ever *rocking* in the brain?"—

"The one did *glance* the blue immensity
Above with a majestic gaze"—

" Crime
 Hath paid atonement to the law of life,
 And agonized o'er that which is to come"—

" For some can dare the prisoned mind unbar,
 And glance unearthliness behind the veil
 That mantles their mortality"—

" He rebuked
 The ocean *calming* at his fearful glance"—

" Approving smiles from such as *thee*"—

" The sun-faced morn comes gliding o'er the waves,
 That *billow dancingly* to wear her smile"—

" This ebbing music all uncharmed some feel,
 While others, in its *wafting decadence*,
 Hear dream-like echoes."

Throughout his works Mr. Montgomery seems not to have the slightest notion of the difference between the transitive and intransitive verb. He makes as many blunders in his English, as Mr. Clarkson has made in his Latin grammar. In fact, he has yet to study the first rules of Syntax, which we hope he will manage to get by heart before he next attempts to rival Milton. A little grammar is a great recommendation to a poet. In one of the above extracts, Mr. Montgomery talks of "the earth agonizing" (instead of being agonized); evidently unconscious that to agonize is an active, not a neuter verb. In the same sense, he uses the phrases, "the waves billow dancingly"—"the blood danced beauty," &c. Still more deplorable is his ignorance when he speaks of "the wafting decadence" of music;—as if the decadence (that is, the falling tones of melody) had in itself any power of wafting. The word should be, "wafted." Of tawdry epithets our poet is a most abundant coiner. He "misuses the king's English most damnably." Such terms as "insinuous"—"fictious"—"blasphemeful"—"regretful"—"unheedful"—"museful"—"dareful"—"voiceful"—"sceneful"—"pangless"—"fameless"—"playsome"—"gaysome"—"gamesome"—"darksome"—"delightsome"—"thundry"—"empeopled"—"regioned"—"dungeoned in prison"—"victimize," and so forth, are but a few among hundreds of others with which Mr. Montgomery has thought fit to embellish Satan. Of bombast, he is a no less celebrated professor, more so, indeed, than the great Tom Thumb himself. We subjoin a specimen or two. Wishing simply to inform us that Egypt is sultry, he tells us it is a country

" Where hot suffusion suffocates the winds."

Bombastes Furioso, as the reader may perhaps recollect, desires a coach to be called in the same sonorous style:—

" Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,
 And let the man that calls it be the waiter;
 And in his calling let him nothing call
 But coach—coach—coach!—Oh, for a coach, ye gods!"

The firing of cannon is thus described:—

" The cannon-thunder *chased* the *daunted* winds."

Imagine the *noise* of the firing *running* after the winds, and the latter

frightened out of their wits by the explosion ! Remorse is defined as an hour when

“Condemnation stares the spirit back.”

Mr. Montgomery is very fond of staring, as we have already shewn in his “millions of eyes” staring up at the conflagration of the world. The above passage will make his readers stare also.—A battle is thus portrayed :—

“The clarions ring, the banners *chafe* the breeze ;
Earth trembles to the haughty-footed steeds,
And cannons thunder till—the clouds are thrilled ;
Then comes your hero sprinkled with a shower
Of blood !”—

Without questioning the chaste simplicity of this description, we will just beg leave to remind its author, that banners do not usually chafe the breeze ; it is the breeze that chafes the banners. In a similar strain of absurdity, we are assured that wisdom is “*templed* in the *shrines* of old ;” i. e. the whole is enclosed in the part. Surely, it should be wisdom shrined in the temples !—Merchant-vessels Mr. Montgomery describes as,

“Daunting the winds, and dancing o’er the waves.”

Of London, we are informed that it is a place

“of wonderful array of domes,

In dusky masses staring at the skies.”

A storm is portrayed as follows :—

“A thousand *thunder-wombs* the sky oppress ;—
The sea is *waved* with glory ! billows heave
Their blackness in the wind, and bounding on
In vaulting madness, beat the rocky shore,
Incessant flaking it with plummy foam !”

Mercy on us, what an extraordinary storm !—Besides his grammatical blunders, his bombast, and his affectation in coining new phrases and idioms, Mr. Montgomery is very fond of repeating particular expressions. This we should not object to, were they not reiterated *usque ad nauseam*. The words “vision”—“tone”—and “billow,” seem to be his chief favourites. We have them in every possible variety of inflexion, as verb, substantive, participle ; like Panurge’s mutton, which was made to answer the turn of beef, lamb, veal, and wild fowl.

The word “sumptuous” is another of Mr. Montgomery’s pet-phrases. Thus we have “sumptuous array”—“sumptuous in decay”—“sumptuous arts”—“sumptuous corn-fields”—“sumptuous robes”—together with many other “sumptuous” specimens of nonsense which we have neither space nor inclination to enumerate. As a plagiarist, Mr. Montgomery is freer from blame in Satan than in his Omnipresence. Still even here he is not wholly faultless. The hint of his lines on a cathedral (p. 333) is taken from a similar passage in Congreve’s *Mourning Bride* ; while the tersely-expressed sentiment of Porteus in his *Seatonian prize poem on Death*—

“One murder makes a villain,

Millions a hero,”

is paraphrased in this vapid, declamatory style :—

“Mean crimes are branded with avenging scorn,
While great ones, that should water earth with tears,
Oft dazzle condemnation into praise.”

Our readers may here exclaim, "if Mr. Montgomery's poems be so secondary in point of merit, as you have attempted to prove, how is it that they have gained such notoriety?" We answer, by the most flagrant system of puffing ever yet invented by the fertile genius of a bibliopole. No sooner had the first impression (about 250) of the "*Omnipresence*," sold off, than an *evangelical Magazine* taking its cue from a weekly newspaper, instantly put forth a portrait of the author, without his cravat, accompanied by a vague but outrageously flattering memoir. This was followed up by a statement ostentatiously trumpeted about in the daily prints, to the effect that Mr. Montgomery was only in his twenty-first year, and that consequently he was a prodigy. While the astonishment at this intelligence was yet rife in the public mind, a large quarto volume was announced under the title of "a *Universal Prayer*," &c. whose value was to be enhanced by a likeness of the writer, "engraved by Thompson, after a painting by Hobday." No sooner had this appeared, than the original was exhibited also at Somerset-House, wherein the "modern Milton" was portrayed in his favourite attitude of "staring" up at the skies from the top of a huge rock which looked uncommonly like the outside of an omnibus. Such seasonable quackery kept Mr. Montgomery before the public mind until his *Satan* was advertised, when we were informed day after day, by a series of adroit paragraphs thrust into the town and country papers, first, that Milton had received only fifteen pounds for his *Paradise Lost*, and Mr. Montgomery eight hundred for his *Satan*: secondly, that the aforesaid *Satan* had arrived in Glasgow by the mail coach; thirdly, that the *Omnipresence* had been set to the music of an Oratorio; (pray who was the composer?) fourthly, that in consequence of an unprecedented demand among schoolmasters, it was to be published separately as a text-book for the use of little boys; fifthly, that Mr. Montgomery was the true religious poet of England, and that all who found fault with his works were infidels; and, sixthly, that he had entered himself a member of Lincoln College, Oxford! Lastly, by way of wind-up, appeared the present pamphlet, in which he was at once unblushingly compared to Milton! He is a Milton: but it is a *Brummagem* one! Besides all this noisy trumpeting, in every shape, in every fashion, in every print, great or small, daily, weekly, or monthly, wherever a puff or a paragraph could be inserted for love or money, the works of Montgomery were thrust before the public. In fact, the only place where they have not yet made their appearance, is on the walls about the metropolis. We are not without hopes, however, of shortly seeing "Buy Montgomery's *Satan*" take the wall of "Warren's Blacking."

Do we accuse the "heliacal emersion" himself of conniving at this bare-faced, this unparalleled quackery? Far from it, we should hope that he has too much manly pride and dignity of character knowingly to permit it. But why does he allow it still to continue? Why does he allow himself to be made the ladder on which an enterprising bookseller mounts up to the Paradise of profit? Above all, why does he allow his flatterers to ascribe that success to his genius alone, which is the almost inevitable result of shrewd, seasonable, and persevering puffing? Why does he not step forth in print modestly and without bluster, like Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Shelley, Miss Bowles (that sweet and retiring poetess!), Mr. Reade, Mr. Banim, Mr. Crowe—and, like these superior writers, suffer his talent to speak trumpet-tongued for itself? We will tell him why he does not. Because his genius is not strong enough. It is a poor ricketty bantling; it cannot run alone,

so needs the go-cart and penny-trumpet of puffing to help and cheer it along. Mr. Montgomery is not devoid of fancy; he has feeling sometimes, occasionally even richness of language; and assuredly, as we have shown, a talent for describing such scenes as may happen to make an impression on his mind. But he cannot grapple with such mighty subjects as the Deity or the Devil. They are far—far above his reach. It is not for the dwarf to presume to bend the bow of Ulysses.

We will close this long, and it has been to us painful, criticism with an anecdote which we hope the “modern Milton” will not think beneath his notice. It can do him no harm, and may possibly be productive of good. In the old days of Greece, there dwelt near Elis a vain but rather talented young mechanic named Salmoneus, who fancying that he had some taste for the sublime, took it into his head one day that by an art peculiar to himself, he could rival the thunders of the Olympian Jupiter. Accordingly, he built a brazen bridge, over which, at night-fall, he went clattering along in a brazen chariot, shouting and bawling at the very top of a voice which was by no means like a zephyr, either in tone or quality. For a while the trick passed unnoticed; it was even applauded by some dull blockheads, one of whom wrote a pamphlet to prove that Salmoneus was a genuine Jupiter; but coming at length to the ears of the local authorities, they instituted a strict inquiry, detected the absurd imposture, and the mock-thunderer, despite his brass, of which it has been shown that he had plenty, was at once brought down to his fitting level, and made, for at least two seasons, the public laughing-stock of the city!

THE BOWER; A VAUXHALL VIEW.

WE do not mean by “The Bower,” that summer sanctuary, that sylvan asylum, that cool sequestered seat, where, shadowed from the heat of the sun, screened from observing eyes, and refreshed by the gentle odours emitted by every trailing leaf, the mind loveth at the golden periods of the year to luxuriate—forgetting the cares and tasks of the world in a quiet leisure and a happy oblivion. Pleasantly—might destiny so ordain it—could we dilate upon that hallowed retreat, the temple of love and youth, wherein vows are paid, and sighs (which are as syllables in love’s vocabulary) bespeak the sympathizing spirit, when thy dictionary, Dr. Johnson, would be utterly inadequate:—that secluded study, whereto the student, enamoured of the Muse, directs his lonely step at morn or eve—composing melodies that will be to him as a monument, communing with the silent spirit of some favourite book, or finding a library even in the leaves that fall or wave around him. But it is not for us to speak of these things; they are fruits whereof we are forbidden to pluck. The Bower that we allude to, is not that wherein hearts and promises are sometimes broken, which birds delight to haunt, and bards to describe. No, it is merely a human being, a living bower—an acquaintance most probably of the reader’s;—we mean, in short—the Master of the Ceremonies at Vauxhall Gardens!

Spirit of farce and fun, come not upon our pen! Keep thou at a serious distance—lest the dignity of our subject be lessened by thy levity. We would be accurate, not extravagant, in our portrait; for the original must be known to many. Few that have visited Vauxhall, lofty or vulgar, in the days of its splendour or its gloom, but have seen him arrayed in his glory. “Oh!” saith the anticipating reader, “I think I know whom you allude to. Does he not wear a sable suit, of Warren-

like hue, though not of Stultz-like cut? Has he not a waistcoat white as once was Dignum's, with a perpetual black ribbon streaming down it, like a dark torrent down a mountain of snow? Do not the skirts of his coat divide, as they fall, into the form of an A? Are there not fifty cravats on his neck, and fifty winters on his head?"—Enough; we perceive that the reader hath observed him; he hath noted the silver hair and buckles, the invariable white gloves and politeness, the unblemished waistcoat and manners, of our amiable acquaintance. He hath descried the small smart cane, the spacious and seemly cravat, the precise, yet easy and graceful carriage, of our kind and accomplished friend. But perhaps he does not know the heart of the mystery that surrounds him—perhaps he does not suspect that there is any mystery at all. While taking his supper, he has seen a gentleman appear suddenly at the entrance of the box, with a profound and perfect bow—something that has escaped the wreck of the last century—a reminiscence of the year 1730. He has at first sight mistaken him for a sort of Sir Charles Grandison in little; he has heard him with a still small voice inquire if any addition could be made to the comforts of the party—if any thing was wished for—if the wines were satisfactory, or the punch pleasant; he has observed him decline the glass which had been poured out and handed to him, with a well-bred and courteous air; and then, with a bow and a smile, he has seen him depart. But this is all that he has seen—and yet this is nothing.

Where then is the mystery? It consists partly in the smile and the bow; not so much, indeed, in their quality as in their continuity. He never seems to leave off—they are always ready made—he keeps them perpetually by him fit for use. It is a smile without an end—a bow that has no *finis*. If you see him in an erect position—and he is sometimes particularly perpendicular—the very instant that he catches your eye he changes it to its more natural figure, a curve. One would almost say that, from the commencement to the end of the season, his body is not straight, his lips never in repose, for two minutes together. Whatever is said, whatever is done—he bows. He would bow to the beggar whom he relieved, and (fortune shield him from such a mishap!) to the sheriff's-officer that arrested him. Not knowing who he is, you complain, a little angrily, perhaps, of the tough or transitory nature of the fowls—of the visionary character of the ham, that does not even disguise or render doubtful the pattern of the plate; he bows obligingly, and beckons to a waiter. It being rather dark, you upset a bottle of port, some of which sprinkles his white gloves and waistcoat, and the rest goes into his polished pumps;—he smiles as if you had conferred a favour on him, and bows himself dry again. As he stands at the opening of the box, some boorish Bacchanalian brushing by, thrusts him against the edge of the table, or presses his hat over his eyes;—he turns round quietly, readjusts his injured hat, smiles with the graceful superiority of a gentleman, and (it seems scarcely credible) bows! That bow must have sometimes administered a severe though a silent reproof to the ill-mannered and the intemperate. Yorick would have made something of it had he met it in France—it is not understood here.

But the smile and the bow are not all. There is more mystery. We want to know—it may seem curious to some—but we want to know where he goes to when he leaves the box. We shall of course be answered, —to the next. But when he has visited them all, what becomes of him then? Since we projected the idea of perpetrating this imperfect apostrophe to his worth, we have inquired in all quarters; but have scarcely found a single person that ever met him in the walks. He is

there, sometimes, of course—yet is seldom seen but at supper-time, as if he were a sprite conjured up by indigestion and head-ache. You enter the box, and up jumps Jack. You sit down, and there he is ; you get up, and he is gone. He may spring from under the table, or drop from one of the lamps, for any thing you can tell. He may be brought in, like Asmodeus, in a bottle ; he may hide himself, like care, at the bottom of a bowl. You only know that there he stands, hoping you are comfortable, and bowing you into good-humour with an expensive supper. But catch him in the walks afterwards, if you can ; you go into them all, whether dark or dazzling, without finding him. At last, you determine to sup a second time, by way of experiment—just to solve the mystery and to see whether he will make his appearance. It is served up—and the very next minute he is asking you the age of your fowl, and trusting that it is tender.

But the most extraordinary fact remains to be told ; “ the greatest is behind.” During the season he is indefatigable in his attendance. He is never a minute too late, or a step out of the way. He seems to grow in the gardens like one of the trees. But the instant the season closes, he disappears ; and is never seen again till the hour of its recommencement the next year. No human being could ever guess where he goes to. The visitors retire, the lamps are extinguished, and he takes his leave. He and the lights go out together ; he melts, like Ossian’s heroes, into mist. He quits his suburban sitting-room, places a receipt for his rent in his pocket-book, makes a conclusive and valedictory bow to his landlady, and becomes a query, a conundrum—the most undiscoverable of riddles—the most marvellous of absentees. The proprietors have no knowledge of his whereabouts ; they are sure of seeing him in time for the re-opening, and give themselves no further trouble on the subject. If he should not appear the first night, when “ God save the King” commences, he is no longer a tenant of this world ; if living, there he will be found. Never was he known to fail. Faithful to the moment, in he walks, apparently in the same white waistcoat, as if it had been washed in Juno’s bath, and endowed with perpetual purity and youth. His cane looks as if it had been wrapt up in cotton since last season. He taps at the door, touches his hat, and offers the usual compliments to the “ honoured and worthy proprietors.” Like the bulletin of a battle, a brilliant illumination follows his appearance. He is the most punctual of periodicals—the Vauxhall Annual. People know the period of the year, by his coming ;—one swallow makes not a summer, but he does. The migrations of birds have given rise to many curious speculations, and have puzzled the zoologists of all ages—some conjecturing that they lie for months at the bottoms of pools and rivers, and other impossible places. We should like to know what natural philosophy has to say to the migration we have recorded, and whether there is any chance of discovering the winter quarters of our venerable friend—the crysalis of our summer visitor. Is he asleep for the rest of the year ? Does he hide himself in a nut-shell at-home, or travel to the Indies and back ? Does he take an excursion in a balloon for a few months, or creep for security into the corner of a poor-box ? But the subject baffles conjecture ; all speculation is idle. It is one of those secrets that most probably will never be divulged.

Wheresoever he goes, we trust that he may long experience, during the drearier seasons of the year, the courtesies and urbanity he extends to others in the merrier one ; and that, like the best blacking, he may retain his virtues in any climate.

B.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

That wretched creature Lethbridge has given up Somerset. There is justice for apostates even on this earth; and scorn and disappointment have been the first reward of those who swallowed their words, and voted for what Peel had at once the hardihood and the folly to term a "breach of the Constitution!" Lethbridge stands no more for the county which he represented when he was an advocate for the Protestant Constitution; always a clumsy, a vulgar, and a blundering advocate, we must allow; but still we passed over his foolery for the sake of what we supposed his sincerity. But the time of trial came, and showed what a miserable creature he was. However, now let him hide his head where he can: for he will not be suffered to hide it in Somersetshire. "*Sic pereant.*" So sink every man of that set, who, after years of vehement protestation, suddenly abandoned every pledge, and kissed the dust at the feet of the minister.

And one of the pleasantest parts of this retributive justice is, that those men have got not one iota of the good things of government;—not a peerage, nor a baronetcy, not a knighthood. Their virtue has been its own reward—and a more fitting reward it could not have. They have been turned out of their seats; and the best and the worst we wish them is the perpetual consciousness of their fall!

After all the difficulties started against the new street from Waterloo Bridge to the North Road, there is now some chance of its completion. Sir J. Yorke has lately presided at a meeting of the Waterloo Bridge Directors, in which they came to the resolution of advancing £5,000. for the beginning of the work. The estimate is £43,000., of which Government have offered £25,000, and the Duke of Bedford gives £4,000. His letter to the Chairman expresses his gratification at the probable completion of the opening. The street is to lead up through the former site of the Lyceum to Charles-street, and thence by Gower-street to the New Road. But this must be a work of time. The immediate improvement will go no farther than Charles-street. The Duke of Bedford's politics are not calculated to do him honour with the country. But it is only justice to acknowledge that he is a friend to public improvements; and that he lays out his money readily where the fair opportunity of public good is shown. The new street will doubtless increase the value of his property in the neighbourhood; but it is not every great proprietor who has the sense to see even his own interest in such efforts. And the Duke deserves the credit of good sense, and even of generosity, on this occasion, as indeed he has done in many others of the same kind.

We have at length got rid of the Parliament, for which we thank the stars! We have got rid of the Parliament, that compound of lofty promise and beggarly performance, of insolent dictatorship and paltry intrigue, of boasted-defence of the Constitution, and abandonment of all the objects for which, as Englishmen, we can feel any value! What has the Parliament effected? Nothing. It had promised a revision of the Criminal Laws. What has it done there beyond compressing a multitude of foolish and useless old statutes into a mass of foolish and useless new ones?—It promised a reduction in the public burthens. But the subject is taxed not a shilling less than he was at its commencement; for the apparent abolition has always been followed by some compensating burthen.—It promised to extinguish the abuses of the Pension list—

the *Sinecure list*—the collection of the revenue—and the perpetual waste of public money in all departments of the state. And what has it done? It has reduced the pittance of the lower orders of clerks in the public offices; but it has spared all the great sinecurists and pensioners. Lord Melville still enjoys his Scotch £3,000. a year; Lord Rosslyn enjoys another £3,000. a year; the privy council still share among themselves their £161,000. a year; and the whole affair goes on undisturbed by the loss of a single shilling—the whole being sinecures! Two young gentlemen, Messrs. Dundas and Bathurst, sons of the man at the Admiralty, and the man at the privy council, were cruelly stript of their little sinecures to the amount of £800. a year each. But this was not done by ministers, who have naturally some bowels of compassion for their boys, but by the public, who have to pay those blooming sinecurists. They however will not be the worse for the loss, it will be made up to them in some quiet way, and they will be at once “suffering loyalists” and snug pensioners.

For all the valuable purposes of a Parliament, the last was perfectly useless. It encouraged no part of the national industry, no arts, no increase of public knowledge; it gave no additional purity to the manners of the people, no additional honour to religion; it administered nothing to loyalty, to literature, or virtue; it diminished none of the public difficulties, and none of the public debts; it added nothing to our celebrity abroad, or to our comforts at home; it suffered English influence on the Continent to decay, our friends to struggle for themselves, our Allies, to be broken down, and our Enemies to be raised to the summit of power. At home it suffered the rise of a faction hostile to the constitution; it suffered the growth of a mysterious power unrecognized by the constitution; it substituted for Protestant ascendancy a military ascendancy; it obeyed a cabinet in which there was but one voice audible; a cabinet of clerks, with no choice but that of submission. A cabinet in which sat Peel, Goulburn, Herries, and Lyndhurst, all eminent only for swallowing their words, and all utterly dependent on the will of their master!

But, in recompense for all these shames, the Parliament gave us a police, a regular gendarmerie, communicating only with the Horse-Guards. It abolished the constitutional defence of the state, the yeomanry and militia, while it kept up an army of ninety thousand men, in the midst of a profound peace, after a fifteen years peace, and with the strongest assurances from the throne that the peace was in no danger of being disturbed.

Its grand effort was the Catholic question, by which, after the lapse of one hundred and thirty years of British prosperity and British freedom, expressly founded upon the exclusion of the papist from making laws for the coercion of the Protestant, the papist was brought into the legislature—a fierce faction which had perpetually threatened the church and throne of England with ruin, and which was, for centuries, openly leagued with its enemies, was thus empowered to perplex and overthrow the constitution in whatever public exigency it shall suit the purposes of a profligate party, prince, or minister, to purchase it, or of a foreign papist throne to introduce confusion by its hired agency into the legislature, or of its native fanaticism to rebel against the laws and principles of the legislature.

With those recollections of the services of the last Parliament, of its having lost England her rank among nations, of its having alienated the hearts of the people from all public men, and of its having at once disgusted the Irish Protestants, the only strength of England in Ireland,

and given a dangerous power to the Irish Roman Catholics, the only hazardous part of the Irish population, we say to the last Parliament, we remember you with bitterness and contempt, and may England never see such another !

The elections will shortly commence, and there will probably be considerable changes in the representation of the boroughs. The counties are too expensive for contests, and, therefore, the old members will in general remain, not from any love or liking for them, but from the natural fear of new candidates to plunge into their pockets for hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling. Lord Milton's Yorkshire contest cost each of the parties 120,000*l.* ; the other counties have occasionally cost from 50,000 to 90,000*l.* : a tolerable sum for the privilege of eating a beef-steak at the St. Stephen's coffee-house, and sleeping on the back benches for seven years together !

Mr. Serjeant Wilde has again tried his crusade at Newark. The serjeant is a bold man, and certainly not easy to be put out of countenance. We hope none of the family of his client, Jenkins, are in the town, and that he has not accompanied his placard by a copy of the solicitor-general's speech, or the vice-chancellor's judgment on that trial. However, he will be beaten as ignominiously as ever, notwithstanding his new forensic glories. Mr. Sadler will be the member ; and Newark will have the honour, for a high honour it is, of returning a man of great ability, and, what is better, and rarer even in this age of mediocrity, of pure principle ! No man in the House of Commons has risen to such sudden and deserved distinction as Mr. Sadler. His speech on the Catholic question was the most powerful and shame-striking appeal that was made in the whole course of the debate to a house of apostacy ; and his public eloquence is more than a casual display. No man has studied the topics on which he speaks so profoundly as Mr. Sadler. He speaks not from fluency of tongue, but from fulness of knowledge, nor more from natural vigour of understanding, than genuine Christian ardour of heart in the good cause.

We look only with ridicule on the lacrymose procession of the ousted voters of Newark ; and however sorry we may be at their loss of the good things which a contested election may be generally supposed to ripen, we are quite as well pleased to see that they have been turned out, and that the Duke of Newcastle knows the difference between an ungrateful tenant and a grateful one, and between the petty admirer of Mr. Serjeant Wilde for reasons best understood by the admirer, and the honest English yeoman who votes for a man of honesty and virtue for no other reason than that he respects honesty and virtue. We give the Duke of Newcastle credit for every point of his conduct ; for his original determination to put down all borough trading, for his manliness in announcing that determination in utter scorn of the thousand scribblers who would, of course, be up in arms against such a determination, and for his firmness in persevering to the last. We give him additional credit for having, in an age of venality, scorned to take advantage of the time ; for having looked upon his power only as a means of public good, and of bringing into parliament thoroughly honest and thoroughly able men ; for bringing in such men as Sadler, Wetherall, and Attwood, and for the determination, astonishing as it may sound in the modern parliamentary ear, of giving up the great influence of his name, of his fortune, of his connexions, and of his public and exemplary honour, wholly and solely, to the preservation of what remains to us of the British constitution.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Southey's Life of John Bunyan, prefixed to a handsome Edition of Pilgrim's Progress.—Mr. Southey gathers his materials chiefly from Bunyan's own narrative of his spiritual history, and has told the tale with his usual felicity, and tinged it, moreover, with his own inveterate feelings—never, indeed, refusing honour to talents and character, but incapable of withholding a sneer at all deviations from established tracks. Bunyan was born at Elston, within a mile of Bedford, and followed his father's trade of tinkering—not a travelling tinker—his itineracies were all preaching ones. In his youth he was a rude and roystering fellow—a blackguard, as Mr. S. expressively terms him—but had early visitations of conscience as to the sinfulness of his course of life. To listen to his own words, he was nothing but wickedness, though he expressly disclaims the sins which most easily beset his caste, drunkenness and libertinage. A sharp reproof from a poor woman, “no better herself than she should be,” put a sudden and permanent stop to the habit of common swearing, and he rapidly, as his sense of decorum extended, threw off his attendance on Sunday sports, bell-ringing, and dancing. By the time he had thus renounced his coarser pursuits, he began to think he was so perfect, nobody could please God like him; but this self-complacency was soon shaken by the discourses of some of Gifford's fanatic congregation at Bedford. They quickly threw him into alarm, and the steps from confidence to despair were few and fast, till the recurrence to his thoughts of certain texts of Scripture recalled him, by degrees, to a state, at the other end of the scale, of something like beatitude—of assurance of divine communications. When plunged down to the lowest depths, the strange fancy possessed him—to sell his Saviour—the devil suggested, “Sell him, sell him;” and he escaped raving madness only by exclaiming, “I will not, I will not.” His reading of the Scriptures was never relaxed, and filled as his mind was with unconnected passages, they associated occasionally with his feelings in singular unions, and wrought in him the firm conviction of suggestions now by the devil, and now by the Deity. Gifford, his master in theology, died in 1655, and soon after, Bunyan occasionally held forth in the Baptist chapel, and was furnished by the elders with a sort of roving commission into the neighbourhood, where he laboured long and zealously. In 1657 he was subjected to a prosecution; for the establishment, when Presbyterian, as little approved of intinancy, as when Episcopalian after the Restoration. How he escaped, at this period does not appear; but he was one of the first victims of the bishops on their being replaced. He refused to give

M.M. *New Series.*—VOL. X. No. 56.

up his vagrant preachings, and was thrown into prison at Bedford, where he continued twelve years; but was suffered, through the kindness of the gaoler, and, of course, the connivance of the magistracy, to attend meetings; and a year or two before his final discharge, he was appointed minister, and suffered to act as minister at the Baptist chapel. He lived sixteen years after his release, though but little is known of his after-career, except that he continued connected with his chapel, and every year visited London, where he drew immense congregations. He died at sixty, in the year 1688. Besides the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he was the author of the *Holy War*, not, except in subject, at all inferior to *Pilgrim's Progress*, and sundry controversial and devotional pieces, filling a couple of folio volumes. “His connexion with the Baptists,” says Mr. Southey, “was eventually most beneficial to him; had it not been for the encouragement which he received from them he might have lived and died a tinker; for even when he cast off, like a slough, the coarse habits of his early life, his latent powers could never, without some such encouragement and impulse, have broken through the thick ignorance with which they were incrustated.” Coming once out of his pulpit, some of his friends went to shake hands, and tell him what a sweet sermon he had delivered—“Aye,” said he, “you need not remind me of that; the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit.”

The work is handsomely got up, and contains several extraordinary embellishments by Martin.

Travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt, in 1825-28, 2 vols. 8vo., by the late James Webster, Esq., of the Inner Temple.—These are the posthumous papers of a young but very intelligent traveller, relative, many of them, to countries visited of late years by hundreds, and described by scores; whilst others concern regions less frequented, and of course the account is more welcome—such as some parts of Polish Russia and the Crimea. Mr. Webster's fate is a melancholy one. A Scotchman by birth, and educated at St. Andrew's, he was very early distinguished for zealous devotion to his books, and for the extent of his acquirements. Destined for the law, he prosecuted his legal studies in London, and at two-and-twenty went to the Continent, meaning to pass a twelvemonth in visiting different parts of Europe, previously to commencing his career at the bar. As usual, where the means of indulgence are at hand, one tour prompted another, and Europe was soon too narrow a scene to bound his expanding views. He proceeded to Egypt, and after reaching the Cataracts, and con-

templating leisurely the wonders of old, right and left of the Nile, accompanied his fellow-traveller, Mr. Newnham, an artist, to Horeb and Sinai, where he fell ill, and died soon after he got back to Cairo, in 1828, then only twenty-six years of age.

A friend and fellow-student has arranged his papers, and prefixed a biographical sketch, in the course of which he whines woefully, through a number of pages, something about talents and genius, in our worthless state of society, standing no chance of competing with rank and riches—intending, apparently, this should apply to his deceased friend, or perhaps to himself; but nothing could well be less applicable—for in the profession of the law, actual dulness, however allied, rarely reaches, and never maintains, pre-eminence. If he had been talking of the church or the state, or the army or the navy, his remarks had been something to the purpose.

While Mr. Webster was at Vienna, the news arrived of the memorable treaty of the 6th of July; and anticipating no very welcome reception for Englishmen at Constantinople, he took a circuit by the way of Cracow to Odessa, where political circumstances continuing in the same untoward state, he made the tour of the Crimea; and, finally, after all his precaution, arrived at Constantinople, the very day in which news of the battle of Navarino reached the Porte. There was, however, in reality, no danger, though he quotes Mr. Stratford Canning as authority for the Sultan's actually meditating violence on the first intelligence. The Greek cause, of course, occupies much of his remarks, and no man can be more decided as to the worthlessness of the Greeks, and the folly, or rather the atrocity, of Mr. Canning's treaty. Mr. W. left England, like all young men, with extravagant prepossessions in favour of the oppressed descendants of Classic Greece; but a little actual intercourse and personal knowledge soon converted admiration into disgust.

Their character is as abandoned as their country is desolate. The vaunted valour of their forefathers has passed away, and, ere long, the very name of "Greek" will be a by-word for all that is base and worthless. Never have the English people been so egregiously gulled, both in public feeling and political conduct, as in the instance under consideration, when they destroyed the only barrier which could be opposed to Russia in the East, and weakened the confidence reposed in them by Persia, which must needs feel mistrust at so unaccountable a proceeding. Never again, be her measures what they may, will England possess that influence which she has heretofore exercised at the Ottoman court: years must elapse before the Turks can regard her in any other light than as a faithless ally, who has forfeited all claims to confidence—and for what, and for whom? For scoundrels, who, while she was shedding her blood at Navarino, were pillaging her merchants, and committing on the bodies of her captains and seamen acts of barbarity and outrage which an Englishman would shudder to hear named. Might all the vile qualities of de-

graded human nature be summed up in one word,—ingratitude, lying, beastliness, piracy, and murder—they could find no more comprehensive term than "a Greek." If any Englishman still retain the enthusiastic and ridiculous notions about the Greeks, which have led to such incalculable mischief, let him proceed to the Archipelago *without a convoy*. No more efficient corrective needs be prescribed for his opinions.

Remarking upon the popular delusions in this country, he thus adverts to Lord Byron's conduct and writings:—

Nor should the conduct and writings of Lord Byron be left out of view, in estimating the causes which led to the senseless excitement in favour of the worthless Greeks. His Lordship had travelled through the country, and had seen the Pass of Thermopylæ a haunt of banditti; he had

"Stood upon the rocky brow

That looks o'er sea-born Salamis;"

and had seen the pirate vessels prowling for their unoffending prey. He had seen Pireus a port for pirates, and Egina a den of thieves. That he knew the Grecian character well, is evident; for he pourtrayed it faithfully, when telling the Greeks that they were

"Callous, save to crime;

Stained with each evil that pollutes

Mankind, where least above the brutes;

Without even savage virtue blest,

Without one free or valiant breast."

And yet, with this knowledge, he lent the sanction of his noble name, exalted talents, and personal endeavour, to propagate the farce of Grecian freedom!

The desolate state in which he found Cracow, and the contrast thus presented to his thoughts of the present state and prospects of the Poles and Greeks, drew forth the following animated expressions:—

Whilst the former are subject to a system of unremitting espionage and constraint, and, in return for their chivalrous exertions in the cause of Christianity and European freedom, are abandoned to a merciless despotism; the latter, who, by their intrigues and pusillanimity, prepared the way for Turkish invasion,—who lowered the cross to the crescent,—and crouched in the very dust beneath Ottoman dominion,—who equal their conquerors in fanaticism, and exceed them in vice, without partaking of one spark of that honour and bravery which have ever distinguished the Turkish character,—are held forth as the inheritors of the high spirit and patriotism which gave undying glory to ancient Greece. Thus, the needy adventurer and Philhellene, taking advantage of the false impressions imbibed through classic associations, mislead the untravelled enthusiast; and thus is the fate of nations decided by the dreaming influence of schoolboy recollections!

After these passages, we shall not be surprised at his characterising the Triple Alliance in terms which, though sounding harshly, few Englishman, unbiassed by party views, will, after all, think too severe.

The best praise of the Turks may be found in the following facts, namely, that since we had set foot on their territory, all the perils incidental to

European travelling had given way to the most unhopèd-for kindness and cordiality—unhopèd-for, because we arrived from a Christian country; and on the very day of our landing in the Turkish capital, there came a fatal echo from Navarino, spreading terror through all the west, and setting every one on calculations, as to the chances of escape which his friend might have, before the rage of an infuriated mob. All this while, we were living quietly at Constantinople, or, from a want of confidence in the Allies, were alarmed only lest they, by new injuries, might exasperate the people to madness. The spirit of the treaty of alliance is fanaticism—its provisions violate the law of nations—and, but for the dignified moderation of those against whom it is framed, it might have led to deplorable events. Of this measure, posterity can have but one opinion. The false lustre of the Greek name must die away in its own ashes—the film of religious blindness will, in the end, be removed—and the philosophical historian will only have before him the long-decided question of right, as pronounced against the interference with Naples, and the occupation of Spain.

Among the more remarkable scenes described are the caves or grottos of Adelberg, though the author's attention was not called to the non-descript animal which gave rise to Sir Humphry Davy's fantastical speculations—a session of the Hungarian diet at Presburg—the Caverns of Inkerman in the Crimea—the Russian military colonies, as they are called, in the same Crimea—and the cotton manufactory at Siout, in Egypt. A biography of the Pacha of Egypt is given at some length, on the mistaken supposition that the subject was new. While at Odessa, Mr. W. collected the reports in that neighbourhood relative to the death of Alexander, which is attributed to a sense of mortification on hearing of the extensive conspiracy at a moment when he thought himself idolized. The editor has printed the report of the commission appointed to inquire into the details of that conspiracy. It is a very interesting document; but how far it is to be trusted, is another matter.

The Life of Alexander Alexander, written by himself, and edited by John Howell. 2 vols. 12mo.—Mr. Howell is as distinguished for his activity as for his benevolence; he is the common patron and biographer, in Edinburgh, of shipwrecked sailors and broken-down soldiers. Within a very few years, it will be recollected, he has published the "Journal of a Soldier of the 71st Regiment," and the "Life of John Nicol, a Sailor." He has now a new protégé to introduce, and in the preface has thought it becoming to account for the singular fact of a humble individual, as he describes himself, venturing to appear as a biographer. Compassion, it appears, prompted his first effort. The soldier, whose journal he published, was one whom he had known as a playfellow when a boy, and whom he discovered in a state of utter destitution, half-starved, covered with rags,

and the "soles of his shoes fastened by a cord as they had been on his retreat from Corunna." Unable himself to furnish any adequate assistance, he applied to an old lady, whose hand he had found, on many such occasions, ever ready and open; and, on telling his tale, she put her purse into his hand, with, "John, take what you think he requires." This lady was the mother of Sir Walter Scott; and Mr. Howell records it as the proudest boast of his life, that he had her confidence, and the honour to be one of her almoners. To help the poor fellow still farther, he drew up the narrative from his mouth; but before it was published, the subject had left the country, and his kind-hearted benefactor has never heard of him since. The same generous sympathy guided his next attempt. John Nicol was found by him in the same desolate and miserable state; the good lady, who had so often listened to his representations, was then no more; but the success of his first literary effort naturally under similar circumstances suggested a second. "I did my best for him," says Howell; and the effect of his exertions was the realization of a sum sufficient to render his few remaining years comfortable, and to leave a surplus of £30, which Mr. Blackwood paid over to his relations.

Alexander Alexander, the hero of the present publication, had, as a last resource, written his own narrative to a formidable length, and presented it to the publisher, Blackwood. Publication, in its unpruned state, Mr. B.'s professional tact told him at once was impracticable; but desirous of serving a fellow-countryman, and one who had met with nothing but disappointments through a long career, he bethought himself of Mr. Howell; but unluckily Mr. Howell had just then got Selkirk and his reputation upon his hands, and could only give a faint hope of some distant assistance. Mr. Blackwood, however, kept him to this, a sort of half promise, and the last eleven months—the mornings only, for the rest of the days were occupied with the avocations of business—have been engaged in reducing above four thousand folio pages to two moderate and portable volumes.

Alexander's tale is one of some interest, and calculated to read an useful lesson. He was the illegitimate son of a man of property—ashamed to acknowledge, and yet indisposed to abandon him. He placed the boy, on a competent allowance for board, with country people, whose prejudices against a 'get' of this kind were not to be overcome, and who treated him as something scarcely entitled to the common regards of humanity. At school—we doubt if this could have occurred in the south—it was the same, and he reached the age of seventeen with scarcely any thing but the common acquirements of reading and writing. The lad was sacrificed to the desire of concealment, and yet ineffectively, for every body, it seems, knew

who he was. Something like ambition had been generated, for the ill-judging father, who saw him once a year, always bade him behave well, and he would make a gentleman of him. The time came at last when something must be done towards a permanent settlement—his own wish was for a commission in the army, but he was finally despatched to the West Indies, to learn the art and mystery of planting. There, by some mismanagement, or rather the neglect of adequate arrangements, he found himself left to his own resources, and glad to accept of employment as overseer. Disgusted at this occupation, he returned to Scotland, where he was roughly received by his father, and quickly shipped off, in the steerage, for Canada, as a book-keeper. On board, however, the captain—of course he had received no competent payment for the passage—treated him very harshly, and he escaped from the ship when off the Irish coast, where he enlisted in the artillery service, and was forthwith sent to Ceylon. At Ceylon he was stationed some years—always the victim of jealousy—never getting on; regarded by the men as a ‘dictionary man,’ envied for his acquirements by the non-commissioned officers, much of whose work he performed, and misrepresented by them to their superiors. At the peace of 1814, he was discharged on a pension of nine-pence a day. Quite abandoned by his father, he now made his way again to the West-Indies, and after two or three attempts at employment, proceeded to Venezuela; and entering into the Colombian service, obtained a lieutenant’s commission, partly by falsely representing himself as an officer. This again, and in the common course of things, was a subject of annoyance; for he was always in fear of being discovered, and more than once was actually recognised. In this precious Colombian service, he could get no pay—nor always his rations, and was finally cheated out of some prize-money. Returning to Scotland once more, penniless—save some arrears of his pension—his father again refused to do any thing for him, and even, being exasperated by his son’s importunity, took out what in Scotland is called a law-burrows, and had him thrown into prison, till apparently, in a few months, for very shame, he was forced to release him. The wretched narrator concludes with a wish to leave the country in which he was born, and has suffered most, and to terminate a life in which he has suffered much, and enjoyed little, in a foreign land. The parent is apparently still living—if all is true, the exposure is fairly justifiable. The son violates no law of propriety towards a father who has himself observed none. But independently of the personal circumstances, the scenes described have many of them a great deal of novelty and interest—especially some of the West India sketches—those of Ceylon, and the campaigns of Colombia, and the details of the life of a soldier in the

ranks. “He is a man,” says Mr. Howell, “after my own heart; he will not sacrifice one iota of truth to give effect to an incident. The only difficulty I have had, was in softening down the circumstances of his family concerns. I refused to go on with his life if he persisted in publishing all he had written down. I would not have given what is published, had I not thought it necessary to illustrate the effects that early education produces upon the after man, and at the same time to account for his bad success in life.”

The Armenians, by C. Macfarlane, Esq. 3 vols, 12mo.—Next to Anastatius, we know no volumes better calculated to familiarize us with oriental manners, and especially those of Constantinople, and the beautiful shores of the Bosphorus. Among the rajah subjects of the Porte, Armenians are as distinct as Greeks and Jews. They are wholly a plodding race—men-camels, as their tyrants call them—their purpose in residing among the Turks is gain, and they exercise most of the mechanical professions in Constantinople: they are also the general bone-setters of the country; but commercial pursuits seem most congenial, and of late years they have superseded the Jews as bankers or seraffs, and made themselves useful in the financial transactions of the government. As to any thing like social intercourse, they are entirely detached from the Turks, while adopting many of their habits; and from the Greeks they are separated not only by national prejudices, but by difference of tenets in the profession of the same religion. From their first conversion to Christianity, they have been disciples of Eutyches, denying the human nature of Christ, and thus opposed to both the Greek church and the Roman; but among them, for a considerable time, the Catholic missions have made proselytes, and the greater part of the Armenians of Constantinople are distinguished from the rest of their countrymen as Catholics. To develop the manners of this singular people, and contrast their peculiarities from those of the Greeks, the author selects a Greek for the hero of his story, and an Armenian for his heroine—the general outline rests on facts. The hero is a Greek prince of the Fanara, and son of the Hospodar of Wallachia, recently appointed to that slippery dignity, and himself residing at Constantinople, as his father’s hostage to the Porte, under the official character of political agent. He is a fine handsome young fellow, with money at command, and a turn for intrigue. While paying a visit to his grandmamma, at a village on the Bosphorus, he meets with a young lady, with whose charms he is deeply struck at the first glance, and before he departs is desperately in love—the impression proves equally decisive on the part of the lady. Unluckily she is an Armenian, the daughter of a wealthy banker;

and even Greeks regard Armenians as a degraded caste. But passion masters prejudice, and he pursues the lady through all impediments, with a resolution that difficulties only inflame. She was beautiful as an houri, and of a complexion singularly thin and transparent—contrasted in this respect from her countrywomen, who, though often handsome, are remarkable for thick and coarse skins, clumsy ancles, and large ears. The ear, indeed, marks the Armenian as specifically as the eye does the Jew. By some happy chance she had, with the coarse physical qualities of her country, escaped also their still coarser feelings, and following nature, was comparatively, in sentiment, an European liberal, though blessed with few of the advantages of education. She had been indulged as an only daughter; but the Armenians universally shut up their women, and only introduce them as agreeable vehicles for handing pipes and coffee. Living in the immediate neighbourhood of the old princess, she had made her acquaintance, and had liberally assisted her in her hours of adversity—a mutual kindness followed, and frequent intercourse. With this fact Constantine quickly became acquainted, and he as quickly repeated his visits, in the hope of again encountering the beautiful stranger. His visits were, however, all in vain, and he dared not express the state of his feelings to his prejudiced though grateful relative. Luckily, a Catholic festival soon brought the Armenian family, with the women, out of their shell, and Constantine took care to be a spectator of the scene. The hilarity of the day was interrupted by the sudden presence of a Turk, who finding himself in a humour to kill a Greek, rushed into the crowd, and mistaking Veronica's father for one, was only prevented from accomplishing his purpose by the activity and address of young Constantine. Veronica expressed her gratitude fondly and devotedly on the spot; and the old man, while professing all he had was at his command, actually ventured to invite him to call and take a cup of coffee. The eager youth, of course, seizes the opportunity, and Veronica, in person, presents the pipe and coffee, and the young folks contrive to appoint a meeting for the next day. However furtively this was managed, it did not escape the eye of the Catholic priest, an Italian abbate, of whom, unluckily, Constantine, in the wantonness of wit, had that evening made an enemy. From the interference, and professional influence of this man, flow all the succeeding embarrassments and miseries. The series of incidents consists of plans and schemes for effecting interviews, and baffling the angry and bigotted parent and priest, in which great adroitness is shewn by both parties, till at last she is driven, in order to escape an odious marriage arranged by her family, to throw herself into the prince's arms, and a priest is with difficulty found

to make them man and wife. Short, however, was their felicity, for the very next morning comes the Bostandi Basha, and the lady, followed by her lover, is taken forthwith before the vizier, whose interest had been carefully secured by the court banker. They were torn asunder by brute force,—she was delivered up to her parent—and he, upon perseverance in complaining, was finally banished to Wallachia, where he soon after died of the plague, and the unhappy lady, shut up in a convent, apparently died too, of grief and harsh treatment.

The History and Antiquities of the Tower of London, by John Bayley, Esq.

—Mr. Bayley's very complete history of the Tower is not at all known beyond the narrow circle of antiquaries, and collectors of ornamental publications. He has brought out a second edition, in a less expensive, but still ambitious shape, to bring it within the reach of a larger class of readers. The volume presents first a general history of the Tower; then follows a local description, and, finally, memoirs of its distinguished prisoners from the days of Henry I. The first prisoner recorded was Flambard, Bishop of Durham, the confidential minister of William Rufus, who was flung into its dungeons by Henry to gratify the prejudices and conciliate the good will of the people. The list closes very ignobly with the Cato-street conspirators of 1820, who, however, were quickly removed to Newgate. In the local description, the Record Tower introduces some account of the Rolls. The most ancient of these records are the *Cartæ Antiquæ*, a miscellaneous collection of charters and grants, chiefly to ecclesiastics, beginning with Edward the Confessor. The first attempt to arrange the masses of papers was made in the reign of Edward II., and a second similar effort in that of Elizabeth. In the reign of that queen a Mr. William Bowyer spent some years in reducing them to something like order. Selden was appointed by the parliament, and Prynne after the Restoration, to the office of keeper; but neither of them, though both antiquarians, seem to have done anything in the way of arrangement, and the papers fell again into the disorder they were found in by Bowyer. Lord Halifax, in the beginning of the last century, called the attention of parliament to the subject, and through his exertions something was accomplished; but not till the year 1800 were any effectual steps taken. Under the direction of a committee, the *Fœdera* are now gradually printing. Enough, however, has not yet been done for complete preservation; large masses of papers, especially the *Inquisitiones post mortem* are fast fading. In this state are many of the most important documents, some of which are already illegible, and others are fast approaching to the same hopeless condition. Mr. B. suggests an

immediate transcription as the only security. Of their importance Mr. B. thus speaks:—

As the knowledge and consequent esteem of our national records and muniments have increased through the measures adopted by the Record Commission, their use has every day become more general, and their authority more frequently consulted, both for literary and legal purposes. Indeed the most sanguine expectations that could have been entertained concerning the advantages of this great national work, have been amply realized. From the sources here laid open, the laws, the history, and the constitution of the kingdom are daily receiving elucidation, and to the antiquary, the topographer, the genealogist, and to the nation in general, an inexhaustible mine of information is discovered, which, before, had lain buried in obscurity.

A Guide and Pocket Companion through Italy, by William Cathcart Boyd, M. D. ; 1830.—Dr. Boyd was prompted to compile his valuable little volume from a conviction, produced by woeful experience, of the utter uselessness of the few works which he could meet with professing to give the information which every traveller naturally looks for. Page after page he found spent in descriptions of paintings, and statues, and churches, alike wearisome and inaccurate, while correct catalogues are always to be had for a trifle at every town—and all this to the neglect of much that is valuable and even indispensable for travellers to know. Disregarding, then, these matters, which may always be more faithfully learnt on the spot, Dr. Boyd confines himself to matters of practical utility—to matters of importance to be known beforehand—the posts and distances, rates of posting, monies, expences of living, directions to travellers, and hints, and a brief description of the most interesting objects of antiquity—intending his book, in short, as a useful little pocket companion, to be referred to with confidence at all times when difficulty presents itself; and, things continuing the same, we have no doubt the book will fulfil its purpose.

To add to the value of his manual, Dr. Boyd adds his experience as a physician, and gives professional advice to invalids, and all who wish to enjoy health, and preserve it, as to residence, diet, clothing, and regimen, with “prescriptions” in Latin and English, for different cases. If more be still desirable as to the actual circumstances of Italy, he recommends Lady Morgan’s work, and that, it seems, is to be met with in all the circulating libraries on the continent—this, by the way, we think is a mistake. Lady M.’s work does honour, Dr. Boyd says, to her head and heart. It is not every one that will, or can, tolerate the taste of this very clever woman.

First Love, a Novel, 3 vols, 12mo.—Though merely a romance—another complication of old characters and materials, of angels and demons, of mystery and its eclaireissement, the common stuff and staple

of novels of the secondary, and of many of the first class, time out of mind—it is not unskilfully put together—the positions of the parties are often interesting enough, and the development of feeling and passion consistent and effective.

The hero of the tale is the heir of a noble family—exchanged by his nurse, and stolen by an itinerant beggar for the sake of his clothes—forced to counterfeit lameness, beaten, starved, and, finally, deserted. In this forlorn condition the poor child is discovered by a young lady in a most romantic spot on the lakes of Cumberland, taken to her mother, and kindly entertained. The family consists of the benevolent old lady, her daughter, and a nephew two or three years older than the rescued child, and one who gives very early indications of inbred malignity. The young lady is on the point of marriage, and the child is, to please her, patronized, and in a manner adopted by the mother. He is a most interesting boy—quite aristocratic in form and feature, and even in manner, which gives rise to a conviction of some distinguished origin, and which is fed and confirmed by some subsequent information, though both vague and anonymous. In due time the bride has twins, two lovely girls, and our little hero, then seven years old, makes their earliest acquaintance, and as they grow up, they regard him as a brother. At a suitable age he is sent to the naval college, and goes to sea, and becomes every inch a sailor. He enters into the service under the most favourable auspices, and is, after a change or two placed in the ship of the noble admiral, a sort of Lord Nelson, where opportunities occur in abundance, none of which are, of course, lost. At every return to port he revisits the lakes, and is always welcomed with delight by his little playmates, towards one of whom he begins to experience feelings which differ somewhat from the fraternal ones he before felt, and which he still feels for the other. By this time the nephew of his patroness turns out, what his earliest bent seemed to promise, a worthless profligate—crimes of the darkest dye are all but brought home to him. To put him a little out of what is called harm’s way, he also is sent to sea, and in a few years becomes the lieutenant of the young hero whose activity and good patronage had very early procured him a ship. In the meanwhile, the brave and now distinguished youth shrinks from the avowal of his sentiments towards the lady, nameless and a foundling as he is, and she who has always loved him as a brother, and still thinks her feelings the same, is distressed at the reports of his attachment to another. The young men, belonging now to the same ship, occasionally visit their common home together; and the nephew, who himself has an eye to the lady and her immense property, detects the real state of their mutual feelings, and treats the youth whom, when

afloat, he is bound to obey, with contempt, and the lady herself with insolence. She seems at his mercy, and he uses his advantage tyrannically: and taking every opportunity of insinuating to his captain that his cousin actually returns his attachment, gradually excites some distrust of the lady. By and by, the anticipated discovery of the young hero's birth takes place—he proves to be the son of the noble admiral, who had so long patronized him, and who had recently fallen in the arms of victory. Not a moment does he lose in despatching a letter to the charming object of his affections, whom he has loved from her birth, offering his title and fortunes; but this letter his insidious and unprincipled rival intercepts, and an answer is received by the young lord, apparently in her own hand-writing, rejecting his offers, and avowing her attachment to her cousin. This event is a prelude to a long course of misapprehension and mystery, in the tantalizing style, very well imagined, but which is, of course, finally cleared up—the traitor is caught in his own toils—the lovers come to a right understanding, and *first love* triumphs.

Dictionary of the English Language, by N. Webster, L.L.D., Parts I. and II.—Dr. Johnson, and several of his successors did not muster 40,000 words; and even Mr. Todd, with all the good-will in the world, could not scrape together so many as 60,000, while Dr. Webster has brought up the swelling number to full 70,000, by a process, to be sure, by which a round 100,000 could readily be effected. The aim of every successive labourer in these fields, is to enlarge the stock—not one of them thinks of reducing within more legitimate limits, though we are quite satisfied there is ample room for very considerable reduction. Multitudes of words are admitted on all hands, that do not deserve admission, or any notice of any kind, from any general usage of them at any period. Dr. Webster flogs all his predecessors in this respect. No sooner does he catch any body actually printing a new word, but he sweeps it without farther inquiry into his omnium gatherum. Surely there could be no real occasion for introducing *Arkites*, expressive of Noah and his sons, merely because Mr. Bryant, in a pedantic spirit, chose to manufacture the term—nor *Appointees*, for no better reason than because the Massachusetts' representatives once used it in a circular—nor *Atimy* (with an accent in the antepenult too), because Mr. Mitford, no great authority, surely, in verbal matters, gave the *ατιμια* of the Greeks, or English termination—nor *Archbotcher*, because Corbet botched up the word ironically. How fortunate, by the way, it is, the slang dictionary escaped Dr. Webster's researches. If we call Dr. W. an arch-verbalist, he will snap up the 'word' for his next edition, and therefore we will not throw temptation in his way.

Between a dictionary of the English language, and an Encyclopedia, too, there are more limits than seem to have occurred to Dr. W. We find the Latin terms for the genera of plants and animals, and also of some species, for the admission of which there can be but the one excuse or necessity—of swelling the lists. He has ransacked Rees's Cyclopædia, and poured into his own reservoir a torrent of ecclesiastical and theological distinctions, for which no person upon earth can have the least occasion, or would ever dream of looking for them in a dictionary of the 'English language.' *Antosiandrian*—what is this? An opponent of one Osiander's doctrines. *Artotyrites*—and this? Some heretics, who chose to celebrate the Eucharist with bread and cheese, (as the learned will opine), instead of bread and wine. Words, again, are continually occurring, quite un-English, and which nobody could expect to find in such a publication, and of course would never refer for them—accompanied, too, with definitions so bald or so defective, as to make them perfectly useless: for instance, "*Avernat*, a sort of grape"—"*Atche*, a small silver coin in Turkey, value six or seven mills." If the term is to be introduced, why not give the English value? "*Balloon* or *balloen*, a state barge of Siam, made of a single piece of timber, very long, and managed with oars"—think of this, in a dictionary of the English language! And truly we as little see the necessity for such terms as *Aquitanian*, *Arauncanian*, *Acroceraunian*, &c.—as well might we look for an adjective term of every spot that has a name upon the globe.

Dr. W's friends laud to the skies the accuracy and research of his etymologies, and he is plainly entitled to considerable credit. We observe *Baptize* comes from βαπτω, to baptize, which is as useful as it is learned. *Backgammon* is, very adequately for the occasion, described by Dr. Johnson, as a game with dice and tables; but Dr. W. is, we suppose, thought to have improved upon it thus—"a game played by two persons, upon a table, with box and dice. The table is in two parts, on which are twenty-four black and white spaces, called points. Each player has fifteen men, of different colours, for the purpose of distinction."

The doctor challenges comparison, in point of definition, by appealing to a list of words. We glanced at the first three or four—*acceptance*, we find illustrated by the phrase, which we suppose must be American—"work done to acceptance." To *acquire*, is very well distinguished from gaining, obtaining, procuring; but who, out of America, ever heard of "obtaining a book on loan"? To *adjourn*, is "used for the act of closing the session of a public body—as the court adjourned *without day*"—which must be exclusively American.

On the affinity of languages, Adelung is

thought, we believe, but a fool to Dr. Webster. The language of Noah and his family was of course all the same, and Dr. W. finds no reason, which we wondered at as we went on, to infer any changes before the building of the tower of Babel—the period and the cause assigned by the writer of the book of Genesis for the commencement of a difference of language, which for any thing that appears, was not gradual, but sudden and decisive. Dr. W., without however denying the miracle, ascribes the change to a gradual process—the result solely of separation and divergence. The more remote the separation, and the longer its duration, the greater became the difference, though still in the more uncultivated, which, as to language, means the more uncorrupted regions, exist traces of the original tongue—he finds many in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. But, what surprised us most in this learned discussion,—he talks of *radical* differences in the dialects or languages spoken by the descendents of Shem and Ham, on the one hand, and those of Japheth, on the other. We cannot, for the life of us, imagine the line of distinction, or the ground of it. The three branches might have been expected to shew similar traces and similar resemblances of the common stock, and besides the descendents of each touched upon the other. The Shemic branch (not *Shemitic*, we love analogy as well as Dr. W.) stretched from Syria to China, the Hamic over Africa, and the Japhetic over Europe and Northern Asia. Now, the Shemic languages, Dr. W. represents as *radically* distinct from the Japhetic, and this is what upon his hypothesis we cannot accede to. Of the Hamic dialects, the Coptic, Dr. W. apparently thinks, is *all* that is left. The Chaldee is, of course, the original and central language, and for our parts, we should anticipate as many points of resemblance in the east as the west, and certainly no *radical* differences; or how is it he does not find new radical differences, north and south, or any other two opposite points of the compass. The discussion, in the full extent of it, seems to us a little premature—the assumption of a central point is apt to warp and twist the coolest judgment, and we are afraid Dr. W. has been seduced occasionally into committing violence.

But we have no desire whatever to depreciate the learned lexiconist; the book has its valuable points. The author has wisely omitted the confirmatory passages, which made at least one out of Dr. Johnson's two folios; he has changed the mode of marking the accent, advantageously, and corrected many well known blunders of Johnson, in definition and etymology. His suggestions, moreover, on orthography and orthoepy—the words in use, we believe, for spelling and pronouncing—are generally sound; and every thing relative to science is indisputably improved.

The Lay of the Desert, a Poem, in two Cantos, by Henry Sewell Stokes.—The desert is Dartmoor, and Mr. Stokes may seem likely to conflict with Mr. Carrington; but after a little preluding, and some oh-ing and ah-ing, he suddenly, and somewhat uncourteously, bids his muse refrain from this "lofty theme so lately sung by Devon's minstrel in no vulgar strain," and then proceeds to interrogate the "land of tors, and glens, and steams," why he himself—being in some doubt, it must be presumed—visits its "desert loneliness"—

Is't to indulge in antiquarian dreams
O'er cairn and ruin in their burial dress
Of moss—*impervious almost to a guess*;
Upon my fancy's wild and airy steed,
Thro' backward centuries of time to press, &c.

Is't to indulge in correspondence strange
With fay and sprite and demon of the blast,
The vacant mysteries of the ideal range,
Which poets will converse with to the last?
No—to the winds such mis-creations cast—
Off with such whimsies to the days of yore, &c.

No, he is no romancer—no antiquarian
—no hunter—no fisherman—his course to thee,
Dartmoor, no such pursuits incline.
What the de'il takes him there then?

I to thee hie because my soul is sick --
Sick with mankind and their disgusting ways;
Altho' but lately kindled my life's wick
And now but gathering into *manhood's blaze*,
Much hath it felt the world's foul, murky haze—
Ay—I have lived quite long enough to tell
That love, truth, virtue, in the world's wide maze
Perish—they cannot bear the boisterous swell—

With similar nonsense.

A sudden break now introduces his dreamings on "Calpe's heaven-aspiring mount," where his "drowsy soul" used to wake, and from off her plumes seem to shake the ignoble dust, &c. All which is particularly fine, and, what is better, serves to remind him of Dartmoor again, which, though less sublime, is not less alone, and accordingly presents a capital spot, not only for invoking solitude, and delineating its sweet and salutary effects, but of comparing the *modus operandi* of different solitudes—those, for instance, of Andalusia and Dartmoor. Well, and what is the result? precisely the same—the difference is in the process.—

Here, seems the soul, healed almost with a scourge,
There, with a kiss does trouble in composure merge.

While he is thus singing or sighing about solitude, to the tors the evening hour proclaim, which does not haster him home to bed, but prompts to stay and take advantage of the natural tendency such a scene has to *refresh the memory*, for—

Not in the world, indeed, doth evening thus
Brush up our fading reminiscences, &c.

Against this terrible world, he now makes some vigorous resolutions.—

Ne'er shall the cup of worldly bliss be mine, &c.

And the reason is—

I know the world is false, and vain, and void,
Have felt it such, and ne'er will to it trust, &c.

And, then, to give a proof he knows what he is talking about, he tells a tale of two young lovers, whose sires were at first both "well to do;" but, at last, when one of them was no longer "well to do," the other refused to give his daughter to the bankrupt's son, and so the young lady pined, and the youth became a "noble ruin," &c. This is an opportunity not to be thrown away of abusing *interest*, the source of this calamity, right and left. How shall he describe "its all-efficient, fatal character?" Fit symbols are likely to be scarce, it seems—he scrapes all, however, his memory furnishes. It is the dry-rot of nature—cankerworm—moth—rust—wax—gall; worse than the burning stream which Etna vomits—worse than beams of forked lightning; it is the upas of the mental world—it is the god of this villainous, &c. If the reader wish for more, there is a whole volume of it, of the same unmeasured, indiscriminating character. The lines are often smooth enough, and vigorous in their march; but the diction is frequently poor, and the sentiment always of the same school-boy cast.

Mr. Milman's Appendix to his History of the Jews.—A most unmeasured cry has been raised against Mr. Milman for employing some of his own sound common sense in the interpretation of Scripture, and which, from the many quarters in the church and out of it, from whence it rose, required some serious notice. Mr. M., in justification, has judiciously appealed, as he had done indeed before to the Bishop of London, to admitted authorities, instead of supporting his sentiments by farther argumentation. It is surely enough that the passages against which exceptions were most vehemently taken, breathe precisely the tone of the Family Bible of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, known as Mant and D'Oyly's. This will satisfy the Church party, with whom Mr. M. is, of course, most concerned, if it will not the Evangelical clique, who are not likely to be pleased with anybody's version but their own.

Exodus, or the Curse of Egypt, by T. B. J.—This little volume modestly appeals to the patronage of Glasgow, the city of the writer's habitation, from whom, though "all bow down to the calf of gold, few walk to the temple of the Muses," he ventures to solicit rather justice than mercy, and not many can do so with so good a grace, or with so good a chance of escaping a whipping. What the worshipful Glasgowites may deem of the performance, we know not; but the poem, we are sure, need fear no comparison with any of the Biblical

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poems with which we have of late been deluged. The principal poem consists of a series of sketches of the plagues of Egypt, simply strung together. The few hints of the Scriptures are expounded often very happily, though occasionally with a little too much luxuriance, and then occur specimens of an undisciplined taste.

We pick out a scrap from the desolating and depressing effects of the locusts:—

Ye rivers! silver serpents of the hills,
Sons of the mountains and the mountain crags,
Who go like pilgrims murmuring on your way;
Well may ye murmur on your journey now!
Ye do not leap from rock to rock, so light
In all the playfulness of strength and youth;—
The flowery fringes of your streams are gone—
The fisher's song is hushed upon your waves—
The voice of playful children is not near—
Nor bathes voluptuous beauty in your kiss—
Nor hear ye lovers' tales upon your banks—
Nor mirror happy maidens in your glass.

Ye breezes ye may wail upon your way,
For all the lovely things ye used to meet
Upon your journeyings, are in their graves;
The flowers are dead, from whom ye gathered
balm,

And over whom ye shook your dewy wings, &c.

We must give another morsel, descriptive of the queen's despair when Pharaoh quits her in chace of the Hebrews.

Upon a splendid Ottoman she threw
Her pallid form; and it was diamond-decked
And clothed with woven gold, and softly laid
With the down of the swan that loves the Nile;
The sphinx, the ibis, and the cat of gold
All looked down coldly on her wildering grief;
Cold was their aspect, they consoled her not:
Her Nubian slaves that bend the supple knee,
And fan her with the fair flamingo's wing,
Cannot allay the fever of her brain;
Nor all around the walls of Arabesque,
Nor pearls and shells brought from the Red Sea
coast,
Nor silver mirror which she bowed before,
Nor her gay equipage, can charm her more;
Before the storm of sorrow which now blew,
Her reason's bark went down nor rose again.
Not all the medicines that Iris knew
Could heal her—not the sainted amulet
Could cheer the bosom it was hung upon, &c.

The author pleads youth and unpropitious circumstances—he need not deprecate; he has fancy and language to make a poet; his style and diction are sweet, smooth, and flowing, and yet not made up of nothing but set phrases, and well-worn allusions.

The Divine System of the Universe, &c., by William Woodley.—The foundation of this performance appears to have been laid by Mr. Brothers—the prophet, we suppose, or one of his fraternity; the superstructure was built by one Commander Woodley, and their double labours are accompanied by a sympathetic introduction from the editor, whose own name unhappily does not appear. The adventurous introducer him-

self arrived at the very conclusion of Messrs. Brothers and Woodley long before he had the honour of becoming acquainted with either of those enlightened personages; and the very arguments, and others that sound like them, but are not, which conducted Newton and his successors to one set of conclusions, have led this learned trio of Thebans to their very antipodes. The Editor, for himself, considered, first, that, though the earth is represented as moving through an orbit whose diameter is 190 millions of miles, no sensible parallax is discernible—ergo, the earth must be stationary. The two bears whirl round the axle of the sky in twenty-four hours, and *such an effect* cannot be produced by the daily revolution of the earth—ergo, the earth is stationary, and the stars go round. If, again, the revolution of the earth *could* produce such an effect, (appearance he means,) then the traversing so vast a space as 190 millions must needs produce some sensible changes in the stars; but, strange to say, none is perceptible—ergo, and because it impugns the veracity of his eyesight, understanding, and creed, the Newtonian system is an imposition. And, in the fourth place, Tycho Brahe, Aristotle, Archimedes, and Homer, represent the sun as describing a course in the heavens—Zerubbabel declares, it compasses the heavens about; and Solomon knew the *alterations of the turning of the sun*, &c.—ergo, and, also, because the compass, or a pole kept constantly pointed to the north, instead of $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees to the right or the left, as if to produce, by that means, the seasons, there exists abundant evidence that the Newtonians are imposing upon the credulity and ignorance of the world.

The value of these same reasons, and the novelty of them, such of them as are intelligible, are sufficiently obvious, and supersede the necessity of farther analysis. Every eight or ten years, for a century past, have introduced persons of this unlicked caste—men of ardent piety and cloudy perception, whose reasoning powers are always *citra ultrave* the line of common sense, and who can measure the evidence neither of morals nor mathematics.

Universal Mechanism, as consistent with the Creation of all Things, the Appearances of Nature, and the Dictates of Reason and Revelation, by G. M. Bell.—The author's purpose is, as may be partly gathered from the title, to demonstrate that all things owe neither their origin nor their preservation to chance, as is the opinion of some, nor exist from all eternity, as is supposed by others, but were created by the all-wise, all-perfect, and eternal God, and are preserved alone by his care and protection. We discover no novelty of illustration, and cannot imagine what could prompt the author to publication, with Paley before him, to whom he repeatedly refers. His

explanations of the Six Days of Creation can only excite disgust, consisting, as they do of idle speculations, repeated a thousand times—confirming nothing, and teaching nothing.

On the Portraits of English Authors of Gardening, with Biographical Notices, by S. Felton.—Mr. Felton, it may be supposed, is not only a horticulturalist, but a portrait collector. After glancing at Greeks, Romans, and Orientals, and two Englishmen, one Alfred, of the thirteenth century, and one Henry Dane, of the fourteenth, of both of whom he thinks it not *very* likely portraits will be discovered, he throws his writers upon gardening into two classes—without portraits, and with. Of the former he reckons up sixty-nine, the earliest of whom is Ralph Arnolde, who has, it seems, in his Chronicle, printed in 1502, a chapter on the Crafts of Graffynge and Plantynge, and Alteryng of Fruits, as well in colour as in taste; and in whose chronicle, by the way, appeared first the 'Nut-brown Maid.' Of those of whom portraits happily still exist, the author enumerates we know not how many, and some whose names we did not expect to see. Numbers of the devotees of the garden have lived to a great age. The volume is full of agreeable recollections—the anecdotes, to be sure, are all very well known, and the author catches at any peg to hang a note upon. Charles Cotton's works are enumerated; a quotation alludes to Essex, and then we are told Essex lost his head for saying Elizabeth grew old and cankered, and that her mind was as crooked as her carcase. "Perhaps," he adds, "the beauty of Mary galled Elizabeth." This leads to Anne Boleyn, and Mr. Hutton, and a modern writer on horticulture, who tells us Queen Elizabeth, in her last illness, eat little but sucory pottage. Mr. Lowden says it is used as a fodder for cattle. The French call it *chicoree sauvage*. Her taste must have been something like her heart, &c.

The Senate, a Poem. Part I. The Lords.—No uneffective sketch of the Lords, with a dash of satire; but presenting fair, and generally favourably fair judgments. The versification is a mixture of Pope and Goldsmith, with a turn or two of Campbell and Crabbe, and the effect is often expressive and impressive. The palm of *elocution*—we hope the writer uses the word strictly, and not loosely, for eloquence—is assigned to Lord Grey,

Whose port erect, and proud, yet gracious state,
Denote the dignified aristocrat.

"True to the crown (witness the rectory of Bishopsgate), the people, and the laws."

Next, on his crutch, see generous Holland rise,
Gout in his feet, good humour in his eyes:
The classic Holland, to the Muses known,
Peer, poet, orator—*Amphitryon*."

With more, that amounts to extravagance.

The Marquis of Lansdowne is closely hit :—

Good sense ;

But declamation is not eloquence !

Loud without force, and copious without strength,

We long for greater height, and shorter length.

Dudley's impromptus are laughed at ; but John Ward could speak to command attention, when he had not £80,000 a year. Full justice is done to the old Chancellor, while the new one is characterized as the learned, the gay, the *versatile*—the Palinurus of politics, who does nothing now but "promote his friends, and prosecute his foes."

Harrowby is the wise, the good, the accomplished. Peel often calls him "Araby the blest"—a squib at the secretary's plebeian pronunciation. Lord Ellenborough's curls and conceit exhaust most of the author's bile. The duke of dukes has full measure :—

Straight-forward sense, severe simplicity ;

That cleared each obstacle, and smoothed the way—

This stamped his dictate with decisive sway.

With bloodless lip comprest, and arching brow,
Warrior of Waterloo, I see thee now !

Calm, yet acute, throughout the *dire* debate

Composed in feature, rigidly sedate ;

What prudence counsels, resolute to dare—

Victor alike in politics and war.

The borough Lords follow—

Rutland and Beaufort, Hertford, Cleveland, see

Combine with Norfolk for the ministry ;

On whom, obedient to their chief's decrees,

Wait in the back-ground some two score M.P.'s.

But fierce Newcastle goads his Newark horse,

To strengthen Bedford's and Fitzwilliam's force,

While Lonsdale balances in middle space

His dread of Popery 'gainst his love of place.

Lots of Lords are dismissed with a word.
while the Bishops are lumped thus :—

Lo ! where the Bishops awe the timid mind,

In curly wigs, and gigot-sleeves reclined !

Not every one such pious horror feels—

A foreign princess called them 'imbéciles,'*

And quaintly asked, so wonderful the sight,

If those were peeresses in their own right ?

The Templars, an Historical Novel, 3 vols., 12mo.—The Templars bears one mark of a first performance, and one which is, at the same time, of some promise—the latter end is better than the beginning—an event as important and of as good augury in novels as in morals. While this is readable, better things may be looked for—a second effort will present, probably, more skill in binding events together—more refinement in language, and point in sentiment, and the writer will learn to eschew the perilous propensity of character-drawing. It is always safer, especially where

ideas are yet scarcely defined, and the judgment is still immature, to be content with developing by action, and leave the reader to portraiture, physically and metaphysically, if the employment be to his taste. The Templars, instead of redoubted crusaders, are three doughty lawyer's clerks, assembled in one office, but soon separated by circumstances which fling them into different spheres, but which the returning tide of affairs eventually throws together again. The hero, who is endowed with qualities to make a gentleman of, is speedily driven into embarrassments by the shewy but profligate habits of one associate, and rescued from impending ruin by the kind and resolute energy of the other. The friend and deliverer is a rough diamond, with some mystery in his story, an Irishman, capable of strong attachments, and indulging them with something like devotion towards the youth he had rescued ; but some misunderstanding quickly separates, if it does not alienate them, and sudden absorbing events preclude conciliation. The treacherous seducer, involved in the consequences of his own profligacy, is obliged to fly, but with burning feelings of hatred towards the victim who had just escaped the toils he had thrown around him. The hero comes, by the death of his old carking father, into possession of a splendid income, and for want of something better to do, enters the Guards, and though the profession, at least the perilous part of it, is not at all to his taste, yet from emulation, or a sense of honour, becomes a thorough soldier, and early wins laurels in the field, and a majority in the dragoons. In the course of service, on the first stirrings of the Irish rebellion, he goes with his regiment to Dublin, where, before the outbreak of the rebels, his roaming amatory fancies are fixed by the fascinations of a charming girl, of whom he occasionally gets a tantalizing glance, till, at last, in the farther pursuit of the syren, he lights upon his old and faithful Irish friend, acting the lawyer in some obscure hole of the metropolis of Erin, and in the sister of his friend discovers the lady he has been so long in search of. She is a most enchanting and superior creature, high in intellect, and deep in feeling, and devoted to her brother, who is not only of Milesian, but of regal descent, and as it quickly proves, on the strength of this pretension, an active leader in the rebellion. The hero and the lady, of course, fall mutually in love, and the materials for embarrassment abound. He is an officer in the king's service—the friend a rebel, and the lady in the secret. The explosion follows ; the major falls into an ambuscade, and is rescued, though not without difficulty, by the exertions and influence of his friend. The rebel leader, in turn, is betrayed and thrown into prison, and the major, relying upon his castle influence, solicits his pardon. A reprieve is readily obtained by one whose services were

* The modern name for ladies' large sleeves.

readily acknowledged. To prevent a moment's unnecessary suspense, a copy of the reprieve is despatched by a confidential servant, and he himself follows, accompanied by the sister, a few hours after. This servant has been some time in the hero's service; he is a surly, dogged sort of fellow, but apparently of the most faithful and attached casté. He had been picked up under extraordinary circumstances, and seemed bound up inseparably with his master's interests. He, however, turns out a thorough-paced villain—he is, in short, the fellow-clerk, who had all but accomplished his ruin by involving him in gambling transactions. Revenge was the object for which this demon lived—by the hero he had been *struck*, and by the friend he had been baffled. In his service, on the present occasion, he had an opportunity of killing two birds with one stone—he destroyed the reprieve, and by his contrivance his master reached the scene of execution an

hour too late. The sister lost her senses, and the hero's happiness seemed marred for ever. Nothing, however, could detach him from the unhappy lady; for two years he sedulously watched over her, and, at last, removing her to the south of France for change of air and country, he encountered his sullen and vengeful servant. A scene of violent recrimination ensued; the hero turned away in disgust—the wretch rushed after him with a knife—the poor and apparently insensible lady uttered a scream—the hero turned at the sound—the blow thus missed its object, and the assassin fell against the trunk of a broken tree and dashed his brains out. The shock restored the lady's intellects, and by slow degrees she recovered her health, and bliss finally repaid her sorrows. The wind-up is not only invested with interest, but told with deep pathos, presenting a brilliant proof of executive powers, of which the outset certainly gave no promise.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

THE long-expected print, from Mr. Martin's *Fall of Nineveh*, is at length before the public. The praise that we are inclined to bestow upon this extraordinary production (and it is praise of a very high order) is, that it is the finest of all his works. We are at a loss to conceive any thing in the form of a print more magnificent than this engraving. Mr. Martin has in this picture concentrated every thing that his genius had previously created. All that he has hitherto accomplished of the vast, the beautiful, the grand, and the sublime in art, is here brought together—all massed, as if by supernatural power, in the vastness, the beauty, the grandeur and sublimity that are displayed, in wild and wonderful profusion, in the *Fall of Nineveh*. The picture is no doubt familiar to most readers. The moment of the event represented is that in which Sardanapalus is proceeding with his concubines to the pile which he had himself caused to be raised for their destruction. His city is on fire; not lit by human hands, but by heaven; and the oracle that had foretold the fall of his kingdom seems to be fulfilled. The enemy is pouring through the crumbling walls—and he devotes himself and his beautiful females to the flames. The hour is supposed to be soon after sun-set: the moon is faintly struggling with the strong glare of the distant fires, and with the lightning, whose broad flash is spread over the front of the picture. The immense space of the city, with its splendid architecture, partaking of the Egyptian and the Indian, seems more immense from the myriads that are thronging tumultuously in on every side. Elephants, flanked by chariots and horse, are trampling down the routed Ninevites. On the left hand is the funeral

pile heaped with treasures; on the right, the hanging gardens, from which the people are looking in terror upon the approaching ruin. In the centre of the foreground stands Sardanapalus, surrounded by his concubines. The grouping of the figures here is very beautiful; their forms are reflected by the lightning in the bright transparent marble. Warriors are taking leave of their wives and children—some of the slaves are pilfering the treasures, others are revelling in riot. Immediately in front stand the rulers of the state, denouncing the king as the cause of the city's destruction. In the print the effect is even more striking than in the picture: in the one, the light is necessarily glaring; in the other, it is subdued into an extended and unbroken character of gloomy grandeur and magnificent desolation. In a picture like this the figures themselves are of less consequence than the manner in which they are introduced; otherwise we could wish that some few of them had been more perfect, or that the features had received an expression which, on a scale like this, in a mezzotint engraving, it would be impossible to give. Mr. Martin has done wonders; and we gladly and gratefully add our voice to the loud peal of praise which this performance cannot fail to call forth.

Either we are much deceived, or the publication of *A Series of Views in the West Indies, engraved from Drawings taken in the Islands*, will effect some little change in the opinions entertained in this country respecting those islands and their inhabitants. We have rarely seen a set of views so pleasantly poetical, and yet so apparently faithful in their delineation both of places and persons—of the beauties of nature, and

of the negroes. They have left us quite charmed with the West Indies, and longing for a climate where we can indulge in our summer costume all the year round. We are disposed to wonder what abolitionists and anti-slavery speech-makers will say to these views. A single glance at them will convince the most incredulous that slavery at Antigua is a much more endurable thing than our sympathetic societies at-home would have them imagine. We cannot help suspecting that the superintendence of sugar canes at St. Vincent's, is quite as pleasant as writing pamphlets against it. The negroes, in these views, seem to be perfectly ignorant of the dreadful sufferings they are enduring, and look as if they considered compassion to be a superfluity. If they knew all, they would hardly, we should think, exchange conditions with an English mechanic. Three parts of this publication have already appeared, containing four plates each. The object of the work is to convey an idea of the existing state of slavery in the British islands, of negro costume, the process of sugar-making, &c. and to give a selection of views illustrative of the general character of the scenery. This, we think, has been entirely accomplished. The descriptions are more explanatory than, from the brevity of them, could reasonably have been expected; and the plates are, as we have intimated, delightful things. They almost make us discontented with our liberty. Of course there must be such things as churchyards somewhere in the West Indies; but as we do not find one among these views, we presume that they are not so numerous as has been reported. Happiness and long life, instead of flogging and fevers, seem to be here the predominant features. Considering the temptations which an artist must be exposed to in such a country, and the disposition he must naturally feel towards leisure instead of labour, these plates are very cleverly executed. In many of the views much artist-like feeling is displayed, and all of them are distinguished by brilliancy and luxuriance of colouring.

It does not always happen that the third Part of a publication equals its first. This we are glad to perceive is the case with the *Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels*. In the present number, Mirkwood Mere, from a design by Barret—and Solway Firth, from a design by Copley Fielding—are our favourites. The clear transparent shadows in the first of these are exquisite. They are both calculated to shed a lustre upon the scenes that have suggested them; and both

of them do honour to the gravet of Edward Finden.

"Junius," and the "Waverley Novels" are splendid examples of the policy, upon occasion, of concealing a name; and, in a minor sense, "The Devil's Walk" is an additional evidence. We wish Mr. Southey would, like a penitent father, acknowledge the illegitimate offspring of his satirical amours. It is really dangerous to let these nameless orphans of verse wander about the world; for there is no saying where accusation will stop; and every man, though with sins enough of his own to answer for, is likely to be suspected. Besides, the mystery which makes them popular, generally gives rise to some absurd and barbarous caricature—as is the case in the present instance; Mr. Southey's unaccountable modesty, or obstinacy, has been an accessory before the fact, has indirectly occasioned the perpetration of a *Real Devil's Walk*, certainly not by Professor Porson. In this production there is much pretension and little point; a great deal of good-natured satire thrown away, and a marvellous quantity of wit, which will be of no use to any but the owner. In one point, however, we are bound to admit, that the satire by many degrees exceeds its original—and that is in the badness of its versification. Any thing more irresistibly dull, more excruciatingly melancholy, we have not seen since the last new comedy. But then there are designs—"designs by Cruickshank;"—this is very true—but alack! they are by Robert Cruickshank! "Ah! how unlike my Beverley!" The love-feast, and the meeting between Satan and his biographer, Montgomery, are the most humorous; "Blue-stockings Hall" is better in idea than execution. But we would ask the author, or the artist, of this poor little production, where the wit is of caricaturing a certain individual in the person of Satan? Surely they must have been lamentably short of ideas when they were obliged to have recourse to such a miserable expedient to render their project popular.

Portrait of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.—This highly finished engraving is to form the frontispiece to one of the Nos. of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. It is in Thomson's best style, from a drawing by a foreign artist long resident in England, M. Carbonnier. The execution of the face is extremely beautiful; and though, perhaps, it would have been a more striking likeness a year or two back, it may still be considered a good resemblance.

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Murray's Family Library, Juvenile Series, No. I, will be published on the 1st of August.

The Countess Verulam's Portrait is in preparation for the September No. of *La Belle Assemblée*. The plate is being engraved from Mr. Hawkins' beautiful miniature of this very beautiful woman—and if the engraver acquits himself as well as the painter has done, the plate will prove a gem even amongst the portraits already published in *La Belle Assemblée*.

Dignities, Feudal and Parliamentary, the nature and functions of the *Aula Regis*, or High Court of Barons, of the *Magna Concilia*, and of the *Commune Concilium Regni*, &c. By Sir W. Betham, Ulster King of Arms.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

M. PRUDHOMME.

This gentleman, the oldest of the Paris journalists, editor of *Le Journal des Révolutions de Paris*, which commenced in 1789, was born at Lyons, in 1752. According to report, he, at his outset in life, was a bookseller's shopman. Afterwards, removing from Lyons, he set up as a bookbinder at Meaux. A few years before the revolution he fixed his residence at Paris. There he ardently embraced the new principles, and was extensively instrumental in diffusing them; having, it is said, between the commencement of the year 1787, and the 14th of July, 1789, published upwards of one thousand five hundred political pamphlets, of some of which one hundred thousand copies were thrown into circulation. It was a remark of Prudhomme's enemies, that he wore out all the pens of all the Parisian gazetteers.

It was, as we have intimated, in 1789, that M. Prudhomme established *Le Journal des Révolutions de Paris*, the motto of which was—"The great seem to us to be great only because we are on our knees: let

us rise!"—In this journal the government was incessantly assailed, and the revolutionary measures were most zealously inculcated. Prudhomme, however, was far from being a servile partizan. He was disgusted with the sanguinary ferocity of Robespierre, and he attacked the tyrant and his measures with great spirit. The consequence of this was his arrest on the charge of being a royalist. The fallacy of this charge being apparent, he soon obtained his liberty; notwithstanding which, he thought it advisable to quit Paris with his family. After the downfall of Robespierre, he returned to the capital; and from that period until his death, he constantly followed the trade of a bookseller.

M. Prudhomme was the author of "The General History of Crimes committed during the Revolution," in six volumes; and of various other works, chiefly of a geographical nature; but his talents were not considered to rank above mediocrity. He died at Paris, of apoplexy, about the close of April, or commencement of May last.

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To George Oldland, Hillsley, Hawkesbury, Gloucester, clothworker, for improvements in the machinery or apparatus for sheathing and dressing woollen cloths and other fabrics.—22d July; 6 months.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

WE have the satisfaction to commence this Report, cheered by an improvement of the weather, and the hope of its permanence, assuring us of the recovery and amelioration of the too generally injured crops. The month commenced with rain, accompanied by a north-east wind, and with alternate heat and chills. An uncertain and unfavourable atmosphere continued until the 14th; the wind veering between the south-east, north-west, and north. It was nevertheless some improvement upon the weather of the last month. The 14th, and three successive days, were highly favourable and in season. To the present day, with the exception of a few light and flying showers and westerly winds, we have no reason of complaint, but a good ground of hope for a prosperous harvest, which, however, cannot be early. The generally unfortunate state of the country has been too often and particularly detailed in the various Reports, to need repetition. There is no doubt, in our poor low and wet land districts, a great part of every species of crop which never can recover from the long-continued injuries sustained. On such, the wheat will not produce half a crop; the barley still less; nor is there apparently any probability of a counteracting advantage either in any of the other crops, or in a successful closing of the year's account of live stock. From the northern districts, the north-west, and south-west, including Wales, the heaviest complaints seem to proceed; the bishopric of Durham and Herefordshire standing unfortunately prominent. On the other hand—and a most pleasant and heartening turn it is—the crops on our rich soils, and on those of medium fertility, but sound and dry, have borne the brunt of all the past rude atmospheric shocks, with little, but happily no radical injury, and have been, since the favourable change of weather, progressing in a steady course of improvement. Barley and oats are probably their worst crops, the former materially so, on too heavy lands. On the best lands of Essex, Herts, Suffolk, and Norfolk, the wheats are large and luxuriant, with full-sized ears, warranting the expectation of more than an average crop; an advantage which we trust extends to all the superior corn lands of the country. Some time since, the blades of these fine wheats were yellow and rusty from blight; but they have since recovered a shining and healthful burnish, and it is hoped that the blight has not, to any considerable extent, affected intrinsically the ear. On that interesting point, however, we shall have more certain information after harvest. During the ticklish period of the flowering process, the weather was wet and cold; but the wind (a favourable circumstance) was not constantly in the most dangerous quarter. Two wet seasons have nourished a pestiferous brood of slugs, against which the farmer ought not to fail taking every possible remedy, the well-known one of heavy rolling especially, in order to protect the next crop of young wheats. Wheat and beans are expected to be the most productive crops; barley and oats the least so, though our sanguine friends prognosticate a general average on good lands, hops excepted; the effect on which, from the blight, has been too heavy. Some fear was entertained from the unsoundness of the bean-seed, and the excessive foulness of the tilth is another great disadvantage, though, in many instances, they have been hoed at the expense of 25s. or 26s. per acre. The peas also, a promising plant, partake materially of this disadvantage, being almost generally drilled—a hereditary defect among farmers—at intervals too narrow for effective hoeing, even on far cleaner land than this year presents. The fallows, as we have so often complained, are universally foul; but in the poor land counties, beyond all precedent, since the days of our great-grandfathers; and we have lately passed over some, indeed a great extent of land, which, from the luxuriance

and height of the couch, wore the appearance of meadows ready for the scythe! We were told by one farmer that half-a-dozen deep ploughings had but little mended the matter. What a soil this, on which to sow that crop which is to furnish the nation's bread! Here we have a cogent reason for the necessity of importation. The rains continued so long, that it was impossible, until of late, to get upon the heavy lands for any useful or effective purpose. Turnips, on the whole, have escaped the fly beyond expectation, and are good on well tilled turnip soils: on heavy and foul lands, they will be a complete failure. They have been very backward, and some farmers have not yet finished sowing. That important crop, the Swedes, has been sown too late. The marygold is a great breadth, and, since the change of weather, promising. Potatoes, of which we have never failed of late years to obtain a full supply, appear generally well planted, some parts of the North excepted, where much apprehension is entertained of their total failure; indeed where, from the state of the lands, they have scarcely been able to plant them. Latter hay harvest will be completed in perfect condition, but the hay consequently large and coarse; indeed, the quantity of fine hay from this year's crop will be very limited. Clover being later, has succeeded best. It is the general opinion that the native wheat on hand will all be at market before Michaelmas, with the exception of that holden in a few counties, among which Herts stand eminent, as one whence the fewest farming complaints have issued.

The markets for live stock have varied little from the last reports. An abundance beyond the demand, and on the whole, cheaper; yet in some parts—Berks, for example—store sheep and lambs have sold readily to graze the vast quantities kept. The larger store cattle, from the unfavourable season, and even the want of grass on hilly lands, have not been in the good condition usual at this time of the year. The sheep came out of their wool poor and weak, and a number have actually perished, glandered, from the old stupid and heartless custom of exposing the creatures naked, by night, on fields and commons, during wet and cold! Pity, but these Arcadians, so full of sensibility and common-sense, had themselves a taste! But what then are we to say of certain learned physicians and veterinarians, who, within memory, turned out horses, accustomed to stand clothed in warm stables, naked, abroad in a winter's night, by way of making experiment of the possibility of cold-catching? The complaint continues that nothing is acquired either by fat or lean stock. Swine are said to pay nothing since the decline of price, in which we suspect some mismanagement or neglect. In some parts, particularly Suffolk, fruit and potatoes are reported extremely plentiful and cheap: in and near the metropolis, fruit is indeed plentiful, but deficient in flavour, and dear. Butter and cheese in the dairy counties continue low in price, and in great plenty. The retailers of these articles in towns must be making a good thing of it. Game has suffered much from the weather, partridges particularly. The demand for wool continues.

From Scotland, our letters give us the comfortable hope of a full average of all the crops, with, however, an apprehensive salvo on the score of their wheat-fly, to which we lately adverted, and which they aver has diminished their wheat-crop more than a third, during the last three years. They describe it as a species formerly unknown, of a brown and yellow colour. Although their description does not exactly tally with the habits of the ancient *aphis*, or wheat blight fly, we can scarcely conceive either a new creation or importation of flies, but rather a novel and more sedulous attention in the observers. In Ireland, all the crops are represented as large, that of wheat the most extensive hitherto known. France has had its share of the blessings of a bad season. Their corn in the most exposed districts is laid so flat, that much of it, they say, can never rise but with the assistance of the sickle. Their wine-growers and merchants are still making heavy complaints. The cause of their ill-success is probably two-fold—over-production, and a defect of fiscal knowledge in their government. That fine country, nevertheless, is making great strides in opulence and prosperity. The French, ever scientifically alert, have of late not only manufactured bread from bones, *pain animalité*, but even flour from straw!

With us, feeding milch-cows with malt-dust (combs), in order to increase the milk, —a practice of ancient days, has been lately revived, and even almost recommended as a novelty. In the use of this article, it ought to be considered that great part of it must consist of dirt and impurity, very ill calculated to benefit the stomach or digestion of the animals; on which account, probably, Mr. Cramp, an eminent publishing cow-feeder twenty years since, allowed but little malt-dust in a feed. Even at this season, many labourers are out of employ in various parts of the country.

Smithfield—Beef 3s. 4d. to 4s. 2d.—Mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.—Lamb, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 8s.—Veal, 4s. to 5s. 10d.—Pork, 3s. to 5s.—Raw fat, 2s. 1d. per stone.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 54s. to 88s. (best foreign)—Barley, 24s. to 38s.—Oats, 22s. to 33s.—Fine Bread, the London 4 lb. Loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 60s. to 120s. per load.—Clover, ditto 75s. to 125s.—Straw, 51s. to 65s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. to 35s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, July 23.

Erratum.—End of last month's Report, for *rightful* read *frightful*.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGAR.—About 3,500 hogsheads and tierces of Muscovadoes were sold last week, and generally at a reduction of 1s. per cwt., making the fall of market prices, since the sugar duty question, from 2s. to 3s.; so that the planter derives no benefit from the late low average. Brown Muscovadoe Sugar, 26s. 9½d. per cwt.; 1,000 hogsheads Barbadoes sold at full prices; the market was nearly cleared of goods, the wholesale grocers having taken off parcels of fine, suitable for home consumption, at generally an advance of 2s.; the shippers evince a desire of shipping, previously to the 5th of September, the day when the reduced bounty takes place. The purchases of foreign, last week, were about 300 chests; Pernams at rather lower rates, 26s. to 28s. The fall in East India sugar since the duty is about 3s. per cwt.; the Mauritius is fallen lately 3s.—the sale at the India House, 15,000 bags; white Bengal sold freely, making a fall of 3s. in market prices since the alteration of the duty; white ordinary, 27s. to 30s.; good, 31s. to 34s.; fine, 35s. to 37s.—565 bags; China sugar, fine white, 30s. to 33s. 6d.; yellow, 26s. 6d. to 29s.—307 bags; Siam, 22s. 6d. to 26s. There are few West India molasses left at market; the last parcel sold at 21s. The new bounty begins the 5th of September.

COFFEE.—Nearly 2,000 casks of Jamaica were sold at full market prices, except a few lots of fine, ordinary, and middling, which sold rather lower. The Demerara Berbice coffee went off heavily, at rather lower prices; Dominica, 1s. lower; good old Brazil, 32s. 6d. By public sale, 226 casks; British plantation, 621 bags. East India, Java, and Sumatra sold rather lower—26s. 6d. to 29s. 6d. Jamaica, 1s. higher.

RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.—There have been considerable parcels of Jamaica rum sold; fine about 3s. 2d., and favourite marks at 3s. 6d. Lewards are at rather lower prices; proofs to 5 over, 1s. 9d. Brandy is held with much firmness. Geneva is unvaried. Sales of Brandy are reported—parcels bought at 3s. 3d.; excellent at 3s. 4d. to 3s. 5d.

HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.—The prices have advanced 3d. to 6d. per cwt.; the market is firm at the improvement. Hemp is rather lower; Flax is unvaried. Exchange, 10. 15. 32. Tallow, 96 to 96½.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 6.—Hamburgh, 14. 0.—Paris, 25. 90.—Bordeaux, 25. 90.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort, on-the-Main, 154. 0.—Petersburg, 10½.—Vienna, 10. 14.—Madrid, 36. 0.—Cadiz, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36. 0.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0.—Gibraltar, 41. 0½.—Leghorn, 48. 0.—Genoa, 25. 75.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 119. 0.—Lisbon, 44. 0.—Oporto, 44. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 22. 0½.—Bahia, 29. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 4s. 11½d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, (¼ sh.) 291.—Coventry, 850.—Ellesmere and Chester, 90.—Grand Junction, 286½.—Kennet and Avon, 29.—Leeds and Liverpool, 462.—Oxford, 635.—Regent's, 23½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 760.—Warwick and Birmingham, 284.—London DOCKS (Stock), 79½.—West India (Stock), 192.—East London WATER WORKS, 125.—Grand Junction, 56.—West Middlesex, 80.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 10.—Globe, 159½.—Guardian, 28.—Hope Life, 7½.—Imperial Fire, 122.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster chartered Company, 59½.—City, 191.—British, 1½ dis.—Leeds, 195.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from June 23d, to July 23d, 1830, in the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Ayles, T., Weymouth, ship-builder
Pedrorena, M. de, South-street, Finsbury, merchant
Spurrier, C., P. Joliff, and W. J. Spurrier, Poole, merchants
Cooper, H., Threadneedle-street, merchant

Buckley, J., Ashton-under-Lyne, ginghams-manufacturer

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 108.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Athow, B., Little Farnham, grocer.
(Dawton and Co., New Bowtell-

court; Crickmay, Great Yarmouth

Armstrong, G., Liverpool, linen-draper. (Chester, Staple-inn; Morecroft, Liverpool

Ainley, F., Doncaster, corn-factor. (Lever, Gray's-inn; Fisher, Doncaster

Amos, T., Lemon-street, hat-maker. (Reynolds, Kingsland-road

Brown, J. T., Bush-lane, wine-mer-

chant. (Towne, Broad-street-buildings)
 Burlingame, C., Cateaton-street, merchant. (Harrington and Co., Carey-lane)
 Berncastle, S. N., and S. Solomon, Brighton and Lewes, jewellers. (Smith, Gordon-square)
 Bale, T., Manchester, innkeeper. (Cole, Serjeant's-inn; Dunville, Manchester)
 Brooks, S., Ball's Pond, nurseryman. (Bourdillon, Winchester-street)
 Briggs, J., Leeds, bricklayer. (Smithson and Co., New-inn; Kenyon, Leeds)
 Booth, R., Chisworth, cotton-spinner. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester)
 Burne, W., and L. C. Vane, Birchington, clothiers. (Corner, South-work)
 Bacon, J., Tonbridge-place, and Broad-street-buildings, Dresden-worker. (Parker, Gray's-inn)
 Briggs, J., Horsham, victualler. (Palmer and Co., Bedford-row)
 Easton, T. M., Eastwood, grocer. (Wolston, Furnival's-inn; Buttery, Nottingham)
 Beswick, S., Newington, Surrey, builder. (Waine, Gray's-inn)
 Barlow, M., Salford, publican. (Nias, Cophall-court; Nicholls, Manchester)
 Biggs, W., Twiervton, builder. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts and Son, Bath)
 Cousins, T., Little Brook-street, paper-hanger. (Metcalfe, Gray's-inn)
 Clarke, J., Aburgh, farmer. (Fairbank, Staple-inn; Carthew and Son, Arlestone)
 Carter, E. T. B., Cardiff, brewer. (White, Lincoln's-inn)
 Chamberlain, T., Salisbury, victualler. (Jones, John-street; Bryant, Southampton)
 Cooper, T., East Dereham, merchant. (Ayton, Milman; Skipper, Norwich)
 Dale, T. W., Dorking, corn-factor. (Hall, Great James-street)
 Daniel, C. C., Norwich, grocer. (Austin, Gray's-inn; Staff, Norwich)
 Davis, W., Newbury, upholsterer. (Baker, Nicholas-lane; Baker, Newbury)
 Ellis, J., Chester, brewer. (Philpot and Co., Southampton-street; Fenchett and Co., Chester)
 Fisher, W., Whitehaven, draper. (Falcon, Temple)
 Garrett, C., West Lavington, mealman. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts and Son, Bath)
 Gorham, R., Woolwich, tallow-chandler. (Nokes and Co., Woolwich)
 Griffiths, W., Brecon, linen-draper. (Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol)
 Gravenor, S., Spitalfields, hat-manufacturer. (Isaacs, Mansell-street)
 Gray, J., Bermondsey, master-mariner and wine-merchant. (Brooking and Co., Lombard-street)
 Hubbard, C., Kentish Town, flour-factor. (Church, Great James-street)
 Haskin, W., Quadrant, jeweller. (Orchard, Hatton Garden)
 Hopwood, J. J., Chancery-lane, auctioneer. (Hensman, Bond-court)
 Hallet, J., Lyme Regis, watch-maker. (Copeland, Gray's-inn)
 Hanbury, J., Bartlett's-buildings, warehouseman. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Higham, Mill-bridge, Leeds)
 Hubbard, J. H., Miniories, tobacco-broker. (Meynott and Son)
 Hulme, J., Museum-street, pawn-broker. (Chell, Clement's-inn)
 Hulme, J., Stepney, victualler. (Bennet, Old Broad-street)

Henshaw, S., Liverpool, coach-proprietor. (Chester, Staple-inn; Hinde, Liverpool)
 Hawkins, J., Easton, grocer. (Tilbury and Co., Falcon-street; Wooldridge and Co., Winchester)
 Linney, D., Liverpool, draper. (Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row)
 Moore, R. T., Brixton, late Burton Crescent, lodging-house-keeper. (Burt, Mitre-court)
 Madders, J., Congleton, silk-throwster. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Loney, Macclesfield)
 Mulliner, J., Northampton, coach-maker. (Beaumont, Golden-square)
 Mapp, J., and J. E. Clarke, Birmingham, timber-merchants. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Stubbs and Co., Birmingham)
 Masters, R., Nethercote, grazier. (Meyrick and Co., Red Lion-square; Roche, Daventry)
 Moreland, J., W. Skane, C. Denton, and G. Scott, Horsleydown, stone-merchants. (Seward and Co., Staple-inn)
 Marshall, W., Manchester, hosier. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Tayler, Wakefield)
 Milnes, M., Sackville-street, tailor. (Mayhew and Co., Carey-street)
 Magnees, G. E., Sutton, draper. (Wilson, Temple)
 Norcutt, T. G., Bagnigge Wells, coal-dealer. (Mayhew and Co., Carey-street)
 Nicholson, T., Kirton in Lindsey, scrivener. (Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn; Nicholson, Glamford Briggs)
 Nazington, W., Bilton, victualler. (Jessopp and Co., Furnival's-inn; Goode, Dudley)
 Nowland, M. A., Liverpool, feather-dresser. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Crump, Liverpool)
 Offord, W., Colchester. (Coombe, Token-house-yard; Church and Sons, Colchester)
 Phillips, G., Oxford-street, confectioner. (Gadsden, Furnival's-inn)
 Pantom, A., Oxford-street, bookseller. (Fisher, Castle-street)
 Paul, O., East Grinstead, glazier. (Palmer and Co., Bedford-row)
 Price, S., Lambeth, bookseller (late of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane). (Galsworthy, Cook's-court)
 Poulter, J., Mary-le-bone, victualler. (Lloyd, Bartlett's-buildings)
 Pettit, H. J., Hastings, jeweller. (Burt, Lancaster-place)
 Philp, J., Bread-street, warehouseman. (Jones, Size-lane)
 Richardson, J. A., Adam-street, wine-merchant. (Tomlins, Staple-inn)
 Roberts, W., Stanningly, clothier. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Lee, Bradford)
 Ronald, R. W., and W. Browne, Liverpool, merchants. (Lowes, Temple)
 Roberts, W., Burford, corn-dealer. (Umney, Chancery-lane; Lee, Ducklington, Oxon.)
 Rideout, T. H., Rochdale, linen-draper. (Fryson and Co., Lotherbury)
 Swire, G., Norfolk-street, bookseller. (Paston and Co., St. Mildred's-court)
 Spriggs, H., Leicester, brace-manufacturer. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane; Greaves and Co., Leicester)
 Smith, J., Bristol, innkeeper. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Perkins, Bristol)
 Sedgwick, T., and J. Hearn, Billiter-street, merchants. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings)
 Shuttleworth, J., Liverpool, farmer.

(Armstrong, Staple-inn; Lord, Wigan)
 Spencer, W., Manchester, cotton-manufacturer (Hurd and Co., Temple; Higson and Co., Manchester)
 Shawcross, J., Darcey-Lever, counterpane-manufacturer. (Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn)
 Sainthill, J., Tooley-street, millstone-merchant. (Piercy and Co., South-work)
 Spurrier, C., F. Joliffe, and W. J. Spurrier, Poole, merchants. (Teesdale and Co., Fenchurch-street)
 Shaw, M., Billericay, grocer. (Clifton and Co., Temple)
 Salom, B., Liverpool, jeweller. (Yates and Co., Bury-street)
 Searl, H., North Shields, wine-merchant. (Owen and Co., Mincing-lane)
 Tylecote, E., Great Haywood, surgeon. (Dickinson and Co., Gracechurch-street; Passman, Stafford)
 Tarbuck, J., Liverpool, builder. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Forrest and Co., Liverpool)
 Taylor, J., Bewdley, victualler. (Jenings and Co., Temple; Winal, Stourport)
 Trehanne, J., Cwmillethrig, farmer. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Jones, Carmarthen)
 Tilney, T., sen., stone-mason. (Smithson and Co., New-inn; Kenyon, Leeds)
 Thomas, J., Carnarvon, cabinet-maker. (Norris and Co., John-street; Silcock, Liverpool)
 Taylor, W., Birmingham, currier. (Byrne, Cook's-court; Mole and Son, Birmingham)
 Taylor, F. H., Manchester, publican. (Jackson, New-inn; Clay and Co., Manchester)
 Tabberer, W., Great Wigston, timber-merchant. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn)
 Thomas, E., Liverpool, builder. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row)
 Twort, D., Horsham, miller. (Hore, Serle-street; Jefferey, Maidstone)
 Turnbull, W., Upper Grafton-street, music-seller. (Edwards, Mitre-court)
 Tones, E., Bicester, grocer. (Amory and Co., Throgmorton-street)
 Tickle, H., Maryport, ironmonger. (Harris, King's-arms-yard; Thomson, Maryport)
 Turner, J., Godley, cotton-spinner. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Atkinson and Co., Manchester)
 Urwick, E., Cow Cross, victualler. (Rochford, Stones'-end)
 Vain, R., Braunston, coal-merchant. (Fuller and Co., Carlton-chambers; Wratislaw, Rugby)
 Voss, D., Upper Thames-street, lighterman. (Kirkman and Co., Cannon-street)
 Valentine, P., Bury, hardwareman. (Chilton and Co., Exchequer-office)
 Ward, W. J., Deptford, victualler. (Borradale and Co., King's-arms-yard)
 Wood, W., Lambeth, victualler. (Langley, Clement's-inn)
 Wales, W., York, flax-dresser. (Constable and Co., Symond's-inn; Jackman, York)
 Wheeler, J., King's-arms-yard, wine-merchant. (Evans, Gray's-inn)
 Walker, A., Wolverhampton, dealer. (Lowes, Temple)
 Wyatt, H., Acton Hill, farmer. (Clowes and Co., Temple)
 Yates, J., Otley, joiner. (Blakelock and Co., Serjeant's-inn; Nicholson and Co., Leeds)

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. L. Larking, to the Vicarage of Ryarsh, Kent.—Rev. D. Jones, to the Vicarage of Llandewi, Velfry, and Rectory of Crinew, Pembroke.—Rev. J. Hodge, to the Vicarage of Colhumpton, Devon.—Hon. Rev. C. Bathurst, to the Rectory of Southam, Warwick.—Rev. Lord T. Hay, to the Rectory of Rendlesham, Suffolk.—Rev. F. T. Attwood, to the Rectory of Butterleigh, Devon.—Revs. E. G. A. Beckwith, H. Butterfield, R. J. Waters, to be Minor Canons of St. Paul's Cathedral.—Rev. Dr. Monk is elected Bishop of Gloucester.—Rev. W. Hazel, to be head master of Portsmouth Grammar School.—Rev. H. B. Hall, to be head master of Risley Grammar School.—Rev. W. A. W. Keppel, to the Rectory of Brampton, Norfolk.—Rev. T. G. Penn, to Edington and

Chilton-super-Podden perpetual and augmented Curacies, Somerset.—Rev. E. J. Phipps, to Stoke Lane Cnacy, Somerset.—Rev. J. Gunn, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Sussex.—Rev. T. B. Gwyn, to the Vicarage of St. Ishmael's, Carmarthen.—Rev. J. Gabbett, to the Curacy of Kilsannell, Limerick.—Rev. T. C. Boone, to the Vicarage of Kensworth, Herts.—Rev. P. Hunt, to the Deanery of Peterborough.—Rev. J. T. Powell, to the Vicarage of Stretton, Dunsmore, Warwick.—Rev. G. Gleed, to the vicarage of Chalfort St. Peter's, Bucks.—Rev. E. O. Wingfield, to the Rectory of Tickencote, Rutland.—Rev. J. Lever, to the Vicarage of Tullamore, Meath.—Rev. J. Image, to Senior Fellowship of Dulwich College.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

June 26. Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, proclaimed by the Lords spiritual and temporal of this realm, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, by the name of William IV., assisted by his late Majesty's Privy Council, and numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of London, assembled at St. James's Palace.

28. Earl Marshal's order for general mourning for George IV. published.

29. His Majesty sent the following message to both Houses of Parliament:—"WILLIAM R.—The King feels assured that the House of Lords entertains a just sense of the loss which His Majesty and the country have sustained in the death of His Majesty's lamented brother, the late King, and that the House of Lords sympathizes with His Majesty in the deep affliction in which His Majesty is plunged by this mournful event. The King, taking into his serious consideration the advanced period of the Session, and the state of the public business, feels unwilling to recommend the introduction of any new matter, which, by its postponement would tend to the detriment of the public service. His Majesty has adverted to the provisions of the law which decrees the termination of Parliament within an early period after the demise of the Crown, and His Majesty, being of opinion that it will be most conducive to the general convenience and to the public interests of the country, to call, with as little delay as possible, a new Parliament, His Majesty recommends to the House of Lords to concur in making such temporary provision as may be requisite for the public service in the interval that may elapse between the close of the present Session and the meeting of another Parliament."—Addresses were voted to His Majesty by both Houses.

July 3. The 37 criminals under sentence of death in Newgate were informed that all their lives would be spared by the merciful clemency of King William IV.

5. Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue

published, by which it appears that the decrease on last year was £690,980, and that of the last quarter £176,824.

8. Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

14. Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 10 convicts received sentence of death; 74 were transported, and several were ordered for imprisonment in the House of Correction.

15. The remains of his late Majesty George IV. were interred at Windsor, after having lain in state on that and the preceding day.

16. Addresses presented to the King by the two branches of the City of London Corporation.

21. Addresses from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge presented to the King on his accession.

23. Parliament prorogued by His Majesty in person, who delivered the following most gracious speech:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen*—On this first occasion of meeting you, I am desirous of repeating to you in person, my cordial thanks for those assurances of sincere sympathy and affectionate attachment which you conveyed to me on the demise of my lamented brother, and on my accession to the throne of my ancestors.—I ascend that throne with a deep sense of the sacred duties which devolve upon me; with a firm reliance on the affection of my faithful subjects, and on the support and co-operation of Parliament; and with an humble and earnest prayer to Almighty God, that he will prosper my anxious endeavours to promote the happiness of a free and loyal people.—It is with the utmost satisfaction that I find myself enabled to congratulate you upon the great tranquillity of Europe. This tranquillity it will be the object of my constant endeavours to preserve; and the assurances which I receive from my allies, and from all foreign powers, are dictated in a similar spirit.—I trust that the good understanding which prevails upon subjects of common interest, and the deep concern which every state must have in maintaining the peace of the world, will ensure the satisfactory settlement of those matters which still remain to be finally arranged.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons*—I thank you for the supplies which you have granted, and for the provision which you have made for several branches of the public service, during that part of the present year which must elapse before a new Parliament can be assembled. I cordially congratulate you on the diminution which has taken place in the expenditure of the country; on the reduction of the charge of the public debt; and on the relief which you have afforded to my people by the repeal of some of those taxes which have heretofore pressed heavily upon them.—You may rely upon my prudent and economical administration of the supplies which you have placed at my disposal, and upon my readiness to concur in every diminution of the public charges which can be effected consistently with the dignity of the crown, the maintenance of national faith, and the permanent interests of the country.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen*—I cannot put an end to this session, and take my leave of the present Parliament, without expressing my cordial thanks for the zeal which you have manifested on so many occasions for the welfare of my people.—You have wisely availed yourselves of the happy opportunity of general peace and internal repose, calmly to review many of the laws and judicial establishments of the country, and you have applied such cautious and well-considered reforms as are consistent with the spirit of our venerable institutions, and are calculated to facilitate and expedite the administration of justice.—You have removed the civil disqualifications which affected numerous and important classes of my people.—While I declare on this solemn occasion my fixed intention to maintain, to the utmost of my power, the Protestant reformed religion established by law; let me, at the same time, express my earnest hope, that the animosities which have prevailed on account of religious distinctions may be forgotten, and that the decision of Parliament, with respect to those distinctions, having been irrevocably pronounced, my faithful subjects will unite with me in advancing the great object contemplated by the legislature, and in promoting that spirit of domestic concord and peace which constitutes the surest basis of our national strength and happiness."

24. Parliament dissolved.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Marylebone, E. Wilson, esq., to Anne Clementina, daughter of Lieut. General Sir T. S. Beckwith.—At Richmond, Rev. C. E. Kennaway, second son of Sir J. Kennaway, bart., to Emma, fourth daughter of the Hon. and Rev. G. T. Noel.—At Portsmouth, Capt. O. Gunning, R.N., fourth son of Sir G. Gunning, bart., to Mary Dora, fourth daughter of Commissioner Sir M. Seymour, bart.—Lord Clonbrook, to the Hon. Caroline Elizabeth Spencer, eldest daughter of Lord Churchill.—Earl of Buchan, to Miss Elizabeth Rae Hervey.—H. Heathcote, esq., son of Rear

Admiral Sir H. Heathcote, to Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter of R. B. Cooper, esq., M.P. Gloucester.—H. Tufnell, esq., to Anne Augusta, daughter of the Right Hon. Wilmot Horton, M.P.—Sir John Hayford Thorold, to Mrs. Dalton.—Robert, youngest son of Sir J. E. Harrington, bart., to Charlotte, youngest daughter of Lady Pulteney.—Lord Edward Thynne, son of the Marquess of Bath, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of W. Mellish, esq.—Rev. S. L. Sainsbury, to Georgiana, eldest daughter of Sir Wathen Waller, bart.—R. Burford, esq., to Miss Shepley.

DEATHS.

At Kempsey, Lieut. Col. Ludovick Grant, 81.—Hon. and Rev. W. Beresford, youngest son of the late Archbishop of Tuam, and brother to Baron Decies.—Mr. Madrid, minister from the republic of Colombia.—Sir James Gardiner Baird, bart.—Captain Sir Thomas Legard, bart., R.N., 67.—Mrs. Anne Penn, 84, relict of the late T. Penn, esq., formerly governor, and one of the hereditary proprietors of Pennsylvania.—At Alveston, Lady Harriet, wife of Sir Gray Skipwith, bart.—At Durham, the lady of Lieut. General Siddons.—At Longdon, the Right Rev. Dr. H. W. Majendie, Bishop of Bangor, 76.—At Bath, Lady Catherine O'Donel, relict of Sir N. O'Donel, and sister to the Earl of Annesley.—At Edinburgh, 72, Barrymore, the veteran actor, after a comfortable retirement of several years.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Florence, Hon. F. J. Stapleton, son of Lord Le Despencer, to Margaret, daughter of Lieut. General Sir G. Airey.—At Dieppe, M. de Meri, Baron de la Canergue, to Miss Isabella Lucy Johnson.

DEATH ABROAD.

At Perugia, Hipolyto Bendo, aged 124, preserving his faculties to the last; he married a second wife when 101 years old, and lost the use of his limbs in 1822, in consequence of a fall. Pope Leo XII. settled a pension upon the veteran in 1825. He was abstemious in eating, but drank regularly six bottles of wine per day!—At his son's, near Evreux, Dr. Pinkstan James, M.D., of George-street, Hanover-square, aged 64. Dr. James was one of the Physicians Extraordinary to his late Majesty, and also Physician to the parish of St. George, Hanover-square. His son, G. P. R. James, esq., is the author of "*Richelieu*," and other works of great merit.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

YORKSHIRE.—The ceremony of laying the first stone of the "*Hull and Sulcoates Public Rooms*" took place, June 28. The building is to be in the Grecian Ionic style of architecture, and will consist of a room for public meetings, concerts, &c. &c., dining and drawing rooms, with a library, and room also for lectures, a museum, and various other rooms for committees. The extent of the entrance front is 79 feet, of the southern front 142 feet.

The splendid tower of Whitby Abbey lately fell to the ground. It was 104 feet in height, and

from its elevated site, had long been a useful sea-mark, as well as a distinguished ornament to the surrounding neighbourhood. Although this event, from the decayed state of the pillars, has been long anticipated, yet it has excited among the inhabitants a deep feeling of regret, in which all the lovers of bold and picturesque scenery will participate.

June 29, the foundation-stone of the new church at Todmorton was laid in grand ceremony. The building is in the Gothic style, which prevailed at the end of the 12th and beginning of the

13th century. It will accommodate 1,250 persons—453 will be free sittings.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—Stoke Prior, where the rocks of salt have recently been discovered, is situated on the banks of the Worcester and Birmingham Canal, near to Bromsgrove; and it is already ascertained, that the rocks will produce upwards of 200,000 tons of salt per acre.—*Gloucester Journal*, July 17.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—At these assizes four prisoners received sentence of death, and two of transportation, and a few others were ordered to be imprisoned.

BERKS.—There were 21 prisoners for trial at these assizes, 10 of whom were recorded for death.—At the last audited account of the Reading Savings' Bank the sum amounted to £81,012. 19s. 2d.

OXFORDSHIRE.—Sir J. A. Park, in the course of his charge to the Grand Jury at these assizes, referred to the late prize-fights which had disturbed the county, not, indeed, by their having taken place within its limits, but by the training and other preparations that took place at Chipping Norton and that neighbourhood, where great neglect had been shewn on the part of the magistrates and peace officers. That for himself he entertained the same opinions respecting the unlawfulness of prize-fighting which had been entertained by the distinguished Judge Ashurst, the father of the present chairman of the county. That learned judge declared, that in the event of death occasioned by fighting, under such circumstances, he should consider it as Murder, and that for himself, in all cases of indictment brought before him, whether against the principals, or their aiders and abettors, under whatever name, of backers, seconds, bottleholders, &c., he should take care that the law should be enforced to the utmost extent of its severity!!!—Five prisoners were recorded for death, and five transported, and a very few imprisoned.

WARWICKSHIRE.—At a meeting of the Political Council of the town of Birmingham, held July 13, T. Attwood, esq., in the chair, it was resolved unanimously, "That, in the opinion of this council, it is expedient in all cases wherein a member of the present Parliament presents himself to his constituents for *re-election*, that a strict account should be demanded from him on the hustings, of what he has done for his country? He should be asked, upon his honour as a *gentleman*, whether he does not believe that the statement is correct which has been made in Parliament, purporting that 154 individuals return a majority of the members of the House of Commons;* and if so, he should be required to explain

* Picture of the last *patriotic* House of Commons, by one of its own members.—"The mode of conducting business '*within doors*' is quite worthy of the work when done. Night is turned into day for many excellent reasons. First, because actual sleep, or the clamours of those who want it, are sure to silence much opposition. Second, the arguments (if listened to) are sure not to be reported to the public after 12 o'clock, any more than if they were delivered on a Wednesday, when few members, and no reporters, will work at all; and why should they, when the slavery of the other four days in every week is enough to kill all but the strongest constitutions, which are not always accompanied by the strongest heads. The place, enter it when you will, looks more like a coffee-house than a council-house. Every man gossips with his neighbour, and often (as the most

why he has not supported the measures which are necessary for correcting such a corrupt, odious, and destructive state of the representation of the people. He should be required to explain why he has not brought forward or supported measures in Parliament for reducing the taxes, and expenses of the Government, and the rents of land, and the burdens of industry generally, in the same degree as they have been *fraudulently* and destructively increased by the *surreptitious* change which has been effected in the value of money. He should also be required to explain every vote that he has given against the interest of the people; and, above all things, he should be required to explain why he has remained silent and inactive while the reward of industry has been destroyed, while the cries of an impoverished and oppressed people have resounded on every side, and calamities the most afflicting, and dangers the most appalling, have been accumulating upon the nation, and threatening the foundations of society."

HANTS.—At the Midsummer sessions, the reports of the visiting justices of the several county prisons were read, and proved highly satisfactory in every respect, with only one exception, as to the County Bridewell, which appears to have been for some time in a very unhealthy state. In consequence of some alteration in the quality of the prisoners' diet, or from some other latent cause (for the fact could not be positively accounted for), the Scurvy had made its appearance in the prison to a dangerous extent. No death ensued in any instance, within the walls; but one individual survived his discharge but one day, and two others were sent away in a distressing condition. Immediate attention was paid to the malady, and proper remedies and regimen resorted to, with the most successful result. The prison hospital contains at present but three inmates, and every precaution has been taken to prevent a return of the disease. The calamity has excited the more attention, being the first instance of such a visitation in this prison or county for upwards of 30 years. As a proof of the generally healthy state of the prison, we have authority to say, that only 11 deaths have occurred there during the last five years and a quarter, out of nearly 3,000 individuals who have been confined there during that period, and of those 11, several died of diseases with which they were afflicted when sent there. The highest testimonials were adduced as to the healthy state of the prison, and the good conduct of its superintendents.

Upon hearing the treasurer's report as to the finances, a county rate was ordered of one penny in the pound.

In accordance with the feelings of the public, the Admiralty have abandoned the intention of

eloquent man in the house recently complained) louder than the person addressing it, while those whose duty it is to preserve order, neither enforce it by precept or example, being probably aware how much more their personal convenience and speedy emancipation is consulted by the habitual breach of decorum, than by the rigid observance of it. Besides, how could you induce your '*men of straw*,' and '*your things of silk*,' to remain and vote, if you deny them the right common to all the rest of the brute creation, of expressing their impatience under restraint? In brief, it is a place where the little good that can be effected is not adequate to the toil; where the triumphs of truth and justice bear no proportion to their discomfiture, and where a minister, if unhappily so disposed, might be as arbitrary as he pleased; for whatever the Government may be, *the House* is ten times worse!!"—E. D. DAVENPORT.

cutting down the Victory (so endeared to us by many associations) to a 74. Since it was understood this step was contemplated, the public have been loud in their lamentations that such a national object of interest should not be suffered to remain unaltered. She is to be fitted to receive the pendant of the Captain of the Ordinary (in lieu of the Prince); thus rendering the Victory an object of double interest; for whilst we shall look upon her with a mixed feeling of pride and melancholy, as the ship which bore the flag of the immortal Nelson at the glorious battle of Trafalgar, and in which he fell, we shall regard her as a nursery for our seamen, who will be stimulated to emulation by the remembrance that the ship in which they were early instructed in their duties, owed its celebrity to the bright renown of the departed hero.—*Portsmouth Paper*.

DEVONSHIRE.—On the proclamation of His Gracious Majesty William IV., on Tuesday last at Plymouth, the *Kent* hoisted (by order) the Commander-in-Chief's flag, and fired 41 guns, a short time after noon. When the seamen's dinner was ended, a deputation of the petty officers came on deck from the seamen, to solicit Captain Devonshire to permit them to drink the health of King William IV. in extra grogs on the quarter-deck, as he was the first blue-jacket King that ever reigned in England, which they did with enthusiastic cheers.—*Plymouth Paper*.

At the county sessions the calendar contained a list of 60 offenders committed during the short space of three months, a fourth part of whom were under the age of 21!*

IRELAND.—We have received an account from Limerick, written yesterday at three o'clock, which gives a frightful relation of the state of things there. It appears that at seven o'clock in the morning, a large mob of persons collected and seized some provisions from an open shop; this

outrage was the signal for a more general riot; the numbers increased to an alarming extent, and they proceeded to rob every provision store they came to; there is scarcely one in the whole city that has not been plundered. On the first breaking out of the riot, the shops were shut, but this proved no protection; they were broken open, and any thing like the destruction of property cannot be conceived—bread, flour, pork, and bacon were seen carrying off in all directions. Up to two o'clock in the afternoon this destruction was proceeding without being checked. Seven people, however, had been shot by individuals in protecting their property. At two o'clock, the provision stores being all ransacked, the mob commenced breaking into the spirit shops, and drinking to excess. Just as our correspondent closed his letter, stones had been thrown at the soldiers ordered out by the authorities, and they had consequently commenced firing.

June 21. The price of potatoes has risen in Ennis market to sixpence for the single stone. This is beyond the reach of many, and consequently the distress increases hourly. The state of the market on Saturday was a scene of the greatest confusion, and those who could not purchase a basket or load were left without a potatoe for the support of their families.* In the country parts the potatoes are at famine price; many persons depending for support upon one meal in the day. The distress of the people in the neighbourhood of Ennistimon is extreme, and several gentlemen have made exertions to procure food for the people.

Potatoes have been very scarce in Galway for the last week. A deputation of the tradesmen of Galway waited on the magistrates on Wednesday, and gave a gloomy picture of the state of trade in that town. The tale they told was truly melancholy.

All the preceding information is extracted from the Dublin papers, June 26.

* The chairman (Mr. Lyon) said, he mentioned this melancholy fact, for the purpose of expressing his regret that there did not exist in this country a more prompt and summary mode of dealing with juvenile delinquents, which the present state of mankind seemed imperatively to call for. He felt that he should be wanting in his duty as a magistrate, and particularly in the situation he had been chosen to fill at that time in that court, were he not to mention it, and to say farther, that no method appeared more likely to effect the intended end than the almost instant assembling of juries before some competent person or persons, and on or near the spot where the offence had been committed, so that punishment should not only closely follow on the heels of the offence, but, that the law might be carried into effect before their fellows, and in the view of others similarly ill disposed, rather than as now by transmittal to the county prisons, to cause an interval of months to elapse, in which not only the example was lost sight of at home, but the character of the offender farther deteriorated, by mixture with, and it was to be feared greater contamination from the example and instruction of, older offenders; for, he was compelled to admit, that whenever these accumulations of vice came in contact, the utmost vigilance could not deter the *old* practitioner from imparting to the *young* a knowledge of the methods in use among themselves when at large for preying on mankind, and thus the youthful offender, who had probably been previously removed but a single step from the paths of virtue and of honesty, emerged, from the confinement that was intended to reclaim him, with a character completely vitiated!!!

* At a meeting of the inhabitants of Kilmore Erris, held this day, at Binghamstown, for the purpose of devising means to alleviate the present unexampled sufferings of the poor, the following resolutions were carried unanimously:—That the population of the Barony of Erris exceeds five thousand families; of which one-half at least are at this moment in a state of starvation, owing to extreme poverty, want of employment, and the present high rate as well as scarcity of provisions. That this extensive district contains no internal resource whence to derive any adequate relief upon this most trying and melancholy occasion. That for the last fortnight the greater part of the labouring classes had little subsistence besides green herbage from the fields, with weeds and shell-fish from the shores. That in the event of our petition to Government not being attended to, the Rev. Mr. Lyons be respectfully solicited to proceed without delay to England, and endeavour to call attention there to the heart-rending condition of the peasantry of Erris. That, in the meantime, a subscription be opened, and an active committee appointed to apportion such relief as may be obtained from time to time with economy and strict impartiality amongst the poor, according to their respective families and necessities. That James M. Donogh, esq., be requested to act as secretary and treasurer to the committee, and that he communicate these resolutions with as little delay as possible to all persons who are likely to sympathize with, and contribute to, the relief of the suffering population of Erris. Wm. Everard, Chairman; J. Nugent, R.N., Secretary. —*Binghamstown, 3d July, 1830.*